

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Record

VOL. XXI, No. 1 "I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne. JAN., 1897

CONCERNING SOME JOURNALISTIC CRITICISM

This country stands in sore need of authoritative criticism; criticism, that is, which shall command respect and carry weight by reason of its intelligence and disinterestedness. In a democratic society the highest aims need to be constantly held up to view in all the arts, and work of every sort needs to be dispassionately judged by its fidelity to these aims. In such a society cheap people often fill a large place, and cheap books are often mistaken for real books. Against that kind of popularization of character which wins general liking at the expense of independence and veracity and that kind of popularization of art which catches the public attention without touching the imagination and awakening thought a continual and aggressive warfare must be made. A democratic society always needs education, because the arbiter or supreme authority is not the taste of the trained few but the taste of the untrained many; and the greatest need of such a society is, therefore, the education which fits the public at large to discharge intelligently the functions once lodged in the hands of a small select class. Criticism of pretension, shallowness and vulgarity cannot be too severe; it ought to be merciless.

There are, unfortunately, a good many critics whose discernment of the things to be feared and antagonized in literary conditions in America is quite as much in need of education as the taste of those who give inferior things a passing popularity. To be of real service to his fellows a critic needs above all to be, as Arnold would say, entirely disinterested, to shun eccentricities of taste and violence of speech. The manners of critics have distinctly improved since the Edinburgh Review fell foul of Kubla Khan and characterized it Mr. Lang reminds us, as "one of the most notable pieces of impertinence of which the press has lately been guilty . . . utterly destitute of value . . . displays not one ray of genius . . . has not one couplet which could be reckoned poetry were it found in the corner of a newspaper"; but there is still ample room for improvement. The Atlantic Monthly, which almost alone among magazines, gives space to serious criticism, is uniformly well-bred and courteous; the Dial is always dignified; in fact, the literary journals as a rule are fair and well-mannered; but there is still in the daily newspapers a good deal of what may be called "smart" criticism; criticism, that is, which does not aim at candid and intelligent judgment upon literary work but to amuse and entertain the reader. The mass of this kind of writing does not even succeed in being bright or witty; it is simply cheap and pointless. Severity is one thing, violence is another; severity is always in order when a sham is to be exposed or a bit of vulgarity to be scored; but severity is secured, not by unmeasured denunciation or by coarse abuse,

but by studied emphasis of phrase.

Lockhart said of Gifford that he was "exquisitely formed for the purposes of political oburgation, but not at all for those of gentle and universal criticism." To some critics these must be surprising adjectives to apply to criticism; an art which, in the opinion of these practitioners, is virile only when it is violent, and successful only when it is full of taking "points." The passion for making "points" is one of the vices which journalism engenders in those who are sensitive to the temptations of a noble profession rather than to its inspirations; it has no place in serious and honest discussion of literature.

The conscientious critic is as incapable of misrepresenting the quality of his enemy's book as of picking his pocket; two offences between which there is a legal but no moral difference. One who reads certain newspapers with any degree of regularity knows in advance precisely what will be said about the books of certain writers, because he knows that the critic will not deal with the book but with the background of literary, social or political association against which it is written. There are, it is clear, certain traditions in certain newspaper offices from the influences of which the critics make no effort to escape; they follow certain prescribed lines with a docility which is in striking contrast to the violence of their speech. This very violence betrays them; it is born neither of intelligence nor of disinterestedness, but of personal, political or racial likes or dislikes. There are American newspapers in which it goes ill with the young English poet, and especially with Mr. William Watson. Now, there is much to be said by way of criticism of Mr. Watson's work; but, when all deductions are made, that work is entirely worthy of serious treatment. This treatment it never secures; it is derided, slurred or minimized with contempt or ridicule. This, it is hardly necessary to say, is not criticism; it is simply idiosyncrasy of taste or personal dislike. There are journals in which Whitman has never had one intelligent comment; he is dismissed as a violator of all the decencies, or as a sublime egotist who confused his own very peculiar prose with poetry of the grand order; he is never dispassionately and judiciously commented upon, with a disinterested desire to discriminate between his weakness and his strength.

It is a misfortune that so much criticism of this kind comes under the eye of American readers; because it has its effect, and that effect is wholly evil. Instead of educating taste and imparting a knowledge of good and evil in art it confirms the natural confusion of the untrained mind about these matters; it puts a cheap and showy bit of cleverness in the place of a piece of high-minded honest comment; and it is "smart" and taking when it ought to be courageous, candid and sincere.

HAMILTON W. MABIE.

MARK HANNA: HIS FAVORITE BOOKS AND PLAYS *

BY EDWARD S. VAN ZILE

Mark Hanna, America's age-end Warwick, has become, almost at a bound, the most interesting figure in public life to-day. His marvelous success as a business man, politician and President-maker has proved that he is the fortunate possessor of rare intellectual endowments. Mark Hanna is peculiarly a nineteenth century product. He is, to a certain extent, the incarnation of age-end tendencies. The century, approaching its demise, seemed to crave a man who should stand forth as the typical exponent of contemporary conditions. In Mark Hanna our civilization finds its characteristic representative, and, as such, the man is worthy of study from various points of view.

Brooks Adams, in his able essay entitled *The Law of Civilization and Decay*, says: "When surplus energy has accumulated in such bulk as to preponderate over productive energy, it becomes the controlling social force. Thenceforward, capital is autocratic, and energy vents itself through those organisms best fitted to give expression to the power of capital. In this last stage of consolidation, the economic, and, perhaps, the scientific intellect is propagated, while the imagination fades, and the emotional, the martial, and the artistic types of manhood decay."

These words came into my mind as I sat confronting Mark Hanna at the Hotel Waldorf recently and studied the outward seeming of the man whose achievements have been inexplicable to observers who fail to understand the fundamental characteristics of the age in which they live. Here was the Economic Man. Imagination, emotion, the martial spirit, love of art, find little or no encouragement in the presence of this cold, calm, triumphant molder of men and events. Beneath Mark Hanna's gaze the soul of the poet would shrink and die, the throbbing heart of the artist would break in despair and the eye of the dreamer who looks for the advent of the millennium next week would not dare to meet the chilly glance of this man who knows men.

But let it not be imagined for a moment that Mr. Hanna is at all contemptuous in his attitude toward art, literature and the drama.

"I have been a busy man for many years," he said to me. "I have been compelled to devote nearly all my time to men and affairs. I have not had much leisure to give to books."

He was seated beside the genial Dr. Edward Bedloe, who looks forward with some confidence to representing this country as Minister of China, and the latter glanced at Mr. Hanna inquiringly.

"You have been a reader of history, Mr. Hanna, have you not?" asked the diplomatist.

"History? Yes, I have read a good deal of history at various times in my life. But I have not been able to pursue my studies in that line as far as I could have wished. Bible history I learned as a boy. My people were Quakers, you know. I gained a good deal of information years ago at Sunday School that I have never forgotten."

Mr. Hanna smiled grimly, and restored his cigar to a corner of his mouth. There is humor in the man's face and now and then a note in his voice suggests that he is indulging in an inward chuckle that may be either philanthropic or sardonic—it is hard to say which.

"An opportunity to make history is more to be desired than leisure to read it," suggested the diplomatist, true to his profession. Mr. Hanna paid no attention to the implied compliment. The Economic Man never wastes words.

"Books are of great service to the man of affairs in affording relaxation and rest to his tired mind," remarked, Mr. Hanna, reflectively, blowing a cloud of tobacco smoke from his lips. "I find it a relief, now and then, to read fiction. Not trash, you know, but novels having some inherent strength. When the house is quiet at midnight I enjoy a story by some author who really understands human nature."

There was something in the speaker's voice that suggested the question that followed:

"You are fond of Dickens, Mr. Hanna?"

"Very," he answered emphatically. "Dickens was a wonderful man. His writings have always been a source of pleasure to me."

The President-maker permitted a retrospective mood to gain control of him. He looked for a moment a shade less like the Economic Man and a bit more like the Dreamer. The Spirit of the Past had broken into the Hotel Waldorf and—mirabile dictu—had laid hands upon Mark Hanna, the Man of the Present. Men and women, chatting, promenading, laughing,—gay with the reaction that followed the tension of a great national crisis—surrounded our little group and cast curious glances now and then at the man who had made a triumphal entry from the shadows of political obscurity into the sunshine of international fame. "The great man is talking about the late tremendous conflict—mayhap about the spoils of victory," the onlookers whispered to each other. It is not too much to say that there would have been a mild panic in the lobby of the Hotel Waldorf that afternoon had it been bruited about that Warwick had laid aside for a time the carking cares of state and had wandered aimlessly into the flowery field of letters. The sensation would have been increased had it been known that Mark Hanna, as he removed his black cigar from his lips, turned to Dr. Bedloe and said:

"Years ago I went to a fancy-dress ball as Pickwick. Heighho, I fear I've grown to look more like the old chap in reality since then. My figure was not as Pickwickian in those days as it is now."

Dr. Bedloe's eyes met mine. The same thought was in our minds. Mark Hanna and Pickwick! Was there, in all the teeming world of fiction, a character less like Hanna than the fussy, old incompetent whose name is synonymous with the scheme that goes awry? Pickwick! That tender-hearted, rainbow-chasing blunderer, the incarnation of impotent pomposity, was not a Mark Hanna in anything but outward seeming. Not that Mark Hanna really looks like Pickwick. For once in his life the

* From the New York Sun.

Economic Man had allowed his imagination to run away with him when he said that the years had given him a closer likeness to the leader of the Pickwickians than he had held in his youth. Hanna actually looks as much like the accepted pictures of Pickwick as an iron knob resembles a ball of putty. Their girth may be equal, but the one is hard and the other soft.

"Another book that I admired in former years," went on Mr. Hanna reflectively, evidently unconscious of the fact that the throng in the lobby eagerly watched his lips from a distance, seemingly in expectation that streams of political pearls would soon issue from his mouth, "was Victor Hugo's *Les Misérables*. I have never had time to reread this wonderful novel, but the impression made upon me by its first perusal has never been effaced. It is a great work of art. Of contemporary writers of fiction I haven't time to speak in detail. There are a few strong men among them. The stream of rubbish that constantly flows from ephemeral pens is of no significance. Nothing can be permanent that is not done with power and truth as allies. There is an enormous amount of fiction published that is not worth reading. But there is no rest to the mind greater than that which results from the perusal of a story the interest of which is sufficiently great to drive away all thoughts of one's personal interests. To an overworked man a good novel is a complete vacation."

"And your opinion of poetry, Mr. Hanna, is—?"

"I have no opinion of poetry," exclaimed the Economic Man, viciously blowing smoke into the air, as though by this method he could waft into the void all epics, pastorals, lyrics, sonnets, songs and satires the outworn race of poets had ever begotten. "I have no opinion of poetry. I know little about it, and care less."

"But, Mr. Hanna," protested the diplomatist, "you surely admire the verse of such a writer, for instance, as Oliver Wendell Holmes?"

For the first time that afternoon Mr. Hanna allowed a mocking smile to play across his strong face. The Economic Man had been asked, point-blank, to express his opinion of the Man of Imagination. It is one thing to denounce poetry in the abstract and another to pooh-pooh a poet in the concrete. But Mr. Hanna did not flinch. Consistency is characteristic of the type of man he represents.

"Holmes may be admirable," he remarked coldly, "but in so far as he is a poet I, personally, don't admire him."

Dr. Bedloe suppressed a gasp of astonishment and found voice to say:

"Nevertheless, Mr. Hanna, a campaign conducted on the lines of the contest just ended has had an inspiring effect upon verse-makers. I have never known the poets of this country to respond to a great national crisis with more effect than during the last few months. Both in prose and verse our writers have been of service to our cause."

"They have, indeed," admitted Mr. Hanna cordially, "but I believe we were discussing poetry, not patriotism. Were we not?"

To change the subject, I asked:

"You are fond of the drama, Mr. Hanna?"

"Intensely. I'm a great theatre-goer. The

play's the thing!" I'm blessed with a very broad sympathy so far as the drama is concerned. I can enjoy only a certain kind of novel, but it's a pretty poor play from which I can extract no amusement. I have attended the theatre with a good deal of regularity for years and I must admit that I am seldom bored in a playhouse."

"But you make a distinction between plays—between *A Hole in the Ground* and *Hamlet*, for instance?"

"Surely. There was one great playwright, and his name was Shakespeare. The highest pleasure I have ever enjoyed at the theatre has been furnished by the famous exponents of the Shakespearean drama. When the choice is offered to me, I always go to see a play of Shakespeare's in preference to any other."

It was not strange that at that moment I should begin to formulate a working theory regarding the Economic Man, the being who is, according to Brooks Adams, the child of the age and the successor to the warrior and the man of imagination. The Economic Man is amused by Dickens, impressed by Victor Hugo, inspired by Shakespeare and bored by all poets. His sympathy with literature, art and the drama is real, but its channels are narrow and well-defined. He looks upon books and plays as poultices to heal the wounds made by a pitiless world. He takes his reading and his play-going as, in a way, a part of his medicine-chest. Thackeray may serve the Economic Man as a narcotic and Shakespeare as a counter-irritant. Books, plays, pictures are not to his mind of value in themselves, but are of service only in so far as they aid a man of affairs to continue his contest with an antagonistic world. Art is to him not a goddess but a handmaiden.

But let it not be forgotten, when examining the attitude of the Economic Man toward art, that it was "a nation of shopkeepers" that begat English literature. Furthermore, it should be borne in mind that it is from men of the Mark Hanna type that the arts and sciences may receive their most substantial support. With this idea in mind, I said to this maker of presidents, policies and precedents:

"I have heard it rumored, Mr. Hanna, that an effort is to be made to create a new bureau at Washington, the head of which would have a seat in the Cabinet and bear the title of Secretary of Arts and Sciences."

All that is un-Pickwickian in the man's nature came to the surface, as he said coldly:

"Understand me, my friend. I am neither filling old offices nor creating new ones."

The Economic Man is suspicious of new ideas that do not originate with himself or from sources with which he is closely in touch. Mr. Hanna arose, shook hands with Dr. Bedloe and myself and vouchsafed no further comment upon the suggestion briefly outlined by my words. As he made his way through the respectful throng that had paid the homage of polite curiosity to the unconscious incarnation of our modern idol, Success, I realized that I had obtained in that fleeting half-hour a clearer grasp of the scope and limitations of the Economic Man than weeks of book-study could beget. Indirectly, Mark Hanna had served as a convincing essay on the age-end man of might.

"WREATH THE BOWL WITH FLOWERS OF SOUL"

A PAGE OF TOASTS *

THE GUEST

Let him be so entertained amongst you as suits,
with gentlemen of your knowing, to a stranger of
his quality.—Cymbeline, i., 4.

This gentleman is happily arrived,
My mind presumes, for his own good and ours.
—Taming of the Shrew, i., 2.

Not that we think us worthy of such a guest,
But that your worth will dignify our feast.
—B. Jonson, Epigrams, ci.

A CLERGYMAN

Who is he that can twice a week be inspired, or
has eloquence always on tap?—Lowell, Biglow
Papers, ii., 3.

He that negotiates between God and man
As God's Ambassador.—Cowper, The Task, ii.

When at his humble prayer you deign'd to eat,
Saint as you are, a civil sinner's meat.—Crabbe.

They have snared the shepherd of the flock.
—II. Henry VI., ii., 2.

A SOLDIER

Let the trumpets blow
That this great soldier may his welcome know.
—Troilus and Cressida, iv., 5.

From heart of every heart, great Hector, welcome!
—Troilus and Cressida, iv., 5.

Hail to the chief who in triumph advances.
—Scott, Lady of the Lake, ii.

To see great Hector in his weeds of peace.
—Troilus and Cressida, iii., 3.

Gads—Daggers—Belts—Blades and Scabbards,
this is the very Gentleman!—Congreve, the Old
Batchelor, ii., 1.

A SAILOR

The wind sits in the shoulder of your sail
And you are stay'd for.—Hamlet, i., 3.

A broadside for our Admiral
Load every crystal gun.—O. W. Holmes, 1865.

On this coast
Suppose him now at anchor.—Pericles, v (Gower).

AN AUTHOR

That hath a mint of phrases in his brain.
—Love's Labours Lost, i., 1.

A poet soaring in the high region of his fancies
with his garland and singing robes about him.—
Milton, Reason of Church Government, Int. ii.

Don't stir, gentlemen; 'tis but an author.
—Le Sage, Gil Blas, iii., 2.

I begin shrewdly to suspect . . . the young man
of a terrible taint, poetry!—B. Jonson, Bartholo-
mew Fair, iii.

AN ACTOR OR SINGER

Matrons flung gloves,
Ladies and maids their scarfs and handkerchiefs,
Upon him.—Coriolanus, ii., 1.

His voice was propertied
As all the tuned spheres.
—Antony and Cleopatra, v. 2.

When thou dost act men think it not a play,
But all they see is real.—Randolph.

An excellent song, and a sweet songster, and
would have done rarely in a cage, with a dish of
water and hempseed.—B. Jonson, Gipsies Meta-
morphosed.

What a voice was here now!
—Beaumont and Fletcher, Beggar's Bush, ii.

ONE IN PUBLIC OFFICE

Why may not an Atlas of State, such as myself,
that bears up the weight of a commonwealth, now
and then for recreation's sake, be glad to ease his
shoulders?—Shackerley Marmion, The Antiquary,
ii.

Let them behold the melancholy of a Magistrate,
and taste the fury of a citizen in office.—Marston,
Chapman and Jonson, Eastward Ho, iv., 2.

THE ABSENT

Here, say we, drink this standing bowl of wine to
him.—Pericles, ii., 3.

Conspicuous by his absence.—Lord John Russell
(From Tacitus).

Here's a health to them that's awa,
And here's to them that's awa.—Burns.

BEFORE SPEECHES OR FOR SOME SPECIAL SPEAKER

The fear of every man that heard him was, lest
he should make an end.—B. Jonson, Discoveries.

A fool may talk, but a wise man speaks.—B. Jon-
son, Discoveries.

Language most shows a man; speak that I may
see thee.—B. Jonson, Discoveries.

He utters them as he had eaten ballads.
—Winter's Tale, iv., 4.

God bless thy lungs, good Knight.
—II. Henry IV., v., 5.

It would talk,—Lord! how it talked!
—Beaumont and Fletcher, Scornful Lady, v., 1.

AFTER SPEECHES

I drink to the general joy of the whole table.
—Macbeth, iii., 4.

To our grand patron, called Good-fellowship,
Whose livery all our people hereabout
Are clad in.

—Dekker and Ford, Sun's Darling, iv., 1.
Drink a health to me for I must hence.
—Taming of the Shrew, iii., 2.

*From Quotations for Occasions, compiled by Katharine
B. Wood. The Century Co., publishers.

GENERAL GOSSIP OF AUTHORS AND WRITERS

Francis Richard Stockton:—

When he first began writing fantastic tales for children, says Henry C. Vedder in *American Writers of To-day*,* the subject of this sketch signed them "Frank R. Stockton," and that name still holds its place on the title pages of his books. His proper Christian names are, however, Francis Richard, and he was born in Philadelphia, April 5, 1834. He had a good education, being graduated from the Central high-school of his native city in 1852, but, like many of our successful American authors, he did not have a college training. His first choice of occupation was that of engraver and draughtsman, but his bent was literary rather than artistic, and he found his way into journalism. It would have been rather remarkable had such not been the case, as a marked tendency towards literature distinguishes his family. A younger brother was a journalist of distinction; an elder half-brother was an honored Methodist clergyman and author; and a sister, though she has been somewhat eclipsed by his greater fame, is known as a writer of excellent stories for the magazines, and of several books. Mr. Stockton was connected for brief periods with various newspapers and periodicals, and on the establishment of *St. Nicholas* became its assistant editor. There is reason to believe that his editorial work was of excellent character; but both his tastes and his gifts were rather for original work, and for nearly or quite twenty years now he has given himself to the writing of stories. As early as 1870 four of his tales for children were issued in book form by a Boston publisher, under the title of *The Ting-a-ling Stories*, and thereafter he was known to the initiated as "a promising writer." Mr. Stockton first gained the ear of the great public in 1879, when a series of papers with a slight thread of story appeared serially in *Scribner's Monthly*, and later in a volume, under the title of *Rudder Grange*. The story of the young couple keeping house in a canal-boat and taking a boarder was irresistibly funny, and the details were worked out with great skill. *Euphemia* and *Pomona* became household words at once; their droll sayings and droller doings gave many a pleasant hour of reminiscence, long after the enjoyment of the first reading had been experienced. The supreme test of the quality of humor is its capacity to yield continuous pleasure. There are things that make one laugh consumedly at first hearing, as if their author

"Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life."

But jests of this sort never seem so funny, after the first surprise has been felt. The best humor, like good wine, improves with age, and with each subsequent reading enjoyment grows. *Rudder Grange* bears this test; it is as fresh and charming now as when it was first written, and a new reading after it has been half forgotten will be even more relishful than the first. Not even this book, well deserved as was its success, gave Mr. Stockton so wide a fame

as one of his short stories, *The Lady or the Tiger*? The artful way in which he led his readers up to the crucial problem and then betrayed their confidence by refusing to solve it, cloaking this refusal under a pretext of inability to decide the question he had raised, was a stroke of humor that showed genius. It also showed commercial shrewdness, and had its reward. Curiosity was piqued, discussion was provoked, and debate on the merits of the question became quite a social "fad." When one thinks on what a slender basis literary fame is sometimes built, how fortuitous the gaining of it generally is, how frequently the public admires an author for that which is not best and most characteristic in his work, the stir that followed the publication of this story becomes more humorous than anything in the story itself. Since that time there has been not only a ready market, but an eager public, for whatever Mr. Stockton might write. He has not been tempted, however, to over-production. He has never shaken from the tree the unripe fruits of his imagination merely because they would sell, but has left them to grow and ripen and mellow. As no reader will have failed to infer, Mr. Stockton is first of all a clever writer of short stories. Collections of his magazine stories have been made at various times since 1884: *The Lady or the Tiger?* *The Christmas Wreck*, *The Bee Man of Orn*, *Amos Kilbright*, *The Clocks of Rondaine*, and *The Watchmaker's Wife*, each volume containing, besides the title story, several other tales. These volumes show Mr. Stockton's peculiar powers at their best, and they stamp their author as one of the most original of American writers. Though his style lacks mannerism or distinctive flavor, it is not so with the substance of his work. That has plenty of flavor, flavor of a kind so peculiar that his work could never by any accident be mistaken for that of any other writer. It might not be the easiest of tasks to tell whether an anonymous essay or story should be fathered upon Mr. Howells or Mr. Aldrich; but it requires no such nicety of literary taste to recognize a story of Mr. Stockton's. . . . Most writers of short stories sooner or later are tempted to try their wings in the longer flight of a novel. It seems to be just about an even chance whether they succeed or fail, so different are the condition of the two classes of fiction. One dislikes to use the word failure in connection with any of Mr. Stockton's work, yet *The Late Mrs. Null* and *The Hundreth Man* fall very far short of the relative excellence of his tales. . . . The young folks know a good story-teller by instinct, and Mr. Stockton has from the first been a prime favorite with them. As we have seen, his first book was composed of stories for children, and he has gone on writing for his youthful readers until his "juveniles" make quite a row, seven or more volumes. The best of these stories show a gift very similar to that which wins the favor of older readers, though it is rather a fantastic imagination than pure humor that inspires the best of them. . . . Some of Mr. Stockton's fairy tales show a fertility of imagination that surpasses anything that he has done in his other writings, and their whimsical absurdity are so gravely set forth

* Published by Silver, Burdette & Co.

that many a staid father while reading them to his children has been half inclined to accept them as veritable histories. It is noteworthy that in these stories the narrow line separating the fanciful from the burlesque is never crossed. Nobody could suspect from the writer's manner that he does not himself firmly believe in the reality of his marvellous creations. . . . Mr. Stockton gives no signs of having exhausted his vein. He has made for himself a place unique and unapproachable in the regard of those who love good literature. Original to the verge of eccentricity, he provokes no comparisons with any writer. Nobody has ever thought of calling him "The American somebody or other,"—a title bestowed on his fellow craftsmen, doubtless with an intent to compliment, though it is really the direst insult that can be offered to a man of letters, since it accuses him of being the weak echo of some European celebrity. No, the author of *Rudder Grange* is not The American Lamb nor the American anybody else, he is just Frank R. Stockton.

The Hamerton's Meeting with Tennyson:—

The next time we called upon George Eliot, writes Mrs. Hamerton in the *Memoir of Philip Gilbert Hamerton*,* she had heard of our meeting with Mr. Tennyson, and said: "So you have seen the great man—and did he talk?" "Talk?" answered my husband; "he talked the whole time, and was in high spirits." "Then you were most fortunate." We understood what was implied, for Mr. Tennyson had the reputation of not being always gracious. However, we had learned from himself that nothing short of rudeness could keep his intrusive admirers at a distance, so as to allow him some privacy. He told us of a man who so dogged his steps that he was afraid of going out of his own garden gates, for even in front of those locked gates the man would stand and pry for hours together, till the poet's son was sent to him with a request that he would go elsewhere. In the case of his meeting Mr. Hamerton it was totally different, for he had himself expressed a wish for it to Mr. Woolner. Of course my husband was greatly flattered when he heard of it, and readily accepted an invitation to lunch with Mr. Woolner's family, and to meet the poet whom he so much admired. I sat by Mr. Tennyson, and endeavored to suppress any outward sign of the interest and admiration so distasteful to him. Nevertheless, I was greatly impressed by the dignity of his simple manners and by the inscrutable expression of the eyes, so keen and yet so calm, so profound yet so serene. His was a fine and noble face, even in merriment, and he was very merry on that day, for the string of humorous anecdotes he told kept us all laughing, himself included. I am sorry now not to remember them, the more so as they generally concerned himself. Several were connected with his title of "Lord of the Manor," but the only one I can remember in its entirety is the following, because he was addressing himself to me—a Frenchwoman—the scene of the story being the Hotel du Louvre, in Paris. Mr. Tennyson began by remarking that there were a good many stories current about him; some of them were true, but most of them apocryphal. "And is the one you are going

to relate true?" I asked. He smiled and answered: "I think it is capital; you will have to guess. I had occasion to go to Paris with a friend who was supposed to speak French creditably, and who fancied himself a master of it. On the morning following our arrival in the French capital, being somewhat knocked up by the journey, we had a late breakfast at a small side-table of the dining-room, of which we were soon the only occupants, under the watchful and, as I thought, suspicious eyes of a waiter, whose attention had probably been attracted by the conspicuous difference between our stature and garb from that of his little dandified countrymen. Having caught a slight cold on the passage, I felt more inclined to stay by the fire with a newspaper than to go out, and did so, whilst my friend, who had some business in the town, left me for some time. As I drew my chair up to the hearth I heard the waiter answering with alacrity to some recommendation of my friend's, 'Oh, monsieur peut être tranquille, j'y veillerai.' I thought it was some order about our dinner, and resumed my political studies. Was it my cold which made me dull and inattentive? It is quite possible, for my eyes kept wandering from my paper, and, strange to say, always met those of the French waiter riveted upon me. At first I felt annoyed: what could be so strange about my person? Then I was irritated, for though that queer little man was making some pretence at dusting or replacing chairs, still his eyes never left me for a moment, and at last, being somewhat drowsy, I had the sensation that one experiences in a nightmare, and thought I had better resort to my room and make up for a shortened night. No sooner, however, had I got up from my chair than the waiter was entreating me to remain, offering to heap coals on the fire, to bring me another paper or a pillow if I was tired, and 'Did I wish to write a letter? he would fetch instantly what was required; or should I like something hot for my cold?' His voice had the strange coaxing tone that we use to pacify children, and made me stare; but I answered angrily that I only wanted a nap, and to be let alone, and I made for the door in spite of his objurgations. Then he ran in front of me, and barring the door with arms outstretched, besought me to await my friend. This unaccountable behavior had rendered me furious, and now I was determined to force my way out, despite the mad resistance and loud gibberish of the waiter, and I began to use my fists. It was in the midst of this tremendous row that my astonished friend reappeared in the dining-room, and was greeted with this explanation from my adversary: 'Ah, monsieur, vous voyez, j'ai tenu ma parole: je ne l'ai pas laissé sortir le fou; mais ça n'a pas été sans peine, il était temps que vous arriviez.' It turned out that my friend, anxious for my comfort, and noticing that the fire was getting low, had said in his easy French before leaving, 'Garçon, surtout ne laissez pas sortir le fou' (*feu*)—meaning 'Don't let the fire go out,' and the intelligent foreigner had immediately guessed from my appearance that I was *le fou*." Amidst general laughter, I said: "It is cleverly invented." "I see you do not believe it," Mr. Tennyson answered; "yet it has passed current in society and in the newspapers." Sitting close to Mr. Tennyson, as I did, I noticed the large size, and somewhat plebeian shape, of his hands. They did not seem to

* Published by Roberts Bros.

belong to the same body as the head, indicating merely physical strength and fitness for physical labor. His dress also struck me as peculiar: he was wearing a shirt of coarse linen, starchless, with a large and loose turned-down collar, very like a farmer's of former days, and shirt and hands looked suited to each other. After remarking this I happened to look up into Mr. Tennyson's face, which then wore its habitual expression of serious and grand simplicity; and I thought that the rough and dull linen, with the natural, unstiffened fall about the neck, formed a most artistic sculpturesque setting for the handsome head poised above it. After lunch Mr. Woolner took the gentlemen to his studio for a smoke, and my husband told me afterwards that Mr. Tennyson had continued as talkative there as he had been at lunch, and was only interrupted by the entrance of Sir Bartle Frere, who had a great deal to say on his own account.

Recollections of Emily, Lady Tennyson:—

When I first saw Lady Tennyson, says Annie Fields in *Authors and Friends*,* she was in the prime of life. Her two sons, boys of eight and ten years of age perhaps, were by her side. Farringford was at that time almost the same beautiful solitude the lovers had found it years before, when it was first their home. Occasionally a curious sight-seer, or a poet-worshiper, had been known to stray across the grounds or to climb a tree in order to view the green retired spot; but as a rule Tennyson could still wander unwatched and unseen through the garden, over the downs, and stand alone on the shore of the great sea. It was afternoon when we arrived dusty and travel-stained at the hospitable door, which was wide open, shaded by vines, showing the interior dark and cool. Mrs. Tennyson, in her habitual and simple costume of a long gray dress and lace kerchief over her head, met us with her true and customary cordiality, leading us to the low drawing-room, where a large oriel window opening on the lawn and the half-life-size statue of Wordsworth were the two points which caught my attention as we entered. Her step as she preceded us was long and free. Something in her bearing and trailing dress, perhaps, gave her a mediæval aspect which suited with the house. The latter, I have been told, was formerly a baronial holding, and the fair Enid and the young Elaine appeared to be at one with her own childhood. They were no longer centuries apart from the slender, fair-haired lady who now lay on a couch by our side—they were a portion of her own existence, of a nature obedient to tradition, obedient to home, obedient to love. The world has made large advance, and the sound of the wheels of progress were not unheard in the lady's room at Farringford. She was ready to sympathize with every form of emancipation; but for herself, her poet's life was her life, and his necessity was her opportunity. Mrs. Browning once said to me, "Ah, Tennyson is too much indulged. His wife is too much his second self; she does not criticise enough." But Tennyson was not a second Browning. The delicate framework of his imagination, filled in by elemental harmonies, was not to be carelessly touched. She understood his work and his nature, and he stood firm where he had early planted himself

by her side in worshipping affection and devotion. "Alfred carried the sheets of his new poem up to London," she said one day, "and showed them to Mr. Monckton Milnes, who persuaded him to leave out one of the best lines; but I persuaded him to replace it when he came home. It is a mistake in general for him to listen to the suggestions of others." All this was long ago, and the finger of memory has left faint tracings for me to follow; but I recall her figure at dinner as she sat in her soft white muslin dress, tied with blue, at that time hardly whiter than her face or bluer than her eyes, and how the boys stood sometimes one on either side of her in their black velvet dresses, like Millais's picture of the princes in the tower, and sometimes helped to serve the guests. By and by we adjourned to another room, where there was a fire and a shining dark table with fruit and wine after her own picturesque fashion, and where later the poet read to us, while she, being always delicate in health, took her accustomed couch. I remember the quaint apartment for the night, on different levels, and the faded tapestry, recalling "the faded mantle and the faded veil," her tender personal care, and her friendly good-night, the silence, the sweetness, and the calm. She sometimes joined our out-door expeditions, but could not walk with us. For years she used a wheeled chair, as Mrs. Ritchie has charmingly described in her truthful and sympathetic sketch of the life of Aldworth. I only associated her with the interior, where her influence was perfect. The social atmosphere of Farringford, which depended upon its mistress, was warm and simple. A pleasant company of neighbors and friends was gathered when Maud was read aloud to us, a wide group, grateful and appreciative, and one to which he liked to read. After this the mists of time close over! I can recall her again in the gray dress and kerchief following our footsteps to the door. I can see her graceful movement of the head as she waved her adieux; I can see the poet's dusky figure standing by her side, and that is all. Sometimes she lives confusedly to the world of imagination as the Abbess at Almesbury; and sometimes, as one who knew her has said, she was like the first of the three queens, "the tallest of them all, and fairest," who bore away the body of Arthur. She was no less than these, being a living inspiration at the heart of the poet's everyday life. It would seem to be upon another visit that we were talking in the drawing-room about Browning. "We should like to see him oftener," she said, "he is delightful company, but we cannot get him to come here; we are too quiet for him!" I found food for thought in this little speech when I remembered the fatuous talk at dinner-tables where I had sometimes met Browning, and thought of Tennyson's great talk and the lofty serenity of his lady's presence. My last interview with Lady Tennyson was scarcely two months before Tennyson's death. The great grief of their life in the loss of their son Lionel had fallen upon them meanwhile. They were then at Aldworth, which, although a house of their own building, was far more mediæval in appearance than Farringford. She was alone, and still on the couch in the large drawing-room, and there she spoke with the same youth of heart, the same deep tenderness, the simple affection which had never failed through

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years of intercourse. When she rose to say farewell and to follow me as far as possible, she stepped with the same spirited sweep I had first seen. The happiness of welcoming her lovely face, which wore to those who knew her an indescribable heavenliness, is mine no more; but the memory cannot be effaced of one lady who held the traditions of high womanhood safe above the possible deteriorations of human existence.

Reminiscences of Harriet Beecher Stowe:—

One preëminent figure moving gently for a few years upon the Andover stage, writes Elizabeth Stuart Phelps in *Chapters from a Life*,* I had almost omitted from the reminiscences of the Hill,—I suppose because in truth she never seemed to me to be of Andover, or its life akin to hers. I refer to the greatest of American women, Harriet Beecher Stowe. To the stranger visiting Andover for a day, there will long be pointed out, as one of the "sights" of the Hill, the house occupied by Mrs. Stowe during the time of her husband's professorship in the Seminary. After she disappeared from among us, that home of genius met a varied fate. . . . Mrs. Stowe's house, still retaining the popular name of Uncle Tom's Cabin, became for a while a club devoted to the honorable ends of boarding theologues. At the present time the Trustees' hotel is in the building, which has suffered many dreary practical changes. The house is of stone, and in the day of its distinguished occupant was a charming place. As a house, it is very difficult; but Mrs. Stowe has always had the home-touch in a beautiful degree. In fact, my chief impression of those years when we had the rich opportunity of her vicinity consists in occasional glimpses of lovely interiors, over which presided a sweet and quiet presence, as unlike the eidolon which Andover Seminary seemed to have created for itself of this great and gracious lady, as a spirit is unlike an old-time agitator. . . . My personal remembrances of Mrs. Stowe are those of a young girl whom she entertained at intervals, always delightfully, in the long parlor running the width of the stone house, whose deep embrasured window-seats seemed to me only less wonderful than the soft and brightly-colored, rather worldly-looking pillows with which these attractive nooks were generously filled. There were flowers always, and a bower of ivy made summer of the eternal Andover winters in the stone house; and there were merry girls and boys,—Mrs. Stowe was the most unselfish and loving of mothers,—and there were always dogs; big and little, curly and straight; but in some form, dog-life with its gracious reaction on the gentleness and kindness of family life abounded in her house. It was an open, hospitable house, human and hearty and happy, and I have always remembered it affectionately. An amusing instance of the spirit of the stone house comes back to me from some faraway day, when I found myself schoolmate to Mrs. Stowe's youngest daughter. This little descendant of genius and of philanthropy was bidden to write a composition—an order which she resolutely refused for some time to obey. But the power above her persisted, and one day, the child brought in a slip of paper a few inches long, on which were in-

scribed these words only: "Slavery is the greatest curse of human nature." Uncle Tom's Cabin was not written in the stone house at Andover. But there the awful inscription of a great grief was cut into the quivering flesh and blood of a mother's heart. The sudden and violent death of a favorite son—which made of The Minister's Wooing an immortal outcry to mothers bereaved—occurred, if I am not wrong, while Mrs. Stowe was among us. I never pass the house without thinking what those stone walls have known and kept of that chasm of personal anguish through which a great soul passed in learning how to offer consolation to the suffering of the world. One of the prettiest pictures which I have of Mrs. Stowe is framed in the everglades of Florida. Her home at Magnolia offered a guest-room in which one might pass a night of such quiet as Paradise might envy. The house, I remember, was built about a great live-oak, and the trunk of the tree grew into the room; the walls being cleverly adjusted to the contour of the bark. Through the open windows the leaves drifted silently, falling about the room, the floor, the bed, as they pleased. One slept like a hamadryad, and waked like a bird in a bough. Into this nest of green and peace, I had (I remember it with shame and contrition) the hardness of heart and bluntness of courtesy to intrude a pile of proof-sheets. It was my first book of verses. The volume was in press. I was in misery of doubt about the venture. In the State of Florida my hostess was the only accessible person whose judgment could help me; and fate had thrown me on her sweet charity with my galleys. The publishers at the North, a thousand miles away, were hurrying me. There was not a day to lose, if I had made a grave blunder; and I mercilessly read the verses to her, beseeching her advice and criticism. It would be hard to forget the sweetness, the patience, and the frankness with which she gave herself to my cruel request. I remember how she curled herself up on the bed beside me, like a girl, with her feet crossed under her, and listened gently. The live-oak leaves fell softly about us, and the St. John's River showed in glimpses, calm, coffee-colored, and indifferent, between the boughs. The utter silence of a Florida wilderness compassed us. My own voice sounded intrusive and foreign to me as I read. Nothing could exceed her kindness or her wisdom as a critic. I had made one rather serious mistake in one of the poems,—a fault in taste which I had overlooked. She called my attention to it so explicitly, yet so delicately, that I could have thanked her with tears. "A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath" than she was to me that day. The last time that I saw Mrs. Stowe was on the occasion of her seventieth birthday; when, at the country seat of Governor and Mrs. Claflin, in Newtonville, her publishers, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, tendered her a reception,—I think she called it a birthday party. It fell to me to go out to the breakfast with Doctor Holmes, who always loved and appreciated Mrs. Stowe, and who seemed to enjoy himself like a happy boy all day. His tribute, written for the day, was one of the best of his famous occasional poems; and he did me the honor to read my own unimportant verses for me—a thing which I found it impossible to do for myself—with such grace and fervor as almost made me feel as if I had

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written something of Doctor Holmes's. It was a unique sensation; and, though one of the most humbling of life, yet one of the most agreeable.

Mrs. Stowe's appearance that day—one of her last, I think, in public—was a memorable one. Her dignity, her repose, a certain dreaminess and aloofness of manner characteristic of her, blended gently with her look of peace and unmistakable happiness. Crowded with honors as her life had been, I have fancied that this, among her latest, in her quiet years, and so full of the tenderness of personal friendship, had especial meanings to her, and gave her deep pleasure. Among our literary people no one of consequence omitted to do honor to the foremost woman of America: there were possibly one or two exceptions, of the school which does not call Uncle Tom's Cabin literature unless it is obliged to; but they were scarcely missed.

Madeline S. Bridges—Mary Ainge De Vere:—

For over a decade of years, writes Regina Armstrong Hilliard, the names of Madeline S. Bridges and Mary Ainge De Vere have appeared in the current periodicals; yet not until recently has the fact become known that the two names stand for one identity. Under one has been sent out those clever satires, humorous sketches and poems which have made the *nom de plume*, Madeline S. Bridges represent one of the most popular writers of the day; under the real name, Mary Ainge De Vere, the same writer has kept pace in a higher strain, a more substantial movement. Still, somehow, the *nom de plume*, the carnival masque, as it were,—behind which she has sung her roundelays, her roulades, and given us those delicious bits of repartee, those sallies of fun and wit, those quips which always hit yet never hurt,—seems to be the realer personality of the two. They overflow with spontaneity and comradeship, a grace which in a personal way is termed magnetism, but in writing is a wholly indefinable responsiveness, both stimulating and lasting. This quality Madeline S. Bridges infuses into every line she writes. The hold of such a writer is no ephemeral one, and perhaps no writer of the day stands nearer to her readers than does she. Some ingenious philologist has asserted that a writer can be safely described by the word he oftenest uses in his writings. The use of "sweet" is a noticeable one by this writer, and perhaps no other word so well describes her. She is, in every sense of the word, a sweet woman, gentle, sympathetic and true. There is nothing didactic in her manner or her writings; she is not stirred by what Goethe called the "intellectual impulse of sex," when he heralded the mannish woman: she is not going to reform the world, and yet her character, her convictions are the very opposite of negative. In her broad sympathy and clear intuitive comprehension she perceives the good and evil as conditions and recognizes helpfulness as the stay of the one and the betterment of the other. Miss De Vere lives in Brooklyn with a sister and two brothers in the old homestead. Her education was thorough, and augmented in her home environments by intellectual parents, in whose conversation she shared. She relates that to frivolous talk her father would say admonishingly: "It seems that Count Small Talk is present." To this early train-

ing she attributes her interest in the leading questions of the day. "Large questions" she calls them. At the age of fourteen her work was printed and at sixteen she won a college prize in versification.

The mechanism of writing, the prosaic detail of construction, is unknown to her. Her work is spontaneous and facile. When the thought comes, the poem or sketch writes itself easily and naturally; one of her minor poems being written in an hour or so. Sometimes a subject suggests itself and a hastily scribbled memorandum pinned over her desk is all that is necessary for the future elaboration of what may be a long dormant idea. She is much attached to the garden surrounding her home and much of her writing is done there.

She is accomplished in music and art and in the home circle she demonstrates that the domestic virtues are not ancient qualities, nor incompatible with intellectual attainments. Withal she is the most companionable of women, although her circle of friends is a limited one. Personally, she is most attractive, rather tall, well formed, brown hair, blue gray eyes, a face that is more moulded than outlined. A sculptor would say that her convictions have come strongly, that she could perform great deeds, meet trying emergencies with calmness and strength. A woman would go further and say that she could live a life of daily sacrifice unquestioningly, that she would be a steadying force to the weak and defenceless; that she would make the covenant of a great mission or the trivial records of a day something beautiful.

Frederick Saunders, the Oldest Living Librarian:—

At a recent meeting of the trustees of the New York Public Library, Astor, Lenox, and Tilden foundations, says a writer in the New York Sun, it was voted unanimously that Mr. Frederick Saunders, the chief librarian of the Astor Library, had worked long enough and had earned relief from the more arduous and responsible duties of his post. Mr. Saunders is in his ninetieth year. He has been with the Astor Library since 1859, and has been chief librarian since 1876. The resolution of the trustees does not retire him from his connection with the library. His salary will be continued during his life and he will retain his desk at the library. Mr. Saunders was born in London on Aug. 14, 1807. His father was the head of the publishing house of Saunders & Otley, in which the young man served for several years. In the winter of 1837 he came to New York to bring out an American edition of Bulwer's *Rienzi*, which his father's house had published in London. It was the beginning of the fight for an international copyright law. Mr. Saunders was armed with a power of attorney from his father, but the American publishers laughed at it. Mr. Saunders brought out a fine edition of *Rienzi*, and the pirates immediately put cheaper ones on the market, with the result that Mr. Saunders lost about \$30,000. After that a vigorous campaign was prosecuted for the international copyright law: William Cullen Bryant, Bancroft, Washington Irving, and nearly all the men prominent in literary affairs, except the publishers, took a hand, and several appeals to Congress were made. Then Charles Dickens went to America, and took to Washington for Mr. Saunders a memorial from

fifty-six of the leading authors of Great Britain. Dickens delivered the memorial to Henry Clay, who wrote to Mr. Saunders, promising his coöperation in the fight for the law. It was through Washington Irving, whose warm freindship he won in this copyright-law struggle, that Mr. Saunders became connected with the Astor Library. Irving was a friend of John Jacob Astor, the founder of the library, and was the first president of the institution. When William B. Astor was putting up the second part of the present library building Mr. Saunders went to Sunnyside and asked for a desk in the library. Irving made him an assistant librarian under Dr. John Cogswell, the first chief librarian. That was in 1859. Since then Mr. Saunders has seen the Astor Library take a remarkable growth. In a good deal of its later growth, since he became chief librarian in 1876, he has had a large part. "The development of the library has been very great," he said recently. "In several departments it is practically complete. Dr. Cogswell used to say that 'it is not a popular library, it is rather a court of appeals for scholars.' It is a students' workshop and is admirably fitted for the work. It is the one completely available working library of New York city. Its scientific departments are very full, as are those of the Oriental, Russian, Slavonic, and Scandinavian languages, literatures, and histories. It is very complete in Shakespeariana. Appleton Morgan, president of the 'Anti-Shakespeare' Society, once came into the library and I showed him that first folio on which Ben Jonson had written 'Look not at the man, but at his book.' His only answer was an evasion. Seeing the long range of Shakespeariana in the library one is forced to the conclusion that if Shakespeare was a myth he was a pretty big one. Since the Tilden fund has been available the growth of the library has been more in the line of completion of departments, by the purchase of rare books, than was possible before. It has always been the aim to secure what would be of service to the students and lovers of the rare, the intricate, and the curious. All this will be developed with still greater rapidity and thoroughness in the new library under the consolidation. Boston has a beautiful edifice for its library, but we have a better inside. I believe the site in Bryant Park has been secured already. Now the city should spend \$2,000,000 or \$2,500,000 in the erection of a building that would be at once suitable for the purposes of the great library and an appropriate and lasting ornament to the city. Boston has had a great deal more money to spend than we have had. But she has not far excelled us. They showed me once when I was over there, several years ago, one range of Shakespeariana, and asked me to estimate their worth. They were all thin little books. I said from \$20,000 to \$40,000. I was told that they had cost over \$50,000. The new library certainly will be the greatest on this continent. It may never develop into such an institution as the British Museum, but the beginning of that famous institution was far more humble than this. It was only a small library until finally Parliament was persuaded to take hold of it. If the city will only do its appropriate share now by the new library in the way of a building, who knows what the future of the library may be?" Mr. Saunders has been engaged for several years in the

preparation of a history of the Astor Library. He has availed himself of all the unusual advantages which have been only his. The work is scientific and anecdotal. Mr. Saunders describes the development of the library itself, and enlivens the narrative with stories of the eccentric visitors he has had and the queer things they have done. The history is in manuscript, and it was not Mr. Saunders's intention that it should be published. He designed it, he says, as a gift to the library, when he should come to say good-by. Not very long ago the manuscript was finished, and Mr. Saunders turned it over to Dr. John S. Billings, the Superintendent of the Consolidated Library. Dr. Billings presented it to the trustees when the resolution regarding Mr. Saunders's connection with the library was adopted. The trustees accepted the history, and passed another resolution of thanks to the historian.

Professor William M. Sloane:—

Professor William M. Sloane, the head of the Department of History at Columbia College, has been one of the most popular professors of Princeton College, says a writer in *Romance*. He was born in Richmond, Ohio, in 1850, and was graduated from Columbia College in 1868 and afterwards taught Latin and Greek for several years in Pittsburgh, where his father, a man of Scotch Presbyterian descent, was a pastor. Later, however, he was led to go abroad to pursue his studies, took courses in Berlin and Leipsic, perfected himself in scholastic work and incidentally became private secretary at the legation in Berlin to Mr. Bancroft the historian. During his residence abroad he became a profound student of French history, was intimate with Mr. H. Taine, who pronounced him the best-informed foreigner upon French history whom he had ever met, and returned to this country in 1877. He accepted an invitation to a chair in Princeton College, and has been an indefatigable worker there ever since. In addition to his classes he undertook at one time the editing of the *Princeton Review*, which under his management had a brief but fruitful career. At the time of Dr. McCosh's retirement from active college life Professor Sloane was the favorite candidate among the students and the younger members of the faculty as his successor. His fine scholarship and broad sympathies and a thorough comprehension of executive requirements would have made of him, as president of the college, a man respected by all. Professor Sloane's great historical learning fitted him peculiarly well for the latest of his achievements, the writing of the history of Napoleon, which has been a notable feature of the *Century* magazine during the past year.

Christian Reid:—

Mrs. Frances C. Tiernan, whose books appear over the nom de plume of Christian Reid, says the *Magazine of Poetry*, was born at Salisbury, N. C., where her family have lived since the country was first settled. She began to write when she was very young, and her first novel, *Valerie Aylmer*, was published in 1870. Its immediate success spared the young authoress the difficulties that beset many in their early efforts, and she thereafter wrote steadily for many years. In 1887 she was married to James N. Tiernan, and has since spent many years in Mexico.

ADRIAN VANDER DONCK: NEW YORK'S EARLIEST HISTORIAN

BY RUTGER VAN ZANDT

"Why mourn about Brazil, full of base Portuguese,
When Vander Donck shows so much better fare."

—EVERT NIEUWENHOF.

In Washington Irving's account of the life and death of Diedrich Knickerbocker, prefixed to that genial old gossip's *History of New York from the Beginning of the World to the End of the Dutch Dynasty*, are to be found the following words: "Besides the honors and civilities already mentioned, he [Knickerbocker] was much caressed by the literati of Albany; particularly by Mr. John Cook, who entertained him very hospitably at his circulating library and reading-room, where they used to drink Spa water and talk about the ancients. He found Mr. Cook a man after his own heart, of great literary research, and a curious collector of books. At parting, the latter, in testimony of friendship, made him a present of the two oldest works in his collection, which were the earliest edition of the Heidelberg Catechism, and Adrian Vander Donck's famous account of the New Netherlands; by the last of which Mr. Knickerbocker profited greatly in his second edition."

Irving tells us that when Diedrich Knickerbocker found his end approaching "he disposed of his worldly affairs, leaving the bulk of his fortune to the New York Historical Society; his Heidelberg Catechism and Vander Donck's works to the city library; and his saddlebags to Mr. Hanaside."

The Adrian Vander Donck, whose account of the New Netherlands was of so much value to Mr. Knickerbocker, was the son of a free citizen of Breda in Dutch Brabant, and a lineal descendant of Adrian Van Bergen, who won fame in the great war against the Spaniards. Vander Donck was educated at the University of Leyden and received the degree of Doctor of Laws. He subsequently obtained permission to practice as an advocate in the Supreme Court of Holland.

In the fall of the year 1641, Vander Donck embarked from Holland on a vessel belonging to the Patroon Kiliaen Van Rensselaer for the New Netherlands. In 1630 Van Rensselaer, a pearl merchant of Amsterdam, had begun to send colonists to the Hudson River. Having complied with the requirements of the West India Company, he had become the Patroon of Rensselaerwyck, a manor twenty-four miles long; now included within the limits of Albany, Rensselaer and Columbia Counties, New York State. Adrian Vander Donck, upon his arrival in the New Netherlands, was made Sheriff of Rensselaerwyck.

Vander Donck was too active and ambitious to remain long subservient to the domination of the Van Rensselaer Patroonship. For services he had rendered to the Director General, he received a patent from the Dutch authorities in 1646 for property situated on the east side of the Hudson River, about sixteen miles above New Amsterdam. He allowed no flaws to creep into his title to this valuable grant, and it is on record that he gave "full satisfaction" to the Indians for their interest in the

property. The Indians in those picturesque days were very easily "satisfied."

The Rev. Robert Bolton, in his *History of Westchester County*, says: "The Jonge Heer [Vander Donck] being now a member of the privileged order of Patroons, enjoyed all the feudal appendages attached thereto, such as power to erect a church or churches, to administer jurisdiction, to decide civil suits, to impose fines, to pronounce sentence, etc. He could exercise all rights belonging to the jurisdiction of Colen Donck [Yonkers] with the right of hunting, fowling, fishing, and trading."

Soon after the settlement of our Patroon at Colen Donck, there arose a controversy between the government of the colony of New Netherlands and several of the colonists. Among the most forward of the latter was Vander Donck, who, with others, sent a strong remonstrance to the States General of Holland, complaining of the power exercised by the Dutch West India Company, especially during the administrations of Kieft and Stuyvesant.

Vander Donck appears to have been one of the commissioners who repaired to Holland for a redress of grievances. On May 13th, 1652, he presented a memorial to a committee of the States General, declaring his intention to return to the New Netherlands.

In May, 1652, Vander Donck was granted power to bequeath his fief of Colen Donck as follows.

"The States General of the United Netherlands, to all who shall see or hear these presents, send health. Be it known that we, at the humble request of Adrian Vander Donck, of Breda, Patroon of the Colony of Nepperhaem, called by him Colen Donck, situated in New Netherlands, within the limits of the privileged West India Company, and having taken into consideration the 5th article of the freedom granted by the assembly of the nineteen of the said company, to all those who shall plant in New Netherlands, aforesaid have granted, consented and privileged, grant, consent, and privilege, out of our Sovereign will by these letters, that he may dispose, bequeath and order the aforesaid, his fief named Colen Donck, either by codicil by form of testament, or last will, before a notary and witnesses, superintendence within the property situate in the same, as or otherwise as it shall please him, to the profit of his children, if he have any, or other strangers."

It was at about this period that the Patroon began the compilation of his celebrated book entitled *Beschyvinge van Nieuw Nederland*, or a description of New Netherlands, the copyright of which bears date May 17, 1653. The work was dedicated "To the Illustrious, Most Wise and Prudent Lords, the Honorable Ruling Burgomasters of the far-famed commercial city of Amsterdam." This book has been translated into English by Jeremiah Johnson.

Adrian Vander Donck, first in law and first in history, died in New Netherlands in the year 1655. He left to his wife Mary, daughter of the Rev. Francis Doughty, Patentee of Maspeth, L. I., whom he had married in 1645, the estate of Colen Donck, or Yonkers.

SONGS OF THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW

New Year and Old Year.....Alfred Tennyson

I stood on a tower in the wet,
 And New Year and Old Year met,
 And winds were roaring and blowing;
 And I said, "O years, that meet in tears,
 Have ye aught that is worth the knowing?
 Science enough and exploring,
 Wanderers coming and going,
 Matter enough for deploring,
 But aught that is worth the knowing?"
 Seas at my feet were flowing,
 Waves on the shingle pouring,
 Old Year roaring and blowing,
 And New Year blowing and roaring.

Midnight Mass for the Dying Year.....Henry W. Longfellow

Yes, the Year is growing old,
 And his eye is pale and bleared!
 Death, with frosty hand and cold,
 Plucks the old man by the beard,
 Sorely, sorely!
 The leaves are falling, falling,
 Solemnly and slow;
 Caw! caw! the rooks are calling,
 It is a sound of woe,
 A sound of woe!
 Through woods and mountain passes
 The winds, like anthems, roll;
 They are chanting solemn masses,
 Singing, "Pray for this poor soul,
 Pray, pray!"
 And the hooded clouds, like friars,
 Tell their beads in drops of rain,
 And patter their doleful prayers;
 But their prayers are all in vain,
 All in vain!
 There he stands in the foul weather,
 The foolish, fond Old Year,
 Crowned with wild flowers and with heather,
 Like weak, despised Lear,
 A king, a king!
 Then comes the summer-like day,
 Bids the old man rejoice!
 His joy! his last! O, the old man gray
 Loveth that ever-soft voice,
 Gentle and low.
 To the crimson woods he saith,
 To the voice gentle and low
 Of the soft air, like a daughter's breath,
 "Pray do not mock me so!
 Do not laugh at me!"
 And now the sweet day is dead;
 Cold in his arms it lies;
 No stain from its breath is spread
 Over the glassy skies,
 No mist or stain!
 Then, too, the Old Year dieth,
 And the forests utter a moan,
 Like the voice of one who crieth
 In the wilderness alone,
 "Vex not his ghost!"
 Then comes, with an awful roar,
 Gathering and sounding on,
 The storm-wind from Labrador,
 The wind Euroclydon,
 The storm-wind!

Howl! howl! and from the forest
 Sweep the red leaves away!
 Would the sins that thou abhorrest,
 O Soul! could thus decay,
 And be swept away!

For there shall come a mightier blast,
 There shall be a darker day;
 And the stars from heaven downcast
 Like red leaves be swept away!
 Kyrie, eleyson!
 Christe, eleyson!

The Death of the Old Year.....Alfred Tennyson

Full knee-deep lies the winter snow,
 And the winter winds are wearily sighing:
 Toll ye the church-bell sad and slow,
 And tread softly and speak low,
 For the old year lies a-dying.

Old Year, you must not die;
 You came to us so readily,
 You lived with us so steadily,
 Old Year, you shall not die.

He lieth still, he doth not move:
 He will not see the dawn of day,
 He hath no other life above.
 He gave me a friend, and a true true-love,
 And the New Year will take 'em away.

Old Year, you must not go;
 So long as you have been with us,
 Such joy as you have seen with us,
 Old Year, you shall not go.

He froth'd his bumpers to the brim;
 A jollier year we shall not see.
 But tho' his eyes are waxing dim,
 And tho' his foes speak ill of him,
 He was a friend to me.

Old Year, you shall not die;
 We did so laugh and cry with you,
 I've half a mind to die with you,
 Old Year, if you must die.

He was full of joke and jest,
 But all his merry quips are o'er.
 To see him die, across the waste
 His son and heir doth ride post haste,
 But he'll be dead before.

Every one for his own.
 The night is starry and cold, my friend,
 And the New Year blithe and bold, my friend,
 Comes up to take his own.

How hard he breathes! Over the snow
 I heard just now the crowing cock.
 The shadows flicker to and fro:
 The cricket chirps: the light burns low:
 'Tis nearly twelve o'clock.

Shake hands before you die.
 Old Year, we'll dearly rue for you:
 What is it we can do for you?
 Speak out before you die.

His face is growing sharp and thin.
 Alack! our friend is gone.
 Close up his eyes: tie up his chin:
 Step from the corpse, and let him in
 That standeth there alone,

And waiteth at the door.
 There's a new foot on the floor, my friend,
 And a new face at the door, my friend,
 A new face at the door.

CHRISTMAS SENTIMENTS OF CHARLES DICKENS *

Christmas time! That man must be a misanthrope indeed, in whose breast something like a jovial feeling is not roused—in whose mind some pleasant associations are not awakened—by the recurrence of Christmas. There are people who will tell you that Christmas is not to them what it used to be; that each succeeding Christmas has found some cherished hope or happy prospect of the year before, dimmed or passed away; that the present only serves to remind them of reduced circumstances and straitened incomes—of the feasts they once bestowed on hollow friends, and of the cold looks that meet them now, in adversity and misfortune. Never heed such dismal reminiscences. There are few men who have lived long enough in the world, who cannot call up such thoughts any day in the year. Then do not select the merriest of the three hundred and sixty-five for your doleful recollections, but draw your chair nearer the blazing fire—fill the glass and send round the song—and if your room be smaller than it was a dozen years ago, or if your glass be filled with reeking punch instead of sparkling wine, put a good face on the matter, and empty it offhand, and fill another, and troll off the old ditty you used to sing, and thank God it's no worse. Look on the merry faces of your children (if you have any) as they sit round the fire. One little seat may be empty; one slight form that gladdened the father's heart, and roused the mother's pride to look upon, may not be there. Dwell not upon the past; reflect upon your present blessings—of which every man has many—not upon your past misfortunes, of which all men have some. Fill your glass again, with a merry face and contented heart. Our life on it, but your Christmas shall be merry, and your New Year a happy one.

Who can be insensible to the outpourings of good feeling, and the honest interchange of affectionate attachment, which abound at this season of the year? A Christmas family party! We know nothing in nature more delightful. There seems a magic in the very name of Christmas. Petty jealousies and discords are forgotten; social feelings are awakened in bosoms to which they have long been strangers; father and son, or brother and sister, who have met and passed with averted gaze, or a look of cold recognition, for months before, proffer and return the cordial embrace, and bury their past animosities in their present happiness. Kindly hearts that have yearned towards each other, but have been withheld by false notions of pride and self-dignity, are again re-united, and all is kindness and benevolence. Would that Christmas lasted the whole year through (as it ought) and that the prejudices and passions which deform our better nature were never called into action among those to whom they should ever be strangers.

What images do I associate with the Christmas music as I see them set forth on the Christmas tree? Known before all the others, keeping far apart from all the others, they gather round my little bed. An angel, speaking to a group of shepherds in a field; some travelers, with eyes uplifted, following a star;

a baby in a manger; a child in a spacious temple, talking with grave men; a solemn figure, with a mild and beautiful face, raising a dead girl by the hand; again, near a city-gate, calling back the son of a widow, on his bier, to life; a crowd of people looking through the opened roof of a chamber where he sits, and letting down a sick person on a bed, with ropes; the same, in a tempest, walking on the water to a ship; again, on a seashore, teaching a great multitude; again, with a child upon his knee, and other children round; again, restoring sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, hearing to the deaf, health to the sick, strength to the lame, knowledge to the ignorant; again, dying upon a Cross, watched by armed soldiers, a thick darkness coming on, the earth beginning to shake, and only one voice heard: "Forgive them, for they know not what they do."

Still, on the lower and maturer branches of the Tree, Christmas associations cluster thick. School books are shut up; Ovid and Virgil silenced; the Rule of Three, with its cool impertinent questions, long disposed of; Terence and Plautus acted no more, in an arena of huddled desks and forms, all chipped, and notched, and inked; cricket-bats, stumps, and balls, left higher up, with the smell of trodden grass and the softened noise of shouts in the evening air; the tree is still fresh, still gay. If I no more come home at Christmas time, there will be girls and boys (thank Heaven) while the world lasts.

And numerous indeed are the hearts to which Christmas brings a brief season of happiness and enjoyment. How many families, whose members have been dispersed and scattered far and wide in the restless struggles of life, are then reunited, and meet once again in that happy state of companionship and mutual good-will, which is a source of such pure and unalloyed delight; and one so incompatible with the cares and sorrows of the world, that the religious belief of the most civilized nations, and the rude traditions of the roughest savages, alike number it among the first joys of a future condition of existence, provided for the blest and happy. How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies, does Christmas time awaken. We write these words now, many miles distant from the spot at which, year after year, we met on that day a merry and joyous circle. Many of the hearts that throbbed so gayly then, have ceased to beat; many of the looks that shone so brightly then, have ceased to glow; the hands we grasped have grown cold; the eyes we sought have hid their lustre in the grave; and yet the old house, the room, the merry voices and smiling faces, the jest, the laugh, the most minute and trivial circumstances connected with those happy meetings, crowd upon our mind at each recurrence of the season, as if the last assemblage had been but yesterday. Happy, happy Christmas, that can win us back to the delusions of our childish days; that can recall to the old man the pleasures of his youth; that can transport the sailor and the traveler, thousands of miles away, back to his own fireside and his quiet home.

* Compiled from his various writings.

NEW YORK CITY A CENTURY AGO

COMPILED BY F. M. HOPKINS

A copy of the New York Directory printed in coarse type contained less than a hundred pages.

Washington Irving—the pioneer destined to win recognition for American letters—was a schoolboy attending a private seminary in John Street.

Columbia College was the only institution of learning of any importance. The only medical institution in the city was connected with it.

The preachers, teachers, artists and actors were almost wholly supplied from abroad. Nearly all the books sold were imported, as they continued to be for several succeeding decades.

The Park Theatre—the only house devoted to the drama which the city was to have for many years—was in the course of construction, it being completed early in 1798.

There were two banks: The Bank of New York, chartered in 1791 with a capital of \$950,000, and the United States Bank, incorporated in the same year with a capital of \$10,000,000.

The markets of the city were four in number—the Exchange Market at the foot of Broad Street; the Oswego Market in Broadway at the head of Maiden Lane; the Old Fly Market, now Fulton Market; and Hudson, now Washington Market.

There were only two or three booksellers that made any pretensions of carrying a stock of current books. Books were sold then, and for many years afterwards, by peddlers who carried them from house to house in baskets—exchanging or selling for cash as the customer preferred.

New York was a mere village in comparison with the metropolis of to-day. In 1790, seven years after the close of the Revolutionary war, its population had reached only 33,131 and ten later, although it was a decade of great prosperity, the population had reached only 60,489.

Three stages were sufficient for the traveling public. One of these went to and from Harlem, and one to and from Manhattanville. The first stopped at Baker's Tavern on the corner of Wall and New Streets; while the others started from The Bulls, opposite the site of the Bowery Theatre.

The Episcopal Church was the strongest denomination. It had seven churches: Trinity, the most pretentious church of the city; St. Paul's, on Broadway; Christ Church in Ann Street, St. Marks in Stuyvesant Street; Zion Church on the corner of Mott and Cross Streets, and the Eglise du Saint Esprit, the church of the early Huguenots in Pine Street. Other denominations represented by churches were the Dutch Reformed Church, Luth-

erans, Presbyterians, Baptist, Methodist, Friends, Catholics, Jewish and Moravian.

Six daily papers were struggling for an existence: The New York Gazette and General Advertiser, the New York Evening Post, the American Citizen, the Commercial Advertiser, the Public Advertiser; besides these were the New York Weekly Museum, two medical periodicals and the Churchman's Magazine. Gaine, Rivington, Hodge, London and other of the newspaper proprietors occasionally printed pamphlets and books.

The city, in 1797, was confined to the extreme southern end of the island. It was bounded on Broadway by Anthony, on the North River by Harrison, and on the East River by Rutgers Streets; and even within these limits the houses were scattering, and surrounded by large gardens and vacant lots. The Bowery was a country road on both sides of which were meadows, gardens and orchards.

On the site of Washington Square was the new Potter's Field, lately removed from its original locality at the junction of the Greenwich and Albany roads, where it was deemed too near the public thoroughfares by the city authorities, by whom Washington Square was selected on account of its retired location. The negro burial ground was at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, on the site now occupied by the Stewart Building.

The fire department consisted of a single engineer, who received his appointment from the Common Council and who was invested with absolute control over the companies, engines, and all else that pertained to the organization; a number of firewardens, commissioned by the same authority to inspect buildings, chimneys, etc., and to keep order at fires; and several volunteer companies.

The Custom House was in the Government House, erected on the site of the old fort, in the place of the present Bowling Green Row. The post office was kept in the house of the postmaster on the corner of William and Garden Streets, in a room from twenty-five to thirty-five feet deep, with two windows fronting on Garden Street, and a little vestibule on William Street containing about a hundred boxes. Mail was received only twice a week from New England and Albany.

Education was generally neglected. The Trinity Church charity school, and other free schools under the government of different religious associations had had an existence for years but the great mass of children belonging to parents of no religious organization was sadly neglected, save those who sent their children to private teachers. The first public school was not organized until 1806 and then only forty scholars attended it. Two years later a

school building was erected with accommodations for 500 pupils. Popular education practically began with this date.

The penal institutions of the island were the New Jail, chiefly used for the imprisonment of debtors; the Bridewell, in which vagrants and minor offenders were confined, as well as criminals, while awaiting their trials, and the States Prison in Greenwich Village on the shores of the North River, for convicts of a worse grade. The latter was of stone surrounded by a high wall on which an armed sentry was constantly pacing. It was opened for the reception of convicts in August, 1796, and was the second States Prison in the United States.

The old Dutch inhabitants of Manhattan cared little for art. It was not until the influence of the English began to predominate that anything like a beginning was made in this direction. The arrival of Gilbert Stuart from Europe and his settlement in New York in 1793 instituted an epoch in the progress of the Fine Arts. Many of his portraits painted during his short residence in the city are of special value. Agitation began in 1796 for some kind of an organization to promote interest and progress in painting and sculpture and five years later the New York Academy of Fine Arts was organized.

The benevolent institutions were the Marine Society established for the promotion of maritime knowledge and the relief of indigent sea captains, their widows and orphans; the Chamber of Commerce incorporated for the purpose of "promoting and extending all just and lawful commerce, affording relief to decayed members, their widows and children"; the Humane Society organized to give relief to distressed debtors and afterwards extended so as to include the resuscitation of persons apparently drowned, as well as the poor in general; and the Manumission Society, established chiefly by Friends for the purpose of ameliorating the condition of the negro slaves throughout the state and bestowing upon them an education.

The only library in the city was the Society Library, incorporated in 1772, George III. granting the charter. It flourished until all thoughts of literary enterprise were banished by the general stagnation of the Revolution. The city fell into the hands of the British and the library into the hands of the British Soldier; and in the scenes of vandalism which followed the collection which had been gathered with great care was scattered, mutilated and almost totally destroyed. In 1783, when peace was finally declared, the scattered elements of the Society reunited, and reviving their charter, once more commenced the collection of books. In 1793 a library building was erected in Nassau Street which a hundred years ago was considered one of the architectural features of the city.

The manners and customs of the city a century ago were still very primitive. The Dutch language was generally used and signs over the stores, with few exceptions, bore Dutch names. The lower part of Pearl Street was the fashionable part

of the town although Barclay, Robinson and Williams streets were beginning to dispute its claims. Each citizen swept the street in front of his own house twice a week; and the bell man came around daily for garbage. The streets were lighted by whale oil, coal was almost unknown, hickory wood being used chiefly for fuel. The milkmen traversed the streets early in the morning, bearing a yoke on their shoulders, from which the cans were suspended, shouting: "Milk, ho!" in token of their coming; and water from the celebrated Tea Water Pump on the corner of Chatham and Pearl Streets, was carried about in carts, and retailed at a penny a gallon. The streets were swept by small negro boys, who went their rounds at daybreak crying "Sweep, ho! sweep, ho! from the bottom to the top, without a ladder or a rope, sweep, ho!"

The customs that prevailed in many of the churches were very peculiar. For instance, in the Reformed Dutch Churches the domine invariably appeared in the high circular pulpit, clad in a gown of black silk, with large, flowing sleeves; and so indispensable was their livery deemed, that, at the installation of a domine in the beginning of the nineteenth century, who came unprepared with a gown for the occasion, the senior clergyman peremptorily refused to officiate, and the ceremony would have been postponed for a week, had not a robe been opportunely furnished by a friendly minister. The tall pulpit was generally panoplied by a ponderous sounding-board. The first psalm was set with movable figures, suspended on three sides of the pulpit, so that every one on entering might prepare for the opening chorus. Pews were set aside for the governor, mayor, city officers, and deacons, and the remaining seats were held singly by the members for their life, then booked, at their death, to the first applicant. The clerk occupied a place in the deacon's pew, and prefaced the exercises in the morning by reading a chapter from the Bible, and in the afternoon, by chanting the Apostolic Creed, to divert the thoughts of the people from worldly affairs. All notices designed to be publicly read were received by him from the sexton, then inserted into the end of a long pole, and thus passed up to the cage-like pulpit, where the minister was perched far above the heads of the congregation. It was his business when the last grains of sand had fallen from the hour-glass which was placed invariably at the right hand of the domine, to remind him with three raps of his cane that the time had come for the end of the sermon. Before entering the pulpit the domine raised his hat before his face, and silently offered a short prayer for a blessing on his labors. After uttering the concluding word of his text, he exclaimed "Thus far!" before proceeding with his sermon. When the sermon was over, the deacons rose in their places, and, after listening to a short address by the domine, took each a long pole with a black velvet bag attached to the end, from which a small alarm-bell was suspended, and passed about the church to collect alms for the poor. At the Lord's Supper the communicants, invariably dressed in black, stood round the communion table at the foot of the pulpit, and received the emblems from the domine's own hands.

SELECTED SONGS OF THE LATE WILLIAM MORRIS

The Idle Singer of an Empty Day..... William Morris

Of Heaven or Hell I have no power to sing,
I cannot ease the burden of your fears,
Or make quick-coming death a little thing,
Or bring again the pleasure of past years,
Nor for my words shall ye forget your tears,
Or hope again for aught that I can say,
The idle singer of an empty day.

But rather, when aweary of your mirth,
From full heart still unsatisfied ye sigh,
And, feeling kindly unto all the earth,
Grudge every minute as it passes by,
Made the more mindful that the sweet days die —
Remember me a little then, I pray,
The idle singer of an empty day.

The heavy trouble, the bewildering care
That weighs us down who live and earn our bread,
These idle verses have no power to bear;
So let me sing of names remembered,
Because they, living not, can ne'er be dead,
Or long time take their memory quite away
From us poor singers of an empty day.
Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not too importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day.

Song from Love is Enough..... William Morris

Dawn talks to-day
Over dew-gleaming flowers,
Night flies away
Till the resting of hours;
Fresh are thy feet
And with dreams thine eyes glistening,
Thy still lips are sweet
Though the world is a-listening.

O Love, set a word in my mouth for our meeting,
Cast thine arms round about me to stay my heart's beating!
O fresh day, O fair day, O long day made ours!

Morn shall meet noon
While the flower-stems yet move,
Though the wind dieth soon
And the clouds fade above.
Loved lips are thine
As I tremble and harken;
Bright thine eyes shine,
Though the leaves thy brow darken.

O Love, kiss me into silence, lest no word avail me,
Stay my head with thy bosom, lest breath and life fail me!
O sweet day, O rich day, made long for our love!

Late day shall greet eve,
And the full blossoms shake,
For the wind will not leave
The tall trees while they wake.
Eyes soft with bliss,
Come nigher and nigher!
Sweet mouth I kiss,
Tell me all thy desire!

Let us speak, love, together some words of our story,
That our lips as they part may remember the glory!

O soft day, O calm day, made clear for our sake!
Eve shall kiss night,
And the leaves stir like rain
As the wind stealeth light

O'er the grass of the plain.

Unseen are thine eyes

'Mid the dreamy night's sleeping,

And on my mouth there lies

The dear rain of thy weeping.

Hold silence, love, speak not of the sweet day departed,
Cling close to me, love, lest I waken sad-hearted!

O kind day, O dear day, short day, come again!

Song from The Earthly Paradise..... William Morris

Fair was the morn to-day, the blossom's scent
Floated across the fresh grass, and the bees
With low vexed song from rose to lily went,
A gentle wind was in the heavy trees,
And thine eyes shone with joyous memories;
Fair was the earthly morn, and fair wert thou,
And I was happy: Ah, be happy now!
Peace and content without us, love within,
That hour there was; now thunder and wild rain
Have wrapped the cowering world, and foolish sin
And nameless pride have made us wise in vain;
Ah, love! although the morn shall come again,
And on new rosebuds the new sun shall smile,
Can we regain what we have lost meanwhile?
E'en now the west grows clear of storm and threat,
But 'midst the lightning did the fair sun die—
Ah, he shall rise again for ages yet,
He cannot waste his life—but thou and I—
Who knows if next morn this felicity
My lips may feel, or if thou still shalt live,
This seal of love renewed once more to give?

Song from Love is Enough..... William Morris

Love is enough: Lo, ye who seek saving

Go no further; come hither; there have been who have
found it,

And these know the House of Fulfillment of Craving;

These know the Cup with the roses around it;

These know the World's Wound and the balm that hath
bound it:

Cry out, the World heedeth not, "Love, lead us home!"

He leadeth, He harkeneth, He cometh to you-ward;

Set your faces as steel to the fears that assemble
Round his goad for the faint and his scourge for the froward.

Lo, his lips how with tales of last kisses they tremble!

Lo, his eyes of all sorrow that may not dissemble!

Cry out, for he heedeth, "O Love, lead us home!"

O harken the words of his voice of compassion,

"Come cling round about me, ye faithful who sicken

Of the weary unrest and the world's passing fashion!

As the rain in mid-morning your troubles shall thicken,

But surely within you some Godhead doth quicken,
As ye cry to me heeding and leading you home.

"Come—pain ye shall have, and be blind to the ending!

Come—fear ye shall have 'mid the sky's overcasting!

Come—change ye shall have, for far are ye wending!

Come—no crown ye shall have for your thirst and your
fasting,

But the kissed lips of Love and fair life everlasting!

Cry out, for one heedeth who leadeth you home!"

Is he gone? Was he with us?—Lo, ye who seek saving,

Go no further; come hither; for have we not found it?

Here is the House of Fulfillment of Craving;

Here is the Cup with the roses around it,

The World's Wound well healed, and the balm that hath
bound it:

Cry out, for he heedeth, fair Love that led home.

CURRENT LITERARY THOUGHT AND OPINION

THE MORAL ELEMENT IN FICTION

ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.....MCCLEURE'S MAGAZINE

Since art implies the truthful and conscientious study of life as it is, we contend that to be a radically defective view of art which would preclude from it the ruling constituents of life. Moral character is to human life what air is to the natural world—it is elemental.

There was more than literary science in Matthew Arnold's arithmetic when he called "conduct three-fourths of life." Possibly the Creator did not make the world chiefly for the purpose of providing studies for gifted novelists; but if he had done so, we can scarcely imagine that he could have offered anything much better in the way of material, even though one look the moral element squarely in the face and abide by the fact of its tremendous proportion in the scheme of things. The moral element, it cannot be denied, predominates enormously in the human drama. The moral struggle, the creation of character, the moral ideal, failure and success in reaching it, anguish and ecstasy in missing or gaining it, the instinct to extend the appreciation of moral beauty and to worship its Eternal Source—these exist wherever human being does. The whole magnificent play of the moral nature sweeps over the human stage with a force, a splendor, and a diversity of effect which no artist can deny if he would, which the greatest artist never tries to withstand, and against which the smallest will protest in vain.

Strike "ethicism" out of life, good friends, before you shake it out of story! Fear less to seem "Puritan" than to be inadequate. Fear more to be superficial than to seem "deep." Fear less to point your moral than to miss your opportunity. It is for us to remind you, since it seems to us that you overlook the fact, that in any highly formed or fully formed creative power the "ethical" as well as the "aesthetical" sense is developed. Where "the taste" is developed at the expense of "the conscience" the artist is incomplete. He is, in this case, at least as incomplete as he is where the ethical sense is developed at the expense of the æsthetic. Specialism in literary art, as in science, has its uses, but it is not symmetry; and this is not a law intended to work only one way.

It is an ancient and honorable rule of rhetoric, that he is the greatest writer who, other things being equal, has the greatest subject. He is, let us say, the largest artist who, other things being equal, holds the largest view of human life. The largest view of human life, we contend, is that which recognizes it in the greatest way.

In a word, the province of the artist is to portray life as it is, and life is moral responsibility. Life is several other things, we do not deny. It is beauty, it is joy, it is tragedy, it is comedy, it is psychical and physical pleasure, it is the interplay of a thousand rude or delicate motions and emotions, it is the grimmest and the merriest motley of phantasmagoria that could appeal to the gravest or the maddest brush ever put to palette; but it is steadily and sturdily and always moral responsibility. An artist

can no more fling off the moral sense from his work than he can oust it from his private life. A great artist (let me repeat) is too great to try to do so. With one or two familiar exceptions, of which more might be said, the greatest have laid in the moral values of their pictures just as life lays them in; and in life they are not to be evaded. There is a squeamishness against "ethicism" which is quite as much to be avoided as any squeamishness about "the moral nude in art" or other debatable question. The great way is to go grandly in, as the Creator did when he made the models which we are fain to copy. After all, the Great Artist is not a poor master; all His foregrounds stand out against the perspective of the moral nature. Why go tiptoeing about the easel to avoid it?

LITTLE PHARISEES IN FICTION

AGNES REPPLIER.....SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

We first introduced into the literature of the Sunday school the offensively pious little Christian who makes her father and mother, her uncles and aunts, even her venerable grandparents, the subjects of her spiritual ministrations. We first taught her to confront, Bible in hand, the harmless adults who had given her birth, and to annihilate their feeble arguments with denunciatory texts. We first surrounded her with the persecutions of the worldly minded, that her virtues might shine more glaringly in the gloom, and disquisitions on duty be never out of place. Daisy, in Melbourne House, is an example of a perniciously good child who has the conversion of her family on her hands, and is well aware of the dignity of her position. Her trials and triumphs, her tears and prayers, her sufferings and rewards, fill two portly volumes, and have doubtless inspired many a young reader to set immediately about the correction of her parents' faults. . . .

There is no reason why the literature of the Sunday school, since it represents an important element in modern bookmaking, should be uniformly and consistently bad. There is no reason why all the children who figure in its pages should be such impossible little prigs; or why all parents should be either incredibly foolish and worldly minded, or so inflexibly serious that they never open their lips without preaching. There is no reason why people, because they are virtuous or repentant, should converse in stilted and unnatural language. A contrite burglar in one of these edifying stories confesses, poetically, "My sins are more numerous than the hairs of my head or the sands of the seashore"—which was probably true, but not precisely the way in which the Bill Sykeses of real life are wont to acknowledge the fact. In another tale, an English one this time, a little girl named Helen rashly asks her father for some trifling information. He gives it with the usual grandiloquence, and then adds, by way of commendation: "Many children are so foolish as to be ashamed to let those they converse with discover that they do not comprehend everything that is said to them, by which means they often imbibe erroneous ideas, and perhaps remain in ignorance on many essential subjects, when by

questioning their friends they might easily have obtained correct and useful knowledge." If Helen ever ventured on another query after that, she deserved her fate. . . .

Nothing is more unwholesome than dejection, nothing more pernicious for any of us than to fix our consideration steadfastly upon the seamy side of life. Crippled lads, consumptive mothers, angelic little girls with spinal complaint, infidel fathers, lingering death-beds, famished families, innocent convicts, persecuted schoolboys, and friendless children wrongfully accused of theft have held their own mournfully for many years. It is time we admitted, even into religious fiction, some of the conscious joys of a not altogether miserable world.

I had recently in my service a pretty little housemaid barely nineteen years old, neat, capable, and good-tempered, but so perpetually downcast that she threw a cloud over our unreasonably cheerful household. I grew melancholy watching her at work. One day, going into the kitchen, I saw lying open on her chair a book she had just been reading. It purported to be the experience of a missionary in one of our large cities, and was divided into nine separate stories. These were their titles, copied verbatim on the spot:

The Infidel.
The Dying Banker.
The Drunkard's Death.
The Miser's Death.
The Hospital.
The Wanderer's Death.
The Dying Shirt-maker.
The Broken Heart.
The Destitute Poor.

What wonder that my little maid was sad and solemn when she recreated herself with such chronicles as these? What wonder that, like the Scotchman's famous dog, "life was full o' sairiousness" for her, when religion and literature, the two things which should make up the sum of our happiness, had conspired, under the guise of Sunday-school fiction, to destroy her gayety of heart?

AUTHORS AT FAULT

INACCURACIES OF DETAIL.....NATIONAL OBSERVER

The author of one of those more or less historical novels which have recently thronged in such profusion from our presses has fallen into a mistake which, unlike the rest of his work, is worth recording. His scene was laid somewhere in the vague centuries in which knights wore armor, and one affecting chapter introduced the hero in the act of drawing his trusty hornbook from his pocket, in order to jot down a few memoranda in its pages. The writer in question, curious as it may seem, was not our old friend Ouida, although one might reasonably think that this amazing hornbook would find its proper place in that library of a million volumes or so which one of her heroes gathered for his pleasure in his tiny Alpine chalet. Those simpler lovers of literature, whose ingenuity may have been sore put to it to house their beggarly two or three thousand volumes in a small flat, will fully appreciate the miracle which Wanda's lover thus performed. Probably the author of the hornbook passage would be inclined to explain his blunder in

the words of the excuse given by Dr. Johnson to a lady who asked why he had defined "pastern" in his Dictionary as "the knee of a horse:" "Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance." For the benefit of the unlearned who have not seen Mr. Tuer's latest work, it may be necessary to explain that a hornbook was the device in vogue for teaching boys their letters when real books were too rare and costly to be exposed to the vicissitudes of schools. It was usually a single sheet of print or manuscript, containing the alphabet, the Lord's Prayer, and one or two other useful things, and was mounted on wood, in shape something like a modern lady's hand-mirror, and covered with a thin transparent sheet of horn to defend it from the accidents that might otherwise have brought its usefulness to a sudden untimely end. Shenstone thus describes the books "of stature small"—

"Which with pellucid horn secured are
To save from finger wet the letter fair."

The blunder made by our author, it thus appears, was rather a glaring one; but at least he has the excuse of sinning in good company. There is scarcely any end to the list that might be made of equally enormous errors, committed not only by scribblers of a day, but by authors of considerable repute; not merely by irresponsible novelists, but by grave historians and solemn critics. Even the encyclopædic Macaulay, who was so severe on frailty in others, himself afforded one or two of the best examples of the operation of what Dr. Holmes called the "idiotic area" of the brain. Every one must remember Sir George Trevelyan's account of his illustrious uncle's agony when he discovered that, in his essay on Warren Hastings, he had declared that it would be unfair to estimate Goldsmith's true powers by such a pot-boiling piece of drudgery as *The Vicar of Wakefield*. His horror at having to "pose before the world for three mortal months in the character of a critic who thought *The Vicar of Wakefield* a bad book" was so great that he wanted Napier to publish a special edition of the *Edinburgh Review* to set him right, although he had finally to be content with a prominent place in the next number's "errata." This, of course, was a slip. But a more decided and less known blunder of Macaulay's was made in the famous dusting of "the varlet" Croker's jacket. Croker had confessed himself puzzled by the couplet attributed to Sir William Jones—

"Six hours to law, to soothing slumber, seven,
Ten to the world allot and all to heaven."

Boswell's editor was troubled by the fact that Sir William had shortened his day to twenty-three hours. Macaulay came down heavily upon him for missing the point, as he "did not think that it was in human dullness" to have done. And the critic then went on to explain the conceit, which was "wretched enough, but perfect intelligible." Such as it was, it was of his own invention, for Sir William Jones really wrote "seven," instead of "six." Julius Hare drew attention to Macaulay's blunder in the *Philological Journal*, but the erring passage in the famous essay remains unchanged to this day, as does that which so strangely records the death of the Blatant Beast. And yet it was Macaulay who took pleasure in pointing out some of the blunders into which

"poor dear Goldy" fell when he endeavored to write history, civil or natural. His Animated Nature, indeed, simply swarms with "all the most absurd lies which he could find in books of travel about gigantic Patagonians, monkeys that preach sermons, and nightingales that repeat long conversations." It must be confessed that the "lies" in question do, in Bacon's phrase, "ever add pleasure;" and Goldsmith's book is much more readable than most of our modern zoölogies. Even Johnson allowed that there was no necessity for the author to take pains to test his statements in that work, on the very reasonable ground that, if he once began to make experiments, life would be too short for him to get his book written. This theory may be commended to modern men of science. And Goldsmith was always ready to take advice which saved him trouble. It is on record that when he was writing his History of Greece, Gibbon called on him one day in Brick Court. "You are the very person I wanted to see," said Goldsmith, "for I can't remember the name of that Indian king who gave Alexander the Great so much trouble." "Montezuma," said Gibbon, mischievously; but perceiving that Goldsmith took the remark in good faith, and was making a note of it, he thought the jest might go too far, and added, "No, I mistake; it was not Montezuma; it was Porus." If a man will write history with so slender an endowment, he must look out for accidents. And it is comparatively a very small matter that Goldsmith asserted that the battle of Naseby was fought in Yorkshire.

The learned collector of Literary Blunders has drawn attention to many amusing examples, such as the slip of Mr. Gladstone when he compared the fierce light that beats upon a throne to "the heat of that furnace in which only Daniel could walk unscathed," whereas it was "the three poys aforesaid" (as a Highland minister designated the jaw-cracking Three Holy Children) who performed that feat. It is less generally known that Mr. Rider Haggard, in one of his less successful novels, made the extraordinary statement that publishers, no less than othermen were subject to the provisions of the Seventh Commandment. That is true enough, no doubt, but it certainly was not what he meant to say. In King Solomon's Mines, again, Mr. Haggard had a double misfortune. He began by making his adventure turn upon an eclipse of the sun, in which total darkness lasted for an hour or so. Being amiable and weak enough to yield to the representations of scientific critics he replaced his fine solar eclipse in later editions by a comparatively tame eclipse of the moon, forgetting that his natives must have seen such an occurrence so often as not to be greatly affected by one more or less. And he was further unlucky enough to make his eclipse take place at new moon, which is to the full as impossible as a solar eclipse with total darkness for an hour. Mr. Haggard would have been wiser to stick to his sun and content himself with remarking that, if astronomy was against him, "so much the waur for the coo." Coleridge, Dickens and Sir Walter Besant—to select a few instances out of many—have all played similar tricks with the moon, whilst every schoolboy knows how a greater Sir Walter made some of his characters watch the sun set in the North Sea from the east coast of Scotland: it was on

another occasion that he celebrated Mass in the evening. Clearly, then, there is no lack of good company for the aspiring novelist to err in: but he must not too hastily carry off the mistaken impression that a reputation like Scott's, or even Ouida's, is to be attained solely by a noble inaccuracy of detail.

THE FAVORITES OF A DAY

THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON.....THE INDEPENDENT

"Criticism on English writers," said Fitzgerald to Mrs. Kemble, "is likely to be more impartial across the Atlantic and not biased by clubs, coteries, etc." True as this is, the fact must also be borne in mind that the American critic is always limited by knowing that what he writes will probably not be read in England, and therefore will not reach the persons most concerned. It is not strange if the English author judges America by his balance-sheet, since it is his only point of contact with our readers. The late Mr. Du Maurier had reason to think well of a public that yielded him \$50,000; and though it was freely pointed out here that his style was meretricious, his theme dubious, his title borrowed from Nodier, his group of three Englishmen from Dumas, and his heroine, pretty feet and all, from Delvaux's Les Amours Buissonnières,—all this naturally did not trouble him, particularly as it never reached him. In the same way the authors who have come here to lecture, have inevitably gauged each place by their own audiences; as Matthew Arnold thought that Worcester, Mass., must be a small and trivial town because he had but few to hear him and was left at a hotel, but regarded Haverhill as a great and promising city, because he was entertained at a private house and had a good audience. The trade wind of prestige and influence still blows from Europe hither; the American author does not expect money from England, for instance, but values its praise or blame; while the Englishman is glad of the money but cares little for the criticism, since he rarely sees it.

What is hard for authors, foreign or native, to understand is that fame is apt to be most transitory where it is readiest, and that they should make hay while the sun shines. A year ago the booksellers' monthly returns, as seen in *The Bookman* and elsewhere, gave the leadership in the book sales of every American city to English or Scotch books; now one sees the recent American books by Hopkinson Smith or Mrs. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps Ward, for example, leading in every town. There is no deep principle involved—only a casual change, like that which takes athletic prizes for a few years from one college and gives them to another. Novels and even whole schools of fiction emerge and disappear like a flash or darkening of a revolving light in a lighthouse; you must use the glimpse while you have it. "The highways of literature are spread over," says Holmes, "with the shells of dead novels, each of which has been swallowed at a mouthful by the public, and is done with." Each foreign notability, in particular, should bear in mind on his arrival the remark of Miss Berry's Frenchman about a waning beauty who was declared by her to be still lovely. "Yes; but she has only a quarter of an hour to be so" ("Elle n'a qu'un quart d'heure pour l'être").

The bulk of English fiction fortunately never

reaches this country, and the bulk of American fiction as fortunately never reaches England. The exceptions are often wayward and very often inexplicable. Who can now understand why the forgotten novel called *The Lamplighter* had a wider English circulation than any American book had hitherto conquered except *Uncle Tom's Cabin*? or why *The Wide, Wide World* achieved such a success as still to retain its hold on English farmhouses? They were no better than the works of "a native author named Roe," and probably not so good. In this country the authors who have achieved the most astounding popular successes are, as a rule, now absolutely forgotten. I can remember when Sylvanus Cobb, Jr., received by far the largest salary then paid to any author, and Dr. J. H. Robinson spent his life in trying to rival him. The vast evangelical constituency which now reads *Ben Hur* then read *Ingraham's Prince of the House of David*; the boys who read *Oliver Optic* then read *Mayne Reid*. Those who enjoy *Gunter* and *Albert Ross* then enjoyed, it is to be presumed, the writings of Mr. J. W. Buel, whose very name will be, to most readers of to-day, unknown. His *Beautiful Story* reached a sale of nearly 300,000 copies in two years; his *Living World* and *The Story of Man* were sold to the number of nearly 250,000 each, and were indorsed by Gladstone and Bismarck. This was only ten years ago, for in 1888 he received for copyright \$33,000 and in 1889, \$50,000; yet I can now find no book of reference or library catalogue containing his name. Is it not better to be unknown in one's lifetime, and yet live forever by one poem, like *Blanco White* with his sonnet called *Life and Light*,—or by one saying, like *Fletcher of Saltoun*—with his "I care not who makes the laws of a people, so I can make its ballads," than to achieve such evanescent splendors as this?

It is not more than sixty years since *Maria Edgeworth* rivaled *Scott* in English and American popularity, and *Scott's* publisher, *James Ballantyne*, says that he could most gratify the author of *Waverley* when he could say: "Positively this is equal to *Miss Edgeworth*." Forty years ago *Frederika Bremer's* works were in English-speaking countries the object of such enthusiasm that publishers quarreled for the right to reproduce them in English, and old friendships were sundered by the competition to translate them. At that time all young men who wished for a brilliant social career still took for their models either *Pelham* or *Vivian Grey*; and I remember that a man of fine intellect, who had worked in a factory till he was eighteen, once told me that he had met with no intellectual influence to be compared with that exerted upon him by *Bulwer's* novels. The historical tales of *G. P. R. James* were watched for by thousands of eager readers, and his solitary horseman rode through the opening page among the plaudits of a myriad hearts. *Dickens* laughed all these away, as *Cervantes* smiled away *Spain's* chivalry; and now *Dickens* himself is set aside by critics as boisterous in his fun and maudlin in his sentiment. All teaches us that fame is, in numberless cases, the most fleeting of all harvests; that it is, indeed, like parched corn, which must be eaten while it is smoking hot or not at all.

If, however, an author holds his public by virtue of his essential thought, rather than by his mode of

utterance, he may achieve the real substance of fame, although his very name be forgotten, because that thought may transfuse other minds. Many men, like *Channing* and *Parker*, make their views so permeate the thoughts of their time that, while their books pass partially out of sight, their work goes on. Five different reprints of *Channing's Self-Culture* appeared in London in a single year; and the English issue of *Parker's* works remains the only complete one. Again, writers of equal ability may vary immensely in their power of producing quotable passages on which their names may float. No one can help noticing the number of pages occupied by *Pope*, for instance, in every dictionary of quotations—a number quite out of proportion to his real ability or fame. The same was formerly true of *Young's Night Thoughts*, and *Thomson's Seasons*, now rarely opened. Many of the most potent thinkers, on the other hand, are in the position of that *General Clive*, once famous for his wealth and gorgeous jewelry, whom *Walpole* excused for alleged parsimony on the ground that he probably had about him "no small brilliants."

In these various ways a man escapes, perhaps forever, from the personal renown that should be his. Even if he gains this, how limited it is, at the best! Strictly speaking, there is no literary fame worth envying, save *Shakespeare's*—and *Shakespeare's* amounted to this, that *Addison* wrote *An Account of the Greatest English Poets*, in which his name does not appear; and that of the people one meets in the streets of any city, the majority will not even have heard of him.

"How many thousand never heard the name
Of Sidney or of Spenser, and their books;
And yet brave fellows, and presume of fame,
And think to bear down all the world with looks."

Happy is that author, if such there be, who, although his fame be as small as that of *Thoreau*, in his lifetime, does not greatly concern himself about it, being so occupied with some great thought or hope for man that his own renown is a matter of slight importance. It is for this that *Whittier* always expressed thanks to the antislavery agitation, because it kept him free from the narrowness of a merely literary ambition. The only absolutely impregnable attitude is in that fine invocation of the radical *Proudhon*:

"Thou God who has placed in my heart the sentiments of justice before my reason comprehended it, hear my ardent prayer. . . . May my memory perish, if humanity may be free!"

NATURE AND THE ART OF WORDS

JOHN BUCHAN.....SCHOLAR GIPSIES*

To paint a sunset, to tell of a spring morning, to depict the rose, have become proverbial synonyms for futility. It is readily assumed that all the greater beauties of the earth are beyond the reach of art, and that it is but modest to keep a reserved silence in their presence. So he who would speak of Nature and her domain must needs adopt the manner of the patient chronicler waiting upon his lady's moods, if he would avoid the name of an empty rhetorician.

But in this reticence there is just a shade of false humility. Nature is not wider nor greater than art; nor is the beauty of the actual in itself beyond any representation. Indeed, in a sense, the truth is the

* Published by The Macmillan Company.

opposite. All beauty is apprehended by the eye of the beholder; to speak in the tongue of the schools, it is subjective in essence. Art separates what is apprehensible from its irrelevant environment. In art we have the finished product, the gold refined from the dross, the immense focussed into the seen. The plaint, therefore, is not for the impossibility of art's undertaking, but for the difficulty of the means. To man is revealed the very core of natural loveliness. Art, which is the expression of the revealed, has for its business the communication of this to others, the giving of tangibility to airy nothings, the transmitting the personal into the objective. By what searching, then, can one find out the manner of this alchemy?

The way which has most commended itself to a certain class of bookmen is the method of minute chronicling, by which their pages are turned into a sort of naturalist's notebook. One famous writer has done this to perfection; and, as is always the case, he has been followed by hordes of fatuous imitators. Yet I cannot think that Richard Jefferies is uniformly successful. More, I hold that when he does attain, it is in spite of his method. The record of the various objects which meet the eye and some interesting facts about the nature of each form a poor substitute for the glories of a sunlit landscape or a summer garden. Sometimes the very beauty of the words, and some faint, fragrant memories attached to those lovely names of violet and lime and lily, produce the desired effect, and in a second the mind is in the heart of the downs and woodlands. But this on the author's side is not conscious art; and it may happen that on the same page we come again to the weary chronicle, and find how barren is the method at root.

But, however vain it may be, this mode has at least the merit of plain sincerity. What shall we say of that which is lacking even in this—the rhetorical or pseudopoetic? Here we are in the very midst of sound and fury. A cataract of words rolls on our ears. The pure, fresh beauty of nature is gifted with a rapid magnificence, and what is best known seems strangely foreign. There is much fine phrasing and daring comparison. All the resources of ancient literature and modern letters are drawn upon, and the result is a very pretty festival of light and color. But we miss the note of truth; all is alien, unsympathetic, the froth without the wine.

One other method is still to be reckoned with, which of the three approaches most nearly to perfection, though it fails of the summit. In this, nature is patiently and lovingly described; each thing is noted and represented by some image which is in itself accurate and admirable. Here scope is given to the shaping spirit of imagination. It would seem as if this were really the key to the mystery. Let us take as an instance a hillside in autumn. By this method we are told that the trees glow in the sun like golden wool, that the red brackens are like scraps of rusty rock thrusting their heads through the earth. This is excellent and in a sense very true; for limes in certain weathers, when struck by an afternoon sun, are like nothing so much as yellow wool, and the dull color of the dead fern when seen from a distance is not unlike red sandstone. But here the truth stops. To the intellect the description after analysis seems nigh per-

fect; but to the casual reader it is woefully inadequate. The parts are good; the sum is worthless, crude, shapeless, without strength or unity. For in this matter a thousand little prettinesses do not avail, if the spirit be lacking from the whole.

What is the way by which man with his feeble speech may represent the glorious out-of-doors, and cause art to fulfil her function? Indeed, it is hard to tell, but one may gather from a few examples some hint of the principle. Let us take one—hackneyed and common, if such great words can ever be common—from Shakespeare:

"The crows, the choughs, that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles. Half way down
Hangs one who gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
The fishermen, that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock a buoy
Almost too small for sight; the murmuring surge,
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,
Cannot be heard so high."

Here all idle accessories are neglected. Only the grim outlines are taken, and the imagery is such that all stands out upon the mind as clear as statuary. The very words are so chosen as to give the impression of limitless space, immeasurable depth.

Here is a passage from Robert Louis Stevenson telling of the Cevennes:

"Peak upon peak, chain upon chain of hills, ran surging southwards, channeled and sculptured by the winter streams, feathered from head to foot with chestnuts, and here and there breaking into a coronal of cliffs. The sun, which was still far from setting, sent a drift of misty gold across the hill-tops; but the valleys were already plunged in a profound and quiet shadow."

And this of Scotland:

"There is no special loveliness in that gray country, with its rainy, sea-beat archipelago; its fields of dark mountains; its unsightly places black with coal; its treeless, sour, unfriendly looking cornlands; its quaint, gray-castled city, where the bells clash of a Sunday, and the wind squalls, and the salt showers fly and beat."

Or, if you desire others, there is the account of the sea-fogs and the starlit night in *The Silverado Squatters*, and the many exquisite bits of etching in his essays. To add words of praise to such is to gild refined gold. The very spirit of the place throbs and pulsates in each sentence; the thing is as clear and tangible as reality and chastened into form by a marvelous art.

What then is the lesson of it all, which the industrious man seeks to learn and adapt to his own use? This and no other; that nature is so great and wonderful that it can only be apprehended by the loftier faculties of man; that a bald chronicle is a libel, since it exalts the superficial above the real. To pluck the heart out of a beautiful scene there must be the swift thought, the shining fancy, the golden word. All that is needless must be ruthlessly thrust aside; the key, the things which give character, the features in which dwells the spirit, must be sought earnestly and with many prayers. Language should give its aid, expressing by the very cadence and rhythm that which cannot be told in explicit words, but which is so momentous for the truth. Thus and only thus will mournful reiteration be avoided, and art, which is the ideal of nature, come to her own.

CHOICE VERSE: FROM BOOKS AND MAGAZINES

Goodwin Sands.....William Canton.....W. V. Her Book

Did you ever read or hear
How the *Aid*—(God bless the *Aid*!
More earnest prayer than that was never prayed.)
How the lifeboat, *Aid* of Ramsgate, saved the
London Fusilier?

With a hundred souls on board,
With a hundred and a score,
—She was fast on Goodwin Sands.
—(May the Lord
Have pity on all hands—
Crew and captain—when a ship's on Goodwin Sands!)

In the smother and the roar
Of a very hell of waters—hard and fast—
She shook beneath the stroke
Of each billow as it broke,
And the clouds of spray were mingled with
the clouds of swirling smoke
As the blazing barrels bellowed in the blast!

And the women and the little ones were
frozen dumb with fear;
And the strong men waited grimly for the last;
When—as clocks were striking two in Ramsgate town—
The little *Aid* came down,
The *Aid*, the plucky *Aid*—
The *Aid* flew down the gale
With the glimmer of the moon upon her sail;
And the people thronged to leeward; stared and prayed—
Prayed and stared with tearless eye and breathless lip,
While the little boat drew near.
Ay, and then there rose a shout—
A clamour, half a sob and half a cheer—
As the boatmen flung the lifeboat anchor out,
And the gallant *Aid* sheered in beneath the ship,
Beneath the shadow of the *London Fusilier*!

"We can carry maybe thirty at a trip"

(Hurrah for Ramsgate town!)

"Quick, the women and children!"

O'er the side

Two sailors, slung in bowlines, hung to help
the women down—

Poor women, shrinking back in their dismay
As they saw their ark of refuge, smothered up in spray,
Ranging wildly this and that way in the racing of the tide;
As they watched it rise and drop, with its
crew of stalwart men,

When a huge sea swung it upward to the
bulwarks of the ship,

And, sweeping by in thunder, sent it plung-
ing down again.

Still they shipped them—nine-and-twenty.
(God be blessed!)

When a man with glaring eyes
Rushed up frantic to the gangway with a cry
choked in his throat—

Thrust a bundle in a sailor's ready hands.

Honest Jack, he understands—

Why, a blanket for a woman in a boat!

"Catch it, Bill!"

And he flung it with a will;

And the boatman turned and caught it, bless
him!—caught it, tho' it slipped,

And, even as he caught it, heard an infant's cries,

While a woman shrieked, and snatched it to her breast—

"My baby!"

So the thirtieth passenger was shipped!

Twice, and thrice, and yet again
Flew the lifeboat down the gale
With the moonlight on her sail—
With the sunrise on her sail—
(God bless the lifeboat *Aid* and all her men!)
Brought her thirty at a trip
Thro' the hell of Goodwin waters as they
raged around the ship,
Saved each soul aboard the *London Fusilier*!

If you live to be a hundred, you will ne'er—
You will ne'er in all your life,
Until you die, my dear,
Be nearer to your death by land or sea!

Was *she* there?

Who?—my wife?

Why, the baby in the blanket—that was she!

*When Winter Widows all the North.....Edward W. Barnard**

When winter widows all the North and folds
Her purple woods, her yellow fields, her plains,
In pallish motley; when from pleasant lanes
The green he tears, and what of brightness holds
The autumn garden still—wan marigolds,
Late dahlias,—these, he drowns in bitter rains;
When black storms drag their weight of icy chains
Across the piteous whiteness of her wolds,
And high winds drive us from the window-seat,
Whilst chimney-voices only moan and hiss—
Still, blossom-crowned, fruit-laden, and replete
With ev'ry gentle thing that makes for bliss,
Her marvelous sweet mouth, and warm as sweet,
The smiling South uplifts for us to kiss.

Uncontrolled....Ella Wheeler Wilcox....Custer and Other Poems

The mighty forces of mysterious space
Are one by one subdued by lordly man.
The awful lightnings that for eons ran
Their devastating and untrammelled race,
Now bear his messages from place to place
Like carrier doves. The winds lead on his van;
The lawless elements no longer can
Resist his strength, but yield with sullen grace.
His bold feet scaling heights before untrod,
Light, darkness, air and water, heat and cold
He bids go forth and bring him power and pelf.
And yet, though ruler, king and demi-god,
He walks with his fierce passions uncontrolled
The conqueror of all things—save himself.

At Evenfall.....Will T. Hale.....Showers and Sunshine

The far-off woods spread out in sombre shadow
Beyond the lane;
An owl upon a snag beside the meadow,
Moans as in pain.
Across the brooklet's bar, in wild derision,
The kildees call,
And all existence seemeth half a vision
At evenfall.

Among the weeds beside the fence, the elders
Loom faintly white;
The fireflies dart among the blowing guelders—
Wee lamps a-light.
The evening's breathings scarcely seem to dally
The poplars tall;
And calm the night and peaceful as Death's Valley,
At evenfall.

* *Land of Sunshine.*

The years of life are passing surely star-ward
 Unto the end;
 The borders of the Now and Then move forward,
 And, glimmering, blend.
 And when there comes an end to woes and blisses,
 And Death shall call,
 May Time's last moment be as calm as this is,
 At evenfall!

Desolation.....Frank Putnam.....Memories and Impressions

A rude log hut on a lonely hill,
 Snow on the north wind flying;
 Darkness within where a man lies still,
 And a woman sighing.

Night, but no stars. On the blizzard's blast
 Ride souls that have felt God's spurning,
 Hideous wraiths from the world's dead past
 For an hour returning.

They grapple the cabin on either side,
 Laughing and shrieking and twisting;
 The roof beams suddenly grumble, tried
 By the toil of resisting.

The watch dog starts from the floor to growl,
 The terrors of night defying.
 Away in the valley a lone wolf's howl
 And a nameless crying.

A rude log hut on a lonely hill,
 Deep sunk in the land-sea's foam;
 But Death steals in where the man lies still,
 And he gathers him home.

The Coming of the Storm.....Herbert Bates.....Songs of Exile

What darkens in the west?
 (Hark how the gulls are calling!)
 The spread black hand of the storm
 That grows with the twilight's falling.

What gathers in the east?
 (Hark how the beaches rattle!)
 The march of the columned clouds
 That gather to the battle.

Dark and slow, row on row,
 The ranks of the east assemble,
 And under their line the sea's ranks shine,
 And the long shores quake and tremble.

The swift scud streams, the white foam gleams,
 And fierce shall the onset be,
 And God be his help that strives to-night
 With the armies of the sea!

Black ridges with white, mad manes,
 Beaches that roar and rattle,
 And a wind that ranges the wild sea-line,
 Driving the waves to battle.

A Dreamer.....Robert Loveman.....Poems

He is a dreamer, let him pass,
 He reads the writing in the grass;
 His seeing soul in rapture goes
 Beyond the beauty of the rose.
 He is a dreamer, and doth know
 To sound the farthest depth of woe;
 His days are calm, majestic, free;
 He is a dreamer, let him be.

He is a dreamer; all the day
 Blest visions throng him on his way,
 Past the far sunset and the light,
 Beyond the darkness and the night.

He is a dreamer—God! to be
 Apostle of Infinity,
 And mirror truth's translucent gleam;
 He is a dreamer, let him dream.

He is a dreamer; for all time
 His mind is married unto rhyme,
 Light that ne'er was on land or sea
 Hath blushed to him in poetry.
 He is a dreamer, and hath caught
 Close to his heart a hope, a thought,—
 A hope of immortality;
 He is a dreamer, let him be.

He is a dreamer; lo! with thee
 His soul doth weep in sympathy;
 He is a dreamer, and doth long
 To glad the world with happy song.
 He is a dreamer—in a breath
 He dreams of love, and life, and death.
 Oh, man! Oh, woman! lad and lass,
 He is a dreamer, let him pass.

Autumn Sunset....Silas McChesney Piper...Monthly Illustrator

The birds have flown, the gentle flowers are dead,
 The bleak and barren meadows mottled brown;
 But in the naked woodland streaks of red
 Relieve the dreary landscape's darksome frown.

A frozen wind goes shivering through the grove,
 And sets the dark and ripened leaves a-chill;
 Their mournful murmurs, blending with, approve
 The harshly deep complainings of the rill.

Beyond the pine-crowned hills that gleam afar
 The glowing orb of day is sinking fast;
 And over all the valley, near and far,
 The deepening purple shadows now are cast.

Gold-tipped and crimson 'gainst the twilight sky,
 Above the darkening landscape's rounded verge,
 Long rifts of cloud, like ships at anchor lie
 Whilst lapped by molten waves as by a surge.

The fleeting glories of the vanquished day
 That kindled all the western sky ablaze
 Have slowly melted, faded, flown away,
 And now the horizon's wrapped in smoky haze.

Still through the silent forest, night-entombed,
 Where naked branches scarcely intervene,
 The dying embers of the clouds consumed
 Reflect a ghastly glamor o'er the scene.

A few pale stars peer forth from misty deeps,
 A ghostly moon ascends the murky sky,
 The restless leaves are swung in whirling heaps
 By sobbing evening gusts that hurry by.

The Far-Away Country.....Nora Hopper.....Black and White

Far away's the country where I desire to go,
 Far away's the country where the blue-roses grow;
 Far away's the country, and very far away,
 And who would travel thither must go 'twixt night and day.

Far away's the country, and O the seas are wild
 That you must voyage over, grown man or chrisom child;
 O'er leagues of land and water a weary while you'll go,
 Before you find the country where the blue-roses grow.

But O, and O the roses are very strange and fair,
 You'd travel far to see them, and one might die to wear:
 Yet far away's the country, and perilous the sea,
 And some may think far fairer the red rose on her tree.

Far away's the country, and strange the way to fare,
 Far away's the country—and would that I were there!
 It's on and o'er past Whinny Moor, and over Brig o' Dread—
 And you shall pluck blue-roses the day that you are dead.

MIDWINTER SKETCHES BY CONTEMPORARY WRITERS

(COMPILED FOR CURRENT LITERATURE)

[These selections are all made from recent books dealing with nature or out-door life. *January Days* and *Winter Voices* are taken from *New England Fields and Woods*, by Rowland E. Robinson, published by Houghton, Mifflin & Company; *Birds of Winter* from *The Friendship of Nature*, by Mabel Osgood Wright, published by The Macmillan Company; and *A Frozen Breeze* from *The Listener in the Country*, by Joseph Edgar Chamberlain, published by Copeland & Day.]

JANUARY DAYS

In these midwinter days, how muffled is the earth in its immaculate raiment, so disguised in whiteness that familiar places are strange, rough hollows smoothed to mere undulations, deceitful to the eye and feet, and level fields so piled with heaps and ridges that their owners scarcely recognize them.

The hovel is as regally roofed as the palace, the rudest fence is a hedge of pearl, finer than a wall of marble, and the meanest wayside weed is a white flower of fairyland.

The woods, which frost and November winds stripped of their leafy thatch, are roofed again, now with an arabesque of alabaster more delicate than the green canopy that summer unfolded, and all the floor is set in noiseless pavement, traced with a shifting pattern of blue shadows. In these silent aisles the echoes are smothered at their birth.

There is no response of airy voices to the faint call of the winter birds. The sound of the axe-stroke flies no farther than the pungent fragrance of the smoke that drifts in a blue haze from the chopper's fire. The report of the gun awakes no answering report, and each mellow note of the hound comes separate to the ear, with no jangle of reverberations.

Fox and hound wallow through the snow a crumbling furrow that obliterates identity of either trail, yet there are tracks that tell as plain as written words who made them. Here have fallen, lightly as snowflakes, the broad pads of the hare, white as the snow he trod; there, the parallel tracks of another winter masker, the weasel, and those of the squirrel, linking tree to tree. The leaps of a tiny wood-mouse are lightly marked upon the feathery surface to where there is the imprint of a light, swift pinion on either side, and the little story of his wandering ends—one crimson blood drop the period that marks the finis.

In the blue shadow at the bottom of that winding furrow are the dainty footprints of a grouse, and you wonder why he, so strong of wing, should choose to wade laboriously the clogging snow even in his briefest trip, rather than make his easy way through the unresisting air, and the snow-written record of his wayward wanderings tells not why. Suddenly, as if a mine had been sprung where your next footstep should fall and with almost as startling, though harmless effect, another of his wild tribe bursts upward through the unmarked white floor and goes whirring and clattering away, scattering in powdery ruin the maze of delicate tracery the snowfall wrought; and vanishes, leaving only an aerial pathway of naked twigs to mark his passage.

In the twilight of an evergreen thicket sits a great

horned owl like a hermit in his cell in pious contemplation of his own holiness and the world's wickedness. But this recluse hates not sin, only daylight and mankind. Out in the fields you may find the white-robed brother of this gray friar, a pilgrim from the far north, brooding in the very face of the sun, on some stack or outlying barn, but he will not suffer you to come so near to him as will this solemn anchorite who stares at you unmoved as a graven image till you come within the very shadows of his roof.

Marsh and channel are scarcely distinguishable now, but by the white domes of the muskrats' winter homes and here and there a sprawling thicket or button bush, for the rank growth of weeds is beaten flat, and the deep snow covers it and the channel ice is one unbroken sheet.

So far away to hoary peaks that shine with a glittering gleam against the blue rim of the sky, or to the furthest blue-gray line of woodland that borders the horizon, stretches the universal whiteness, so coldly shines the sun from the low curve of his course, and so chilly comes the lightest waft of wind from wheresoever it listeth, that it tasks the imagination to picture any land on all the earth where spring is just awakening fresh life, or where summer dwells amid green leaves and bright flowers, the music of birds and running waters, and of warm waves on pleasant shores, or autumn yet lingers in the gorgeousness of many hues. How far off beyond this world seems the possibility of such seasons, how enduring and relentless this which encompasses us.

And then at the close of the brief white day, the sunset paints a promise and a prophecy in a blaze of color on the sky. The gray clouds kindle with red and yellow fire that burns about their purple hearts in tints of infinite variety, while behind them and the dark blue rampart of the mountains flames the last glory of the departing sun, fading in a tint of tender green to the upper blue. Even the cold snow at our feet flushes with warm color, and the eastern hills blush roseate against the climbing, darkening shadow of the earth.

WINTER VOICES

Out of her sleep nature yet gives forth voices betokening that life abides beneath the semblance of death, that her warm heart still beats under the white shroud that enfolds her rigid breast.

A smothered tinkle as of muffled bells comes up from the streams through their double roofing of snow and ice, and the frozen pulse of the trees complains of its thralldom with a resonant twang as of a strained cord snapped asunder.

Beneath their frozen plains, the lakes bewail their imprisonment with hollow moans awakening a wild and mournful chorus of echoes from sleeping shores that answer now no caress of ripples nor angry stroke of waves nor dip and splash of oar and paddle.

The breeze stirs leafless trees and shaggy evergreens to a murmur that is sweet, if sadder than they gave it in the leafy days of summer, when it bore the perfume of flowers and the odor of green fields,

and one may imagine the spirit of springtime and summer lingers among the naked boughs, voicing memory and hope.

Amid all the desolation of their woodland haunts the squirrels chatter their delight in windless days of sunshine, and scoff at biting cold and wintry blasts. The nuthatch winds his tiny trumpet, the titmouse pipes his cheery note, the jay tries the innumerable tricks of his unmusical voice, and from their rollicking flight athwart the wavering slant of snowflakes drifts the creaking twitter of buntings.

The sharp, resonant strokes of the woodman's axe and the groaning downfall of the monarchs that it lays low, the shouts of teamsters, the occasional report of a gun, the various sounds of distant farmstead life, the jangle of sleigh bells on far-off highways, the rumbling roar of a railroad train rushing and panting along its iron path, and the bellowing of its far-echoed signals, all proclaim how busily affairs of life and pleasure still go on while the summer-wearied earth lies wrapped in her winter sleep.

Night, stealing upon her in dusky pallor, under cloudy skies, or silvering her face with moonbeams and starlight, brings other and wilder voices. Solemnly the unearthly trumpet of the owl resounds from his woodland hermitage, the fox's gasping bark, wild and uncanny, marks at intervals his wayward course across the frozen fields on some errand of love or freebooting, and, swelling and falling with puff and lapse of the night wind, as mournful and lonesome as the voice of a vagrant spirit, comes from the mountain ridges the baying of a hound, hunting alone and unheeded, while his master basks in the comfort of his fireside.

BIRDS OF WINTER

Black and white winter, are you both flowerless and songless? It may seem so, but there is both music and color; for the tones of winter are as really distinctive as those of all other seasons. If you search, as you have done each day, in the spring, summer, or autumn, you will find constantly a new beauty, a fresh surprise. For birds, you may see hereabouts, upwards of thirty species between late November and early March; not all in one day, or one month even, but scattered according to food and to changes of temperature. The juncos and snowflakes, birds of the most rigorous weather, owls small and large, hen hawks, crows, jays, and shrikes. Robins, blue-birds, and song-sparrows are kept with us by genial weather, as well as the purple finches, crossbills, siskins, nuthatches, titmice, winter-wrens, the golden-crowned kinglet, and the edge of the woodpecker tribe. In the salt meadows you may see the field and shore larks, wild ducks and geese, and in the stubble the quail, and perhaps a few wild pigeons in the thin woods.

Let us go up the road to the lane that winds round the hill; it, by twisting, caps it—the lane where the wild apples bloomed in May. The first impression is of sombreness. The thin snow carpets the road to the stone wall, but through it breaks sprays of the smoky-seeded golden-rod, and the skeleton nests of wild carrot, while by the gate a barberry bush glows with coral, and upon this gate some quail are perching. Surely here is color enough. The birds walk away unconcernedly, with long strides, like warmly coated little boys who tramp in the snow for amuse-

ment. The road cuts through a trap-crest, and the deep blue stone, stained and streaked with rusty brown where it faces the weather, adds one more tint to the pallet. In the field on the left are the telltale tracks of wild rabbits—hop, sit! hop, sit! The trail runs through the bushes and under the fence; there they are making a feast of cast-away turnips.

The split, empty milkweed pods point upward with their sharp fingers, and the black-purple berries shine on the polished green strands of cat-brier. It seems more like a metal than anything organic or living, as it grasps your clothing tightly and winds you into its clutches. I think this vine must have been the model for the treacherous barbed-wire fencing, and its hooks are often the meat-safe where the butcher-bird hangs his provisions. No wonder that the chat feels secure from nest-hunters when he builds in a cat-brier tangle.

Beyond is a crimson patch of sumach berries, with their steeple-shaped bunches, and the bitter-sweet hangs its red quartered fruit high in the top of a cedar. Something is fluttering there, pulling and pecking at the berries; soon the black, polished beak and cinnamon crest of the cedar-bird emerges and the vibrations of the dense green branches indicate others. Winter birds seldom go far from houses in their haunts or habits of feeding, but seem to say quiescently: "We are but few; let us huddle together. If the snow hides our food, we will go near to man's dwellings, and he will see that we are fed and protected. He may, perhaps, shoot a great owl, or the hawk, and the marsh duck, but he will seldom hurt us, for we are the King's minstrels. So we love man, for without him, his houses, gardens, and orchards, to shield us, the hawk and the shrike would prevail over us, and in the forests we never dare to warble as freely as we do in the hedges."

THE FROZEN BREEZE

Did you ever see a frozen breeze? You might have seen one if you had gone with me into the country on a recent winter morning.

This was the way it came to be frozen. All night long the air had been laden with mist. Over the fields, in the hollows, all through the woods, even on the top of the hills, the fog hung heavily. All that time the wind blew steadily, but not fiercely, from some northern quarter. At nightfall the mercury fell below the freezing-point, so that this mist, as it drifted through the trees, was frozen upon their branches and twigs. The elms, oaks, and other leafless trees took their ice-coating quite evenly; but the thick, impenetrable masses of the needles of the pine trees were covered noticeably only upon the sides toward the north or northwest, from which the wind came. The strong, steady breeze bent the branches to leeward, while it was icing them; and when the wind went down in the morning they all remained just there, leaning to the southward, iced and frozen to immovability, but looking just as if the wind were still steadily blowing.

Even in the afternoon, when the rain began to fall, and the wind came from quite another quarter, that north wind of the night before still remained white and frozen over the piny woods,—the pale rigid corpse of a thing once keenly alive.

IN A MINOR KEY: SORROW, SENTIMENT, TENDERNESS

The Birds of Bethlehem R. W. Gilder The Century

I.

I heard the bells of Bethlehem ring —
Their voice was sweeter than the priests';
I heard the birds of Bethlehem sing
Unbidden in the churchly feasts.

II.

They clung and swung on the swinging chain
High in the dim and incensed air;
The priest, with repetitions vain,
Chanted a never-ending prayer.

III.

So bell and bird and priest I heard,
But voice of bird was most to me —
It had no ritual, no word,
And yet it sounded true and free.

IV.

I thought child Jesus, were he there,
Would like the singing birds the best,
And clutch his little hands in air
And smile upon his mother's breast.

"Crying Abba, Father" . . . William Canton . . . W. V. Her Book

Abba, in Thine eternal years
Bethink Thee of our fleeting day;
We are but clay;
Bear with our foolish joys, our foolish tears,
And all the wilfulness with which we pray!

I have a little maid who, when she leaves
Her father and her father's threshold, grieves,
But being gone, and life all holiday,
Forgets my love and me straightway;
Yet, when I write,
Kisses my letters, dancing with delight,
Cries "Dearest father!" and in all her glee
For one brief live-long hour remembers me.
Shall I in anger punish or reprove?
Nay, this is natural; she cannot guess
How one forgotten feels forgetfulness;
And I am glad thinking of her glad face,
And send her little tokens of my love.
And Thou — wouldst Thou be wroth in such a case?
And crying Abba, I am fain
To think no human father's heart
Can be so tender as Thou art,
So quick to feel our love, to feel our pain.

When she is froward, querulous or wild,
Thou knowest, Abba, how in each offense
I stint not patience lest I wrong the child,
Mistaking for revolt defect of sense,
For wilfulness mere spriteliness of mind;
Thou know'st how often, seeing, I am blind;
How when I turn her face against the wall
And leave her in disgrace,
And will not look at her or speak at all,
I long to speak and long to see her face;
And how, when twice, for something grievous done,
I could but smite, and though I lightly smote,
I felt my heart rise strangling in my throat;
And when she wept I kissed the poor red hands.
All these things, Father, a father understands;
And am not I Thy son?

Abba, in Thine eternal years
Bethink Thee of our fleeting day;
From all the rapture of our eyes and ears
How shall we tear ourselves away?
At night my little one says nay,

With prayers implores, entreats with tears
For ten more flying minutes' play;
How shall we tear ourselves away?
Yet call, and I'll surrender
The flower of soul and sense,
Life's passion and its splendor,
In quick obedience.

If not without the blameless human tears
By eyes which slowly glaze and darken shed,
Yet without questionings or fears
For those I leave behind when I am dead.
Thou, Abba, know'st how dear
My little child's poor playthings are to her;
What love and joy
She has in every darling doll and precious toy;
Yet when she stands between my knees
To kiss good-night, she does not sob in sorrow,
"Oh, father, do not break or injure these!"
She knows that I shall fondly lay them by
For happiness to-morrow;
She leaves them trustfully. And shall not I?

Whatever darkness gather
O'er coverlet or pall,
Since Thou art Abba, Father,
Why should I fear at all?

Thou'st seen how closely, Abba, when at rest
My child's head nestles to my breast;
And how my arm her little form enfolds,
Lest in the darkness she should feel alone;
And how she holds
My hands, my hands, my two hands in her own?

A little easeful sighing
And restful turning round,
And I too, on Thy love relying,
Shall slumber sound.

Blasted Leaves Paul Verlaine The Outlook*

Borne on the Autumn's wings
I hear, as from vibrant strings,
Harmonies.
Telling of Summer fled,
They wake in my heart — long dead —
Memories.

Breathless and pale of soul,
I hear the deep bell toll,
Full of fears;
As the dark hours flit by,
Old days I dim descry
Through my tears.

And then I'm whirled away,
The bitter wind's poor prey,
Here and there —
I and the withered sheaves
Of helpless blasted leaves
Tossed in air.

If Only the Dreams Abide . . . Clinton Scollard . . . The Century

If the things of earth must pass
Like the dews upon the grass,
Like the mists that break and run
At the forward sweep of the sun,
I shall be satisfied
If only the dreams abide.

Nay; I would not be shorn
Of gold from the mines of morn;

*Translated by Emerson G. Taylor.

I would not be bereft
 Of the last blue flower in the cleft,
 Of the haze that haunts the hills,
 Of the moon that the midnight fills.
 Still would I know the grace
 On love's uplifted face,
 And the slow, sweet joy-dawn there
 Under the dusk of her hair.
 I pray thee, spare me, Fate,
 The woeful, wearying weight
 Of a heart that feels no pain
 At the sob of the autumn rain,
 And takes no breath of glee
 From the organ-surge of the sea —
 Of a mind where memory broods
 Over songless solitudes:
 I shall be satisfied
 If only the dreams abide.

Adveniat Regnum Tuum...K. T. Hinkson...Sunday Magazine

Thy kingdom come! Yes, bid it come.
 But when Thy kingdom first began
 On earth Thy kingdom was a home,
 A child, a woman, and a man.
 The child was in the midst thereof,
 O, blessed Jesus, holiest One!
 The centre and the fount of love
 Mary and Joseph's little Son.
 Wherever on the earth shall be
 A child, a woman, and a man,
 Imagine that sweet trinity
 Wherewith Thy kingdom first began,
 Establish there Thy kingdom! Yea,
 And o'er that trinity of love
 Send down, as in Thy appointed day,
 The brooding spirit of Thy Dove!

The Better Part....Frank Putnam...Memories and Impressions

Worldly gear is yours,
 Its pleasures I resign;
 Heavenly joy's my share,
 With Mary's hands in mine.
 Threadbare is my coat —
 Its empty pockets flout me!
 Still do I rejoice
 With Mary's arms about me.
 The man to men unknown
 Their notice never misses;
 He finds a sweet reward
 In bonny Mary's kisses.
 The great from all their gold
 Grim Death will shortly sever;
 But Mary's love is mine
 Forever and forever.

Maureen.....Dr. John Todhunter.....Collier's Weekly

O, you plant the pain in my heart with your wistful eyes,
 Girl of my choice, Maureen!
 Will you drive me mad for the kisses your shy, sweet mouth
 denies,
 Maureen!
 Like a walking ghost I am, and no words to woo.
 White rose of the west, Maureen:
 For it's pale you are, and the fear that's on you is over me
 too,
 Maureen!
 Sure it's our love that's upon us, ashore, this day.
 Bride of my dreams, Maureen,
 The smart of the bee that stung us, his honey must cure us,
 they say,
 Maureen!

I'll coax the light to your eyes, and the rose to your face,
 Mavourneen, my own Maureen:
 When I feel the warmth of your breast and your nest is my
 arms' embrace,
 Maureen!

O who is the King of the World this day but me,
 My own sweet love, Maureen.
 And you the Queen with me here, and your throne in my
 heart, machree,
 Maureen!

Separation....Ethelwyn Wetherald....Harper's Weekly

He went upon a journey,
 And she was left at home;
 And yet 'twas he who stayed behind,
 And she that far did roam.
 For though he went by mountain
 And wood and stream and sea,
 A little cot enwrap in green
 He saw perpetually.
 And she, within the green leaves,
 Unknowing that he stood
 Forever by her, dreamed her way
 With him by mount and wood.
 Now Heaven help these lovers,
 And bring her safely home,
 Or drive him back along the track
 Where she e'en now doth roam.

Good-Bye, My Sweetheart...Madeline S. Bridges...Leslie's Weekly

The sleep is broken, the fair dream ended —
 Sweet sleep that crowned us, dear dream that blest!
 Life's faded robe may be patched and mended,
 For daily wear, but no more for best.

We two, poor spendthrifts were gay together,
 Deep deep, we drank of life's richest wine —
 And all our weather was summer weather,
 When I was yours, dear, and you were mine.

My eyes seemed made but to seek and find you,
 My voice to call you, my hands to press,
 My lips to kiss you, my arms to bind you,
 My soul to know you, and my heart to bless!

The rain blew by us, the stars shone o'er us —
 We laughed at snowfall — at cloud and sun.
 What fear had we, of the way before us?
 We walked together — all roads were one!

How rich we were! but our wealth is squandered
 How gay we were! We are gay no more —
 Apart and apart our feet have wandered
 Our eyes are heavy — our hearts are sore.

But, oh, my sweetheart! God love and guard you
 For my poor sake, who have loved you well,
 Who no more may call you, nor look toward you
 From highest Heaven, nor from deepest Hell.

At Home to Stay.....Addison Ballard.....N. Y. Observer

Where crumbs from shaken napkins fall
 The sparrows come; but short their stay,
 Pick up their morsels, and away
 To sheltering ivy by the wall.

Where cities spread their tables wide
 In rush the morning tides of men;
 But evening sees them all again
 Home wafted at their country side.

And what is earth, dear heart of love,
 But one day's exile of thy toil?
 And wilt thou from thy task recoil,
 So near to heaven and home above?

THE FIGHT IN THE COACH HOUSE

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

[The following extract from A. Conan Doyle's latest novel, *Rodney Stone*, published by D. Appleton & Company, deals with the impromptu prize-fight that followed a supper given to "the fancy" in London early in this century by "Buck Tregellis" at which the Prince, heir apparent to the English Throne, and others of the aristocracy, hobnobbed with the most famous pugilists of the time. The supper is interrupted by a challenge from a youth from the Provinces who offered to stand up against any one of England's leading prize-fighters. Prince George informs the guests that a stranger has offered to fight "the best man in the room" to a finish.]

The curt announcement was followed by a moment of silent surprise, and then by a general shout of laughter. There might be argument as to who was the champion at each weight, but there could be no question that all the champions of all the weights were seated round the tables. An audacious challenge, which embraced them one and all, without regard to size or age, could hardly be regarded otherwise than as a joke, but it was a joke that might be a dear one for the joker.

"Is this genuine?" asked my uncle.

"Yes, Sir Charles," answered the landlord. "The man is waiting below."

"It's a kid!" cried several of the fighting men. "Some cove is a-gammonin' us."

"Don't you believe it!" answered the landlord. "He's a real slap-up Corinthian by his dress, and he means what he says, or else I ain't no judge of a man."

My uncle whispered for a few moments with the Prince of Wales. "Well, gentlemen," said he at last, "the night is still young, and if any of you should wish to show the company a little of your skill you could not wish a better opportunity."

"What weight is he, Bill?" asked Jem Belcher.

"He's close onto six foot and I should put him well up into the thirteen stone when he's buffed."

"Heavy metal!" cried Jackson. "Who takes him on?"

They all wanted to, from the nine-stone Dutch Sam upward. The air was filled with their hoarse shouts, and their arguments why each should be the chosen one. To fight when they were flushed with wine and ripe for mischief—above all, to fight before so select a company, with the prince himself by the ring side—was a chance which did not often come in their way. Only Jackson, Belcher, Mendoza, and one or two others of the senior and more famous men remained silent, thinking it beneath their dignity that they should condescend to so irregular a bye-battle.

"Well, you can't all fight him," remarked Jackson, when the babel had died away. "It's for the chairman to choose."

"Perhaps your Royal Highness has a preference," said my uncle.

"By jove, I'd take him on myself if my position was different from what it is," said the prince, whose face was growing redder and his eyes more glazed. "You've seen me with the mufflers, Jackson! You know my form?"

"I've seen your Royal Highness, and I've felt your Royal Highness," said the courtly Jackson.

"Perhaps Jem Belcher would give us an exhibition," said my uncle.

Belcher smiled and shook his handsome head.

"There's my brother Tom here, who has never been blooded in London, sir. He might make a fairer match of it."

"Give 'im over to me!" roared Joe Berks. "I've been waitin' for a turn all evening, an' I'll fight any man that tries to take my place. 'E's my meat, my masters. Leave 'im to me if you want to see how a calf's head should be dressed. If you put Tom Belcher before me I'll fight Tom Belcher, and for that matter I'll fight Jem Belcher, or Bill Belcher, or any other Belcher that ever came out of Bristol."

It was clear that Berks had got to the stage when he must fight some one. His heavy face was gorged and the veins stood out on his low forehead, while his fierce gray eyes looked viciously from man to man in quest of a quarrel. His great red hands were bunched into huge gnarled fists, and he shook one of them menacingly as his drunken gaze swept round the tables.

"I think you'll agree with me, gentlemen, that Joe Berks would be all the better for some fresh air and exercise," said my uncle. "With the concurrence of his Royal Highness and of the company I shall select him as our champion on this occasion."

"You do me proud," cried the fellow, staggering to his feet and pulling at his coat. "If I don't glut him within the five minutes may I never see Shropshire again!"

"Wait a bit, Berks," cried several of the amateurs. "Where's it going to be held?"

"Where you like, masters. I'll fight him in a sawpit or on the outside of a coach, if it please you. Put us toe to toe, and leave the rest with me."

"They can't fight here with all this litter," said my uncle. "Where shall it be?"

"Pon my soul, Tregellis," cried the prince, "I think our unknown friend might have a word to say upon that matter. He'll be vastly ill used if you don't let him have his own choice of conditions."

"You are right, sir. We must have him up."

"That's easy enough," said the landlord, "for here he comes through the doorway."

I glanced round, and had a side view of a tall and well-dressed young man, in a long, brown traveling coat and a black felt hat. The next instant he had turned, and I had clutched with both my hands onto Champion Harrison's arm.

"Harrison!" I gasped, "it's Boy Jim!"

And yet somehow the possibility and even the probability of it had occurred to me from the beginning, and I believe that it had to Champion Harrison also, for I noticed that his face grew grave and troubled from the very moment that there was talk of the stranger below. Now, the instant that the buzz of surprise and admiration which was caused by Jim's face and figure had died away, Harrison was on his feet, gesticulating in his excitement.

"It's my nephew, Jim, gentlemen," he cried. "He's not twenty yet, and it's no doing of mine that he should be here."

"Let him alone, Harrison," cried Jackson. "He's big enough to take care of himself."

"This matter has gone rather far," said my uncle. "I think, Harrison, that you are too good a sportsman to prevent your nephew from showing whether he takes after his uncle."

"It's very different from me," cried Harrison, in great distress. "But I'll tell you what I'll do, gentlemen. I never thought to stand up in a ring again, but I'll take on Joe Berks with pleasure, just to give a bit of sport to this company."

Boy Jim stepped across and laid his hand upon the prize fighter's shoulder.

"It must be so, uncle," I heard him whisper. "I am sorry to go against your wishes, but I have made up my mind, and I must carry it through."

Harrison shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Jim, Jim, you don't know what you are doing! But I've heard you speak like that before, and I know that it ends in your getting your way."

"I trust, Harrison, that your opposition is withdrawn," said my uncle.

"Can I not take his place?"

"You would not have it said that I gave a challenge and let another carry it out," whispered Boy Jim. "This is my one chance. For Heaven's sake don't stand in my way!"

The smith's broad and usually stolid face was working with his conflicting emotions. At last he banged his fist down upon the table.

"It's no fault of mine!" he cried. "It was to be and is to be. Jim, boy, for the Lord's sake, remember your distances, and stick to out-fighting with a man that could give you a stone."

"I was sure that Harrison would not stand in the way of sport," said my uncle. "We are glad that you have stepped up that we might consult you as to the arrangements for giving effect to your very sporting challenge."

"Whom am I to fight?" asked Jim, looking round at the company, who were now all upon their feet.

"Young man, you'll know enough of who you 'ave to fight before you are through with it," cried Berks, lurching heavily through the crowd. "You'll need a friend to swear to you before I've finished, d'ye see?"

Jim looked at him with disgust in every line of his face.

"Surely you are not going to set me to fight a drunken man," said he. "Where's Jem Belcher?"

"My name, young man."

"I should be glad to try you, if I may."

"You must work up to me, my lad. You don't take a ladder at one jump, but you do it rung by rung. Show yourself to be a match for me, and I'll give you a turn."

"I'm much obliged to you," said Jim.

"And I like the look of you and I wish you well," said Belcher, holding out his hand. They were not unlike each other either in face or figure, though the Bristol man was a few years the older, and a murmur of critical admiration was heard as the two tall, lithe figures and clean-cut faces were contrasted.

"Have you any choice where the fight takes place?" asked my uncle.

"I am in your hands, sir," said Jim.

"Why not go round to the Fives Court?" suggested Sir John Lade.

"Yes, let us all go to the Fives Court."

But this did not at all suit the views of the landlord, who saw in this lucky incident a chance of reaping a fresh harvest from his spendthrift company.

"If it please you," he cried, "there is no need to go so far. My coach house at the back of the yard is empty, and a better place for a mill you'll never find."

There was a general shout in favor of the coach house, and those who were nearest the door began to slip through in the hope of securing the best places. My stout neighbor, Bill Warr, pulled Harrison to one side.

"I'd stop it if I were you," he whispered.

"I would if I could. It's no wish of mine that he should fight. But there's no turning him when once his mind is set."

All his own fights put together had never reduced the pugilist to such a state of agitation.

"Wait on 'im yourself, then, and chuck up the sponge when things begin to go wrong. You know Joe Berk's record?"

"He's since my time."

"Well, he's a terror, that's all. It's only Belcher that can master 'im. You see the man for yourself, six foot, fourteen stone, and full of the devil. Belcher's beat 'im twice, but the second time 'e 'ad all 'is work to do it."

"Well, well, we've got to go through with it. You've not seen Boy Jim put his mawlays up, or maybe you'd think better of his chances. When he was short of sixteen he licked the cock of the South Downs, and he's come on a long way since then."

The company was swarming through the door and clattering down the stair as we followed in the stream. A fine rain was falling, and the yellow lights from the windows glistened upon the wet cobblestones in the yard. How welcome that sweet breath of damp air was after the fetid atmosphere of the supper room! At the other end of the yard was an open door, sharply outlined by the gleam of lanterns within, and through this they poured, amateurs and fighting men jostling each other in their eagerness to get to the front. For my own part, being a smallish man, I should have seen nothing had I not found an upturned bucket in a corner upon which I perched myself with the wall at my back.

It was a large room, with a wooden floor and an open square in the ceiling, which was fringed with the heads of the hostlers and stable boys who were looking down from the harness room above. A carriage lamp was slung in each corner, and a very large stable lamp hung from a rafter in the centre. A coil of rope had been brought in, and, under the direction of Jackson, four men had been stationed to hold it.

"What space do you give them?" asked my uncle.

"Twenty-four, as they are both big ones, sir."

"Very good, and half minutes between rounds, I suppose. I'll umpire if Sir Lothian Hume will do the same, and you can hold the watch and referee, Jackson."

With great speed and exactness every preparation

was rapidly made by these experienced men. Mendoza and Dutch Sam were commissioned to attend to Berks, while Champion Harrison did the same for Boy Jim. Sponges, towels, and some brandy in a bladder were passed over the heads of the crowd for the use of the seconds.

"Here's our man," cried Belcher.—"Come along, Berks, or we'll go to fetch you."

Jim had appeared in the ring stripped to the waist, with a colored handkerchief tied round his middle. A shout of admiration came from the spectators as they looked upon the fine lines of his figure, and I found myself roaring with the rest. His shoulders were sloping rather than bulky, and his chest was deep rather than broad, but the muscle was all in the right place, rippling down in long, low curves from neck to shoulder, and from shoulder to elbow. His work at the anvil had developed his arms to their utmost, and his healthy country living gave a sleek gloss to his ivory skin, which shone in the lamplight. His expression was full of spirit and confidence, and he wore a grim sort of half-smile which I had seen many a time in our boyhood, and which meant, I knew, that his pride had set iron hard, and that his senses would fail him long before his courage.

Joe Berks in the meanwhile had swaggered in and stood with folded arms between his seconds in the opposite corner. His face had none of the eager alertness of his opponent, and his skin, of a dead white, with heavy folds about the chest and ribs, showed even to my inexperienced eyes that he was not a man who should fight without training. A life of toping and ease had left him flabby and gross. On the other hand, he was famous for his mettle and for his hitting power, so that even in the face of the advantages of youth and condition the betting was three to one in his favor. His heavy-jowled, clean-shaven face expressed ferocity as well as courage, and he stood with his small bloodshot eyes fixed viciously upon Jim, and his lumpy shoulders stooping a little forward like a fierce hound straining on a leash.

The hubbub of the betting had risen until it had drowned all other sounds, men shouting their opinions from one side of the coach house to the other, and waving their hands to attract attention, or as a sign that they had accepted a wager. Sir John Lade, standing just in front of me, was roaring out the odds against Jim, and laying them freely with those who fancied the appearance of the unknown.

"I've seen Berks fight," said he to the Hon. Berkeley Craven. "No country hawbuck is going to knock out a man with such a record."

"He may be a country hawbuck," the other answered; "but I have been reckoned a judge of anything either on two legs or four, and I tell you, Sir John, that I never saw a man who looked better breed in my life. Are you still laying against him?"

"Three to one."

"Have you once in hundreds?"

"Very good, Craven! There they go!—Berks! Berks! Bravo, Berks! bravo!—I think, Craven, that I shall trouble you for that hundred."

The two men had stood up to each other, Jim as light upon his feet as a goat, with his left well out and his right thrown across the lower part of his

chest, while Berks held both arms half extended and his feet almost level so that he might lead off with either side. For an instant they looked each other over, and then Berks, ducking his head and rushing in with a hand-over-hand style of hitting, bore Jim down into his corner. It was a backward slip rather than a knockdown, but a thin trickle of blood was seen at the corner of Jim's mouth. In an instant the seconds had seized their men and carried them back into their corners.

"Do you mind doubling our bet?" said Berkeley Craven, who was craning his neck to get a glimpse of Jim.

"Four to one on Berks! Four to one on Berks!" cried the ring-siders.

"The odds have gone up, you see. Will you have four to one in hundreds?"

"Very good, Sir John."

"You seem to fancy him more for having been knocked down."

"He was pushed down, but he stopped every blow, and I liked the look on his face as he got up again."

"Well, it's the old stager for me. Here they come again! He's got a pretty style, and he covers his points well, but it isn't the best-looking that wins."

They were at it again, and I was jumping about upon my bucket in my excitement. It was evident that Berks meant to finish the battle off-hand, while Jim, with two of the most experienced men in England to advise him, was quite aware that his correct tactics were to allow the ruffian to expend his strength and wind in vain. There was something horrible in the ferocious energy of Berk's hitting, every blow fetching a grunt from him as he smashed it in, and after each I gazed at Jim, as I have gazed at a stranded vessel upon the Sussex beach when wave after wave has roared over it, fearing each time that I should find it miserably mangled. But still the lamplight shone upon the lad's clear alert face, upon his well-opened eyes and his firm-set mouth, while the blows were taken upon his forearm or allowed, by a quick duck of the head, to whistle over his shoulder. But Berks was artful as well as violent. Gradually he worked Jim back into an angle of the ropes from which there was no escape, and then when he had him fairly pinned he sprang upon him like a tiger. What happened was so quick that I cannot set its sequence down in words, but I saw Jim make a quick stoop under the swinging arms, and at the same instant I heard a ringing smack, and there was Jim dancing about in the middle of the ring, and Berks lying upon his side on the floor with his hand to his eye.

How they roared! Prize fighters, Corinthians, prince, stable-boy, and landlord were all shouting at the top of their lungs. Old Buckhorse was skipping about on a box beside me, shrieking out criticisms and advice in strange, obsolete ring jargon, which no one could understand. His dull eyes were shining, his parchment face was quivering with excitement, and his strange musical call rang out above the hubbub. The two men were hurried to their corners, one second sponging them down and the other flapping a towel in front of their faces, while they, with arms hanging down and legs extended, tried to draw all the air they could into their lungs in the brief space allowed them.

"Where's your country hawbuck now?" cried Craven, triumphantly. "Did ever you witness anything more masterly?"

"He's no Johnny Raw, certainly," said Sir John, shaking his head. "What odds are you giving on Berks, Lord Sele?"

"Two to one."

"I take you twice in hundreds."

"Here's Sir John Lade hedging!" cried my uncle, smiling back at us over his shoulder.

"Time!" said Jackson, and the two men sprang forward to the mark again.

This round was a good deal shorter than that which had preceded it. Berks's orders evidently were to close at any cost, and so make use of his extra weight and strength before the superior condition of his antagonist could have time to tell. On the other hand, Jim, after his experience in the last round, was less disposed to make any great exertion to keep him at arm's length. He led at Berks's head as he came rushing in and missed him, receiving a severe body blow in return, which left the imprint of four angry knuckles above his ribs. As they closed Jim caught his opponent's bullet head under his arm for an instant, and put a couple of half-arm blows in, but the prize fighter pulled him over by his weight, and the two fell panting side by side upon the ground. Jim sprang up, however, and walked over to his corner, while Berks, distressed by his evening's dissipation, leaned one arm upon Mendoza and the other upon Dutch Sam, as he made for his seat.

"Bellows to mend!" cried Jem Belcher. "Where's the four to one now?"

"Give us time to get the lid off our pepper-box," said Mendoza. "We mean to make a night of it."

"Looks like it," cried Jack Harrison. "He's shut one of his eyes already. Even money that my boy wins it!"

"How much?" asked several voices.

"Two pound, four and threepence," cried Harrison, counting out all his worldly wealth.

"Time!" said Jackson once more.

They were both at the mark in an instant, Jim as full of sprightly confidence as ever, and Berks with a dogged grin upon his bulldog face, and a most vicious gleam in the only eye which was of use to him. His half-minute had not enabled him to recover his breath, and his huge hairy chest was rising and falling with a quick, loud panting like a spent hound. "Go in, boy! Bustle him!" roared Harrison and Belcher. "Get your wind, Joe, get your wind!" cried the Jews. So now we had a reversal of tactics, for it was Jim who went in to hit with all the vigor of his young strength and unimpaired energy, while it was the savage Berks who was paying his debt to Nature for the many injuries which he had done her. He gasped, he gurgled, his face grew purple in his attempts to get his breath, while with his long left arm extended and his right thrown across he tried to screen himself from the attack of his young antagonist. "Drop when he hits!" cried Mendoza, "drop and have a rest."

But there was no shyness or shiftiness about Berks's fighting. He was always a gallant ruffian who disdained to go down before an antagonist as long as his legs would sustain him. He propped Jim off with his long arm, and though the lad

sprang lightly round him, looking for an opening, he was held off as if a forty-inch bar of iron were between them. Every instant now was in favor of Berks, and already his breathing was easier and the bluish tinge fading from his face. Jim knew that his chance of a speedy victory was slipping away from him, and he came back again and again as swift as a flash to the attack without being able to get past the passive defense of the trained fighting man. It was at such a moment that ringcraft was needed, and, luckily for Jim, two masters of it were at his back. "Get your left on his mark, boy!" they shouted. "Then go to his head with the right!"

Jim heard, and acted on the instant. Plunk! came his left just where his antagonist's ribs curved from his breastbone. The force of the blow was half broken by Berks's elbow, but it served its purpose of bringing forward his head. Spank! went the right, with the clear, crisp sound of two billiard balls clapping together, and Berks reeled, flung up his arms, spun round, and fell in a huge, fleshy heap upon the floor. His seconds were on him instantly, and propped him up in a sitting position, his head rolling helplessly from one shoulder to the other, and finally toppling backward with his chin pointed to the ceiling. Dutch Sam thrust the brandy bladder between his teeth, while Mendoza shook him savagely and howled insults in his ear, but neither the spirits nor the sense of injury could break into that serene tranquillity. Time was duly called and the Jews, seeing that the affair was over, let their man's head fall back with a crack upon the floor, and there he lay, his huge arms and legs a-sprawl, while the Corinthians and fighting men crowded past him to shake the hand of his conqueror.

"He's the best bit of new stuff that I've seen since Jem Belcher fought his first fight with Paddington Jones at Wormwood Scrubs four years ago last April," said Berkeley Craven. "You'll see him with the belt round his waist before he's five and twenty, or I am no judge of a man."

"That handsome face of his has cost me a cool five hundred," grumbled Sir John Lade. "Who'd have thought he was such a punishing hitter?"

"For all that," said another, "I am confident that if Joe Berks had been sober he would have eaten him. Besides, the lad was in training, and the other would have burst like an overdone potato if he were hit. I never saw a man so soft, or with his wind in such a condition. Put the men in training, and it's a horse to a hen on the bruiser."

Some agreed with the last speaker, and some were against him, so that a brisk argument was being carried on around me. In the midst of it the prince took his departure, which was the signal for the greater part of the company to make for the door. In this way I was able at last to reach the corner where Jim had just finished his dressing, while Champion Harrison, with tears of joy still shining upon his cheeks, was helping him on with his overcoat.

"In four rounds!" he kept repeating, in a sort of ecstasy. "Joe Berks in four rounds! And it took Jem Belcher fourteen."

"Well, Roddy," cried Jim, holding out his hand, "I told you that I would come to London and make my name known."

"It was splendid, Jim!"

GORDON'S DEATH: THE FALL OF KHARTUM

BY RUDOLPH C. SLATIN PASHA

Gordon was now doing and had done his utmost to hold the town: he had announced that an English army was coming; he had made a paper currency; had distributed decorations and honors almost daily, in order to keep up the hearts of the garrison; and, as the position had become more desperate, he had made almost superhuman efforts to induce the troops to hold out; but despair had taken possession of them. What was the use of all these decorations now; what good were all their ranks and honors? And as for the paper money, perhaps there were one or two still hopeful people who would buy a pound note for a couple of piastres, on the chance that, by some stroke of luck, the Government might yet be victorious; but gradually even these slender hopes disappeared. Gordon's promises were no longer credited; if but one steamer with a few English officers had reached the town, to bring the news that they had won a victory, and had reached the Nile, the troops and inhabitants would have doubted no longer, and they would have been convinced that Gordon's words were true. An English officer would at once have noticed that part of the lines which had been damaged by the overflow of the White Nile, and could have ordered its repair. But what could Gordon do single-handed, and without the assistance of any European officers; it was impossible for him to look to everything, nor had he the means to see that his orders were carried out to his satisfaction. How was it possible for a commander who could not give his troops food, to expect these starving men to carry out with precision and energy the instructions he issued?

On the unfortunate night of the 25th of January, Gordon was told that the Mahdists had decided to make an attack; and he had issued his orders accordingly. Perhaps he himself doubted if they would attack so early in the morning. At the time the Mahdi was crossing the river, Gordon, to stimulate his followers, had made a display of fireworks in the town; various colored rockets were fired, and the bands played, with the object of reviving the flagging spirits of the famished garrison. The display was over, the music had ceased, and Khartum was asleep, whilst the enemy crept cautiously and silently forward to the attack. They knew all the weak and strong points of the line of defense; they knew also that the regulars were stationed at the strong points, and that the broken-down parapet and tumbled-in ditch near the White Nile were weakly defended by the feeble inhabitants. This particular part of the lines was sadly out of repair; it had never been actually completed, and, when damaged by the water, no steps had been taken to re-make it. Every day the Nile became lower, and every day exposed a broader strip of undefended wet mud, which the hungry and hopeless people merely made a show of defending. It was opposite to this open space that, at early dawn, the bulk of the attacking force had collected, whilst the other portion of the Mahdist army faced the main position. At a given

signal, the attack began. Those holding the White Nile flank, after firing a few shots, fled precipitately; and, while the troops were occupied in repelling the storming parties in their immediate front, thousands and thousands of wild Arabs, dashing through the mud and water which was only up to their knees, poured into the town, and, to their dismay, the defenders on the lines found themselves attacked from the rear. Very slight resistance was made, and most of the troops laid down their arms. Numbers of the Egyptians were massacred; but, of the Blacks, few were killed, whilst the enemy's losses within the lines did not exceed eighty to one hundred men.

Once the line of the White Nile was crossed, the great mass of the enemy rushed towards the town. "Lil Saraya! lil Kenisa! (To the Palace! to the Church!)" was the cry; for it was here they expected to find the treasure and Gordon, who had so long defended the city against them, and had up to that day defied all their efforts. Amongst the leaders in the attack on the Palace were the followers of Makin Wad en Nur, who was afterwards killed at the battle of Toski, and belonged to the Arakin tribe; Makin's brother Abdalla Wad en Nur, their beloved leader, had been killed during the siege, and they were now seeking to avenge his death. Many of Abu Girga's men were also forward in the rush to the Palace; they wanted to wipe out the defeat they had suffered when Gordon had driven them out of Burri. The Palace servants who lived in the basement were instantly massacred; and Gordon himself, standing on the top of the steps leading to the divan, awaited the approach of the Arabs. Taking no notice of his question, "Where is your master the Mahdi?" the first man up the steps plunged his huge spear into his body; he fell forward on his face, without uttering a word. His murderers dragged him down the steps to the Palace entrance; and here his head was cut off, and at once sent over to the Mahdi at Omdurman, whilst his body was left to the mercy of those wild fanatics. Thousands of these inhuman creatures pressed forward merely to stain their swords and spears with his blood; and soon all that remained was a heap of mangled flesh. For a long time, stains of blood marked the spot where this atrocity took place; and the steps, from top to bottom, for weeks bore the same sad traces, until they were at last washed off when the Khalifa decided to make the Palace an abode for his former and his future wives.

When Gordon's head was brought to the Mahdi, he remarked he would have been better pleased had they taken him alive; for it was his intention to convert him, and then hand him over to the English Government in exchange for Ahmed Arabi Pasha, as he had hoped that the latter would have been of assistance to him in helping him to conquer Egypt. My own opinion, however, is that this regret on the part of the Mahdi was merely assumed; for had he expressed any wish that Gordon's life should be spared, no one would have dared to disobey his orders.

* A selected reading from *Fire and Sword in the Sudan*, by Rudolph C. Slatin Pasha, published by Edward Arnold.

TREASURE TROVE: REVIVING OLD FAVORITES

Annan Water. A Book of Old English Ballads. The Macmillan Co

"Annan Water's wading deep,
And my love Annie's wondrous bonny;
I will keep my tryst to-night,
And win the heart o' lovely Annie."
He's loupin on his bonny grey,
He rade the right gate and the ready;
For a' the storm he wadna stay,
For seeking o' his bonny lady.
And he has ridden o'er field and fell,
Through muir and moss, and stones and mire;
His spurs o' steel were sair to bide,
And frae her four feet flew the fire.
"My bonny grey, noo play your part!
Gin ye be the steed that wins my dearie,
Wi' corn and hay ye'se be fed for aye,
And never spur sall mak' you wearie."
The grey was a mare, and a right gude mare;
But when she wan the Annan Water,
She couldna hae found the ford that night
Had a thousand merks been wadded at her.
"O boatman, boatman, put off your boat,
Put off your boat for gouden money!"
But for a' the goud in fair Scotland,
He dared na tak' him through to Annie.
"O I was sworn sae late yestreen,
Not by a single aith, but mony.
I'll cross the drumly stream to-night,
Or never could I face my honey."
The side was stey, and the bottom deep,
Frae bank to brae the water pouring;
The bonny grey mare she swat for fear,
For she heard the water-kelpy roaring.
He spurred her forth into the flood,
I wot she swam both strong and steady;
But the stream was broad, her strength did fail,
And he never saw his bonny lady.
O wae betide the frush saugh wand!
And wae betide the bush of brier!
That bent and brake into his hand,
When strength of man and horse did tire.
And wae betide ye, Annan Water!
This night ye are a drumly river;
But over thee we'll build a brig,
That ye nae mair true love may sever.

The Noble Nature.....Ben Jonson

It is not growing like a tree,
In bulk, doth make Man better be;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
A lily of a day
Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night —
It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Ode to Duty.....William Wordsworth

Stern daughter of the voice of God!
O Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not:
O! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright
And happy will our nature be
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Ev'n now who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet find that other strength, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name;
I long for a repose which ever is the same.

Stern lawgiver! Yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Not know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the Stars from wrong;
And the most ancient Heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power!
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
O let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of Truth thy bondman let me live.

On His Blindness.....John Milton

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?
I fondly ask:—But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies: God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts: who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best: His state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest:—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

FACTS AND FIGURES: THE LITTLE ENCYCLOPEDIA

—The Banks of Newfoundland are formed by the sand, earth and stones brought from the north by the icebergs.

—It is estimated that the water of the whole ocean contains in solution over 2,000,000 tons of pure silver.

—No bird can fly backwards without turning; the dragon-fly, however, can do this and can outstrip the swallow in speed.

—The Mississippi River, at the point where it flows out of Lake Itaska, is ten feet wide and eighteen inches deep.

—The loftiest inhabited place in the world is the Buddhist monastery of Haine, in Thibet. It is about 17,000 feet above the sea.

—The most remarkable echo known is that of the Castle of Simonetta, two miles from Milan. It repeats the echo of a pistol sixty times.

—In some of the Hindoo temples in South India the collection is taken up by an elephant that goes around with a basket. Everybody contributes.

—When the Egyptian went fishing he spat in the Nile in honor of the Deity, hence the custom of spitting on the hook for good luck.

—It is estimated that the wealth of the United States now exceeds the wealth of the whole world at any period prior to the middle of the eighteenth century.

—Many savage nations worshiped only the malevolent deities, on the principle that the good gods would do all they could for humanity anyhow, while the evil gods or demons needed conciliation.

—In the fiords of the Norway coast the clearness of the water is wonderful. Objects the size of a half dollar may be seen at a depth of twenty-five or thirty fathoms.

—On the summit of Ben Lomond may be seen the smallest tree that grows in Great Britain; it is known as the dwarf willow, and is, when mature, only about two inches in height.

—The sea has no herbivorous inhabitant. Its population live on each other, and the whole of this immense expanse of water is one great slaughter house, where the strong forever prey upon the weak.

—Starfishes commit suicide. When one is caught in a net it dissolves its corporation into a dozen or so of fragments and the pieces escape through the meshes. In time each becomes a perfect animal. To preserve the starfish whole it must be plunged into a bucket of fresh water before it has time to take the alarm. Fresh water is instant death to it, and thus only can some varieties of the starfish be preserved.

—The musical or whistling tree is found in the West Indian Islands, in Nubia, and the Soudan. It has a peculiar-shaped leaf, and pods with a split or open edge. The wind passing through these sends out the sound which gives the tree its peculiar name.

In Barbados there is a valley filled with these trees, and when the trade-winds blow across the islands a constant moaning, deep-toned whistle is heard from it, which in the still hours of the night has a very weird and unpleasant effect. A species of acacia, which grows very abundantly in Soudan, is also called the whistling tree by the natives. Its shoots are frequently, by the agency of the larvæ of insects, distorted in shape, and swollen into a globular bladder from one or two inches in diameter. After the insect has emerged from a circular hole in the side of this swelling, the opening, played upon by the wind, becomes a musical instrument, equal in sound to a sweet-toned flute.

—The famous rivers of Ancient Greece, which are mentioned so often by the poets and historians of the peninsular, were mere creeks, some of them scarcely larger than brooks, and not deserving the name of river.

—Some of the native women of Australia have a queer idea of beauty. They cut themselves with shells, keep the wounds open for a long time, and when they heal huge scars are the result. These scars are deemed highly ornamental.

—The Japanese language is said to contain 60,000 words, every one of which requires a different symbol. It is quite impossible for one man to learn the entire language, and a well-educated Japanese is familiar with only about 10,000 words.

—It is said that the value of Peruvian bark was first discovered by the fact that sick animals in Peru were observed to gnaw the bark of a certain tree. Men tried the same remedy with beneficial results and quinine was given to the world.

—The centre of population in this country in 1790 was twenty-three miles east of Baltimore; in 1870, it was fifty miles east of Cincinnati; now it is very near Columbus, Indiana; it moves westward at the rate of thirty-six to eighty-one miles every ten years.

—A bird of immense wing power is the tiny stormy petrel; it belongs to every sea, and although so seeming frail, it breasts the utmost fury of the storm; skimming with incredible velocity the trough of the waves and gliding rapidly over their snowy crests, petrels have been observed 2,000 miles from nearest land.

—It has been computed by geographers that if the sea were emptied of its waters and all the rivers of the earth were to pour their present floods into the vacant space, allowing nothing for evaporation, 40,000 years would be required to bring the water of the ocean up to its present level.

—The marshy ground of the Ganges delta, with its vast masses of vegetation, decaying under a tropical sun, is the native home of the cholera. In that pestilential region the cholera and plague are found every year and all the year round. Every cholera epidemic which has desolated Europe, every visitation of the plague, is believed to have started from the mouth of the Ganges.

CONTEMPORARY CELEBRITIES: HOME AND ABROAD

QUEENS WHO HELP THE SICK

ROYAL PHILANTHROPISTS.....N. Y. TRIBUNE

While the Queen of Portugal is the only woman of sovereign rank to have as yet achieved the distinction of obtaining a diploma as a physician, royal ladies, as a rule, show a great deal of devotion to the work of relieving the sick and suffering. Two, in particular, are preëminent in this respect and seem bent on atoning for their royal status in the eyes of even the most radical of republicans, by the good that they do. They are the Empress Frederick of Germany, and the Queen of Greece. Every charitable institution in the Hellenic Kingdom owes its origin and foundation to Queen Olga, and the great Evangelismos Hospital at Athens, which she created, is managed by herself in person. Not a day passes but Her Majesty, accompanied by one of her ladies-in-waiting, spends at least a couple of hours in the hospital, supervising everything and visiting the sick, especially those who, being of foreign birth, feel themselves abandoned in a strange land. As an instance of her kindness of heart, I may mention that she invariably keeps on hand a supply of earth brought from Russia for the purpose of sprinkling on the coffins of those of her compatriots who die in Greece. Every contribution to the funds of the hospital, however insignificant, passes directly through her hands before reaching the treasurer, and, no matter how busy, she makes a point of writing in her own hand an acknowledgment of each donation received.

Empress Frederick, too, has not only founded, but likewise maintains and personally supervises, innumerable charitable institutions in Germany, devoting special attention and money to the hospitals for sick children in memory of her husband, whose heart was always particularly warm and soft toward infant sufferers. Indeed, one of the most successful statues of this good Emperor in existence is at Düsseldorf and recalls an incident that occurred on the occasion of a new ward of the great institution for crippled children, at that place. One of the youngsters had, childlike, been attracted by the insignia of the orders that adorned the manly breast of "Unser Fritz." Noticing this, he took the little cripple up in his arms so that it could examine and handle the orders to its heart's content, kindly speaking to it the while. It is just this little incident that has been so happily reproduced by the sculptor.

EDWARD WHITE BENSON

THE LATE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.....ST. PAUL'S

In Edward White Benson, ninety-third Archbishop of Canterbury, England loses a great Prince of the Church. The suddenness of the loss "still stuns the nation," to use the Queen's expression; and the utter helplessness with which men regard the filling of the vacant chair of St. Austin shows the confidence which was felt in its last occupant, and how indispensable he was.

Edward White Benson was born at Birmingham in 1829. His father, a manufacturer there, who bore the same Christian names, was a man of exem-

plary piety, who wrote and published one or two religious books. He was a man of good family, the son of an army officer who could name among his ancestors or collaterals a Speaker of the House of Commons whom Queen Anne raised to the peerage, a Bishop of Gloucester in the last century (who, by the way, married a sister of Secker, Archbishop of Canterbury), and a Master of the Temple in the present century. From the first the boy was studious and earnest; and a near kinsman used to say that he once said, before he could speak clearly, that he would like to be "a bissop"; and he himself told how an aurora borealis impressed him, as a child, with the idea of the Day of Judgment. He entered King Edward's School at an early age. Its then head was one of Dr. Arnold's most distinguished assistants at Rugby, James Prince Lee, who became first Bishop of Manchester. That prelate does not enjoy a perfectly unmingled reputation; but he was undoubtedly a very great teacher. Within a very few years, out of a rather small number of pupils sent up to the University, we find four Fellows of Trinity, Cambridge, who all attained high fame: Lightfoot, Bishop of Durham; Westcott, his successor in that See; Evans, late head master of his own school, and the late Archbishop.

At Cambridge, Benson was high in the first Class of the Classical Tripos, and Senior Chancellor's Medallist, which, in those days, at least, implied fair honors in mathematics as well. His degree was, however, not quite so high as his friends expected; and this I have heard attributed now to a bereavement which was announced to him during his examination, and now to the obstinacy of one of the examiners. Shortly after taking his degree, in 1852, he was elected Fellow of his College; and was appointed by Dr. Goulburn, the not yet rightly-appreciated head master of Rugby, to an assistant mastership there.

It was there that I, a very small boy, first saw him: a slight, active figure, so light of hair that the tone of his face hardly changed as he grew white in later life. I can recall him as riding well a handsome black mare; as preaching (he was then a deacon) from a text I still remember, "Righteousness and Peace have kissed each other." Then I remember prayers being desired in the School Chapel for him on his being admitted to Priest's Orders, about the same time that our prayers were requested for the dying children of his predecessor in the archbishopric, Dr. Tait, then Dean of Carlisle. He was a wonderful teacher, and gave me in an hour that I remember the key to such classical knowledge as I have ever attained. In discipline he was firm, if not somewhat severe. At Rugby in those days, each boy, besides passing through the various forms, was attached for his whole school-life to one of the masters, who was styled his tutor, who was his patronus, and with whom he read a considerable portion of the work in which he was examined by the school. When young, Mr. Benson came to Rugby. A distant kinswoman, the widow of a Yorkshire clergyman who had three young sons and a still younger daughter, was resident there. Mr. Benson natur-

ally became the tutor of his young kinsmen; those young kinsmen are William Sidgwick, afterwards First Class in Classics, and Fellow of Merton, Oxford; Henry Sidgwick, afterwards Senior Classic and Fellow of Trinity, Cambridge; and Arthur Sidgwick, afterwards Second Classic and Fellow of the same College, a trio which prove the late Archbishop's power of imparting a thirst for learning. The daughter is the too soon, alas! widowed Mrs. Benson.

A year after Bishop Temple came to Rugby, Mr. Benson was appointed First Master of Wellington College, a post for which, it is said, Dr. Temple had been previously designated by the Prince Consort. He felt himself too young for such an office, but was encouraged by a present eminent dignitary, who said, "Why in six months your boys will call you 'old Benson,' and think you are a hundred." He took the office, but it is on record that in a country walk a farmer once threatened to "report him to Dr. Benson for trespassing," thinking he was one of the boys.

Of his work there it is unnecessary to speak. It is not too much to say that he created the school. He began in a desert country with a few boys, most of them exceptionally ill-prepared, as being children of officers who had suffered the inconveniences of following the camp. Though the school was poor, he gathered round him a brilliant staff, recruited largely from Rugby, and soon found the means to rear a beautiful Chapel; and in his reign of thirteen or fourteen years he raised the College to the front rank among Public Schools. Here, as before, he was a brilliant teacher, and was somewhat stern in discipline both with pupils and colleagues. But he always took more than his own share of hard work; and, far from being austere, countless stories are known of his great heart and kindness—of poor pupils sent to the University at his cost; of distant death-beds visited at the sacrifice of rest and sleep in times of hardest work; of sympathetic wrestling with and recovery of young men that were going wrong. Hospitable in the extreme, ever gay and instructive in conversation, and never trifling: a man of perfect purity, and earnestness, and unselfishness; devoted to duty and principle, and deeply religious. He was ever learning: wherever he lived, wherever he went, he knew more of the locality, its history, its customs, its flora, than the permanent inhabitants; and I should wonder if he did not frequently surprise his hosts in Ireland in the last few weeks by this peculiarity.

When a little over forty years of age he had made his school a great success; but, as I at least venture to think, was not satisfied with this as the achievement of his life. Before being a head master, before all, he was a Christian priest; and I think he yearned for a more spiritual career. However that may be, in 1872 he resigned his head-mastership to take from the late Bishop of Lincoln a canonry of considerably less value. In his new life Dr. Benson was freer, his work was far more in accordance with his inclinations, and he was happier. His very manner seemed to grow daily softer and brighter. After five years of work at Lincoln, by which all the cathedrals in England have been influenced, he was appointed first Bishop of Truro, on the recommendation of Lord Beaconsfield. Since that time his his-

tory has been part of the history of the country. Here, again, he had to organize and create. This, again, he did perfectly. The new diocese bears his stamp, and in the cathedral of Truro, the finest church built since the Reformation, he has a fair monument.

He had done six years of fruitful work here when Archbishop Tait died. There were those, and I am proud to have been of them, who at once singled out Dr. Benson as being by his youth and vigor, by his blameless life and record, by his talent and administrative power, his most probable successor. That opinion prevailed in higher quarters; and so for thirteen years the Church has had as its spiritual chief a fearless, wise, and earnest guide, whose every step has been firm and progressive. *Fay bien, crain rien* was the motto of his choice, and his acts accorded with it. The man on whom the lot falls to succeed one so pious, so wise, so courageous, will have a sufficient task before him.

EDWARD JOHN POYNTER

THE ROYAL ACADEMY'S NEW PRESIDENT.....THE WAVE

The British Royal Academy has a new president in the person of Edward John Poynter. Poynter is a Frenchman by birth, although English in education and artistic training. He was born in Paris in 1836, of a family already famous for achievements in art, his father being an eminent architect and his grandfather a sculptor of national reputation. Until '56 young Poynter lived in England, studying painting, drawing and anatomy at the English schools. In that year, however, he returned to Paris and began more serious and conscientious work under the famous Gleyre. Eventually he entered the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*.

It was in London in 1859, on the occasion of his entrance into the British Institute, that Poynter achieved his first noteworthy success with a canvas, entitled *Italian Pifferari*. Ten years later he was firmly established as one of the leading painters of England, and in 1869 was made an associate member of the Royal Academy. It is from this period that his best work dates. It began with the *Fortune Teller*, his Academy picture, and was continued with *Perseus and Andromeda*, *A Corner of the Market*, and *Atalanta's Race*—the latter, no doubt, his masterpiece. At about this time, as well, Poynter was chosen as Slade Professor of Art in the University College of London. Poynter belongs to the same school of painters of Roman and Greek life as does *Tadema*—a school that endeavors to portray with the greatest vividness and sense of reality the classic life of Italy and Greece as it probably was. His researches in the matter of costumes, archæology, and domestic architecture, into which he was led during the preparatory work for his various pictures, have made him a recognized authority on the life, customs and manners of the ancients.

Speaking of Mr. Poynter, Sidney Colvin wrote: "Among the younger painters of England whose work departs from traditions exclusively English, and is such as to take its place in the general stock of famed European art, Mr. Poynter is most noteworthy. Were one to analyze the charm of Mr. Poynter's talent, one would have to speak first of a clear and determined practical sense showing itself

in the carefully reasoned and probable arrangement of general scene and effect and a realization and solution of every problem, whether of archæology or mechanics, that it suggests."

The following description of a certain Lorrimer, taken from Trilby, is supposed to be a pen picture of Poynter. It is amusing to see how Du Maurier's prophecy has been realized:

"Then there was Lorrimer, the industrious apprentice, who is now also well pinnacled on high; himself a pillar of the Royal Academy—probably, if he lives long enough, its future president—the duly knighted or baroneted Lord Mayor of 'all the plastic arts' (except one or two perhaps, here and there, that are not altogether without some importance).

"May this not be for many, many years! Lorrimer himself would be the first to say so!

"Tall, thin, red-haired, and well-favored, he was a most eager, earnest, and painstaking young enthusiast, of precocious culture, who read improving books, and did not share in the amusements of the quartier latin, but spent his evenings at home with Handel, Michael Angelo, and Dante, on the respectable side of the river. Also, he went into good society sometimes, with a dress-coat on, and a white tie, and his hair parted in the middle!

"But in spite of these blemishes on his otherwise exemplary record as an art student, he was the most delightful companion—the most affectionate, helpful, and sympathetic of friends. May he live long and prosper!

"Enthusiast as he was, he could only worship one god at a time. It was either Michael Angelo, Phidias, Paul Veronese, Tintoret, Raphael or Titian—never a modern—moderns didn't exist! And so thorough-going was he in his worship, and so persistent in voicing it, that he made those immortals quite unpopular in the Place St. Anatole des Arts. We grew to dread their very names. Each of them would last him a couple of months or so; then he would give us a month's holiday, and take up another.

"And what is so nice about Lorrimer, now that he is a graybeard, an academician, an accomplished man of the world and society, is that he reads Rudyard Kipling's delightful stories as well as Dante's Inferno—and can listen with delight to the lovely songs of Signor Tosti, who has not precisely founded himself on Handel—can even scream with laughter at a comic song—even a nigger melody—so, at least, that it be but sung in well-bred and distinguished company—for Lorrimer is no bohemian."

BOUGUREAU'S MARRIAGE

WEDDING OF ARTIST AND PUPIL.....N. Y. FREEMAN'S JOURNAL

The marriage took place at Paris, June 22, of Adolphe William Bouguereau, the celebrated French painter, and Elizabeth Gardner, formerly of Exeter, N. H. The ceremony was performed by the Maire of the Sixth Arrondissement. The witnesses for the bride were Samuel E. Morss, the American Consul-General, and Edward Tuck, a native of Exeter, who has lived in Paris for many years, and for the bridegroom Paul Ginain, a distinguished architect, and Gabriel Thomas, the well-known sculptor. The religious ceremony took place in the chapel of the Convent of Notre Dame de Sion, Ruedes Champs, the Bishop of Angers officiating. M.

Bouguereau was born in La Rochelle in 1825, and is now in his seventy-second year. He is a member of the Institute of France and an officer of the Legion of Honor. He gained the Grand Prize in 1850, and went to Rome. His real fame dates from 1854, when he exhibited The Body of St. Cecilia Borne to the Catacombs. Others of his noted works are Philomela and Procne, 1861, and the Mater Afflictorum, 1876. For the latter the artist received 12,000 francs from the government, and refused double that sum from a citizen.

The bride is one of the greatest women artists of the day. In 1887 she won the gold medal of the Paris Salon, being the only American woman artist who has thus been honored. She became acquainted with M. Bouguereau nearly twenty-five years ago when she was struggling to gain a foothold in the art world. She became his pupil, and would have married him years ago had it not been for the opposition of M. Bouguereau's mother, who objected to her son marrying an American. The mother died recently. Among the bride's works are: Cornelia and Her Jewels, Cinderella, and Impudence, which gained for her the gold medal. Since 1887 she has exhibited The Two Mothers, In the Woods, The Letter to the Grandson, Soap Bubbles, and By the Brook. Her most famous work is David the Shepherd.

A MARYLAND PHILANTHROPIST

THE LATE ENOCH PRATT.....THE TREASURY

Enoch Pratt, the distinguished philanthropist of Baltimore, was born in Massachusetts in 1808. He had been six years connected with a Boston commercial house, when, at the age of twenty-three, he went to Baltimore and began business as a hardware commission merchant. His business developed into the wholesale iron house of Pratt & Keith, which later became that of Enoch Pratt & Brother, his partner being Mr. Henry James, his brother-in-law. Later, he became interested in railroads and steamboats, and accumulated a fortune which was estimated at \$3,000,000. He was also president and director of two leading banks of Baltimore. He married in 1839, but had no children, and lived a life of singular industry and economy. But he was equally famous for his continual and abundant charities, becoming widely known as one of the foremost philanthropists in the country. He was president of the House of Reformation and Instruction for Colored Children, at Cheltenham, Md., which he founded and to which he gave a farm of 750 acres as a site; and founder and president of the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb at Frederick, Md. He endowed an academy in 1867 at North Middleboro, Mass., his native town, with a gift of \$30,000. In 1882 he established the free circulating Enoch Pratt Library in Baltimore, with gifts and endowment of \$1,145,833. He lived in the greatest activity, both in business and in his many charitable works, till his eighty-eighth year, but was prostrated by the extreme heat of last August, and died at his country home near Baltimore September 17th. He left generous bequests to the Peabody Institute of Baltimore; Meadville Theological School, Pa.; the Congregational Church and a public library in his native town; and the Sheppard Asylum, Baltimore.

STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

STATISTICS OF LIFE

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, OLD AGE, ABROAD. HAPPY THOUGHT

To many people the most interesting column in the newspaper is that which almost invariably comes first. It is colloquially described as Hatches, Matches, and Dispatches; in more formal language is Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Marrying, dying, and being born go on so systematically, and, where larger numbers are concerned, so regularly, that the supreme importance of the events is in danger of being overlooked. In individual cases the importance may frequently be over-rated by the characters chiefly concerned, but the importance of the subject, in its statistical aspect, can scarcely be over-estimated. Needless to say, these items have been registered with extreme care for many years in all civilized countries, and a glance at some of the innumerable tables of statistics dealing with the subject reveals an enormous number of interesting facts.

Classifying by countries the phenomena of births per thousand of population, we find that, on the whole, Russia has the highest record, with about 49 births annually; Hungary comes next with 45, Saxony third with 42, after these Italy and Austria with 38, Prussia with 37, Australia with 35, England and Scotland with 33, while lowest in the scale comes Ireland with 24. It is a fact, contrary to current opinion, that in every country more males are born than females—511 boys to 489 girls being in England the normal proportion per thousand, with fluctuations in other countries not differing very widely from these figures. The start that the male population gets in this way is, to some extent, redressed by the higher mortality of male infants, which is almost universal.

When we turn to marriage we find that the number of bridegrooms (proportionate to the population) is appreciably greater than the number of brides, something like 620 per 1,000 of the male inhabitants of England being married as against 520 females. In France the proportions are 603 and 542, in Scotland 582 and 453. While it is a tribute to the domestic character of Englishmen, or the superior attractions of Englishwomen, to find that there are a larger number of married men in England than in any other country, the number of married women in England is greater than anywhere else with the exception of France.

The average duration of marriages is stated to be 30 years in Russia, 27 years in England, and less than this in every other country whose statistics in this respect have been collected. The record for long durations of marriages is apparently held by Aggerhus, in Norway, where an enumeration of the inhabitants showed that 160 couples had been married for over 80 years. Some people seem so fond of married life that they have legally contracted marriage several times; one man, who died at Bordeaux, aged 121, was married no fewer than 16 times; while a Scotchwoman, who died at the advanced age of 106, had survived thirteen husbands.

The medium age at which women marry is about 26 in England, 27 in Prussia and Norway, 28 in

Belgium, Holland, and Sweden, and as low as 21 in Russia. Out of every 1,000 who marry for the first time, 19 are over fifty in England, while only nine in Scotland exceed that age. Russia is prominent in its liking for younger brides, since only six out of 1,000 exceed the age of 50, and no fewer than 573 per 1,000 marry before reaching the age of 20.

We do not find mentioned the greatest age at which a woman has married for the first time, and we are not quite sure, even if a record existed, that its accuracy could be entirely relied upon. We have at least one record of a bridegroom who completed, not indeed his first, but his tenth marriage, at the age of 99, and attained the very respectable age of 110.

The collection of statistics of mortality has had a singular fascination for many men who have themselves nearly, or quite, lived out their century. It seems to be well established that men only attain to the utmost extremes of longevity, although more women than men become old. It would almost seem that for the first half of a man's life, an active, even a fatiguing, life is conducive to length of years, provided that it be followed by a life that is peaceful and uniform. No instance is on record of an idler having attained to a remarkable age. There is no doubt that civilization has greatly conduced to old age, although the nervous strain of modern life is responsible for a large number of premature deaths.

Charles Babbage, the celebrated inventor of the calculating machine, made the collection of the records of 1,751 centenarians, of whom 1,278 died before reaching the age of 110; 330 died between the ages of 110 and 120; 99 between 120 and 130; 32 between the ages of 130 and 140; and the remaining 12 before reaching the age of 150. The chances of surviving beyond 150 are extremely remote, although a few cases are recorded, three of them even being credited with having passed the age of 170, but too much reliance must not be placed upon such statements.

Some statistics compiled about a generation ago show that out of 10,000 persons buried in London, 36 had reached to 90 and 2 to 100 years. In England, generally, 89 were nonagenarians and 4 passed their century; while in Cornwall 137 lived to be more than 90, and 6 exceeded the 100 years; and Wales recorded 211 whose age was more than 90 years and 13 centenarians; so that Cornwall and Wales are evidently the locality of the ancient Britons.

AMERICAN SHELL MONEY

EARLY CURRENCY OF THE INDIANS.....NEW YORK EVENING POST

The strong interest felt just now in all matters relating to money makes timely an account of the shell money that was current among our American Indians when they were first met by Europeans. The name and general use of the money-beads called wampum are familiar enough, but the volume, importance, and effect of it upon trade have been forgotten. The use of a circulating medium to facilitate commerce by simplifying the awkward devices of barter is supposed to indicate a consider-

able advance toward civilization in the people employing it. On this score the North American Indians ought to stand high in the list of barbarians, since they possessed an aboriginal money of recognized value, although it had no sanction other than common custom.

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Among the aborigines of the cowry-using countries the shells represented approximately the purchasing power of money to-day; but when European traders began to gather them systematically where they grew, taking them in ship loads to the interior of Africa, the New Hebrides, and similar regions, they increased the number in circulation so enormously and outbid one another so recklessly (as they could well afford to do) that the shells became extremely common and sank in value to almost nothing. No alterations were made to the cowry, except to punch a small hole in it, for the passage of a thread; and in this respect it resembles the hiqua or money strings of tusk shells (*Dentolium*), which, as will be presently explained, has only recently gone out of use among the Indians of our Northwest coast. The origin of American shell money may be taken to have been somewhat as follows: Shells, by their pretty shape and bright colors, attracted the eye of the savage, who, finding them easy to suspend about his clothing, employed them as ornaments, certain kinds becoming especially fashionable. Only those tribes living on the shores of the ocean could obtain these shells; but, as soon as they were in request, by natives of the interior, exchanges quickly sprang up. Roger Williams, speaking of the trades pursued by the

members of the Narragansett Indians of Rhode Island, records that those along the coast "made money" as a regular and profitable occupation. The longer these exchanges continued, the more frequently and widely they were carried on, the more the shell beads lost their character as ornaments and became truly money.

The shell money of the Eastern coast consisted of small cylindrical beads from a fifth to a quarter of an inch in length, of two kinds, and values represented by different colors, white and dark purple. A great variety of names and spelling of the Indian terms for these beads appears in the books of the early voyagers and historians, none of which survive in popular parlance except wampum, which seems originally to have designated the white beads alone. This white variety was most plentiful and was of inferior value. It was commonly made from the central column of the large pear-shaped conch (*Fulgar*), the most plentiful large univalve of the Eastern coast. Roger Williams wrote in his *Key to the language of the Narragansetts*: "The New England Indians are ignorant of Europe's coyne. . . . Their owne is of two sorts; one white, which they make of the stem or stock of the periwinkle, which they call *Meteahuk* when all the shell is broken off." This kind was distinguished by law in Rhode Island as late as 1663. Smith's *History of New Jersey* tells the same thing of that coast, and Beverly's *History of Virginia*, date 1705, records that the riches of the Indians there consisted of "peak, roenoke, and such like trifles." The first was made from the quahaug shell, but roenoke was the name of the poorer sort of bead made from the conch. The dark-colored variety of wampum—the gold of the red man—was fabricated out of a small part of the shell of the hard clam or quahaug, which the Indians gathered alive by wading or diving, not having such rakes as are used by modern clam dredgers. Toward one end (the forward) of the otherwise white interior of each of the valves of this mollusk's shell is a deep purplish or brownish-black scar, which fishermen call the "eye." It indicates the attachment of the large muscle by which the animal shuts and holds its shells together. This dark spot the Indians broke out of the shell and used as the material for their dark-colored beads. These were worth twice as much as the white ones, because they represented that difference in rarity and labor of manufacture. Some of the methods of making this finer sort of bead coin are interesting. "Before ever they had awl blades from Europe," says Williams, "they made shift to bore their shell money with stone;" and from the shell heaps along the New England coast are now exhumed these old flint awls or drills of a prehistoric design, which may have been revolved in some cases by a bow such as jewelers employ at present. Lawson describes, in his account of early trading in Carolina, a method of drilling with a nail stuck in a cane or reed. "They roll it continually on their thighs with their right hand, holding the bit of shell with their left; so in time they drill a hole quite through it, which is very tedious work."

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STATISTIC, HISTORIC, LEGENDARY AND GENERAL

STATISTICS OF LIFE

BIRTHS, MARRIAGES, DEATHS, OLD AGE, ABROAD. HAPPY THOUGHT

To many people the most interesting column in the newspaper is that which almost invariably comes first. It is colloquially described as Hatches, Matches, and Dispatches; in more formal language is Births, Marriages, and Deaths.

Marrying, dying, and being born go on so systematically, and, where larger numbers are concerned, so regularly, that the supreme importance of the events is in danger of being overlooked. In individual cases the importance may frequently be overrated by the characters chiefly concerned, but the importance of the subject, in its statistical aspect, can scarcely be over-estimated. Needless to say, these items have been registered with extreme care for many years in all civilized countries, and a glance at some of the innumerable tables of statistics dealing with the subject reveals an enormous number of interesting facts.

Classifying by countries the phenomena of births per thousand of population, we find that, on the whole, Russia has the highest record, with about 49 births annually; Hungary comes next with 45, Saxony third with 42, after these Italy and Austria with 38, Prussia with 37, Australia with 35, England and Scotland with 33, while lowest in the scale comes Ireland with 24. It is a fact, contrary to current opinion, that in every country more males are born than females—511 boys to 489 girls being in England the normal proportion per thousand, with fluctuations in other countries not differing very widely from these figures. The start that the male population gets in this way is, to some extent, redressed by the higher mortality of male infants, which is almost universal.

When we turn to marriage we find that the number of bridegrooms (proportionate to the population) is appreciably greater than the number of brides, something like 620 per 1,000 of the male inhabitants of England being married as against 520 females. In France the proportions are 603 and 542, in Scotland 582 and 453. While it is a tribute to the domestic character of Englishmen, or the superior attractions of Englishwomen, to find that there are a larger number of married men in England than in any other country, the number of married women in England is greater than anywhere else with the exception of France.

The average duration of marriages is stated to be 30 years in Russia, 27 years in England, and less than this in every other country whose statistics in this respect have been collected. The record for long durations of marriages is apparently held by Aggerhus, in Norway, where an enumeration of the inhabitants showed that 160 couples had been married for over 80 years. Some people seem so fond of married life that they have legally contracted marriage several times; one man, who died at Bordeaux, aged 121, was married no fewer than 16 times; while a Scotchwoman, who died at the advanced age of 106, had survived thirteen husbands.

The medium age at which women marry is about 26 in England, 27 in Prussia and Norway, 28 in

Belgium, Holland, and Sweden, and as low as 21 in Russia. Out of every 1,000 who marry for the first time, 19 are over fifty in England, while only nine in Scotland exceed that age. Russia is prominent in its liking for younger brides, since only six out of 1,000 exceed the age of 50, and no fewer than 573 per 1,000 marry before reaching the age of 20.

We do not find mentioned the greatest age at which a woman has married for the first time, and we are not quite sure, even if a record existed, that its accuracy could be entirely relied upon. We have at least one record of a bridegroom who completed, not indeed his first, but his tenth marriage, at the age of 99, and attained the very respectable age of 110.

The collection of statistics of mortality has had a singular fascination for many men who have themselves nearly, or quite, lived out their century. It seems to be well established that men only attain to the utmost extremes of longevity, although more women than men become old. It would almost seem that for the first half of a man's life, an active, even a fatiguing, life is conducive to length of years, provided that it be followed by a life that is peaceful and uniform. No instance is on record of an idler having attained to a remarkable age. There is no doubt that civilization has greatly conduced to old age, although the nervous strain of modern life is responsible for a large number of premature deaths.

Charles Babbage, the celebrated inventor of the calculating machine, made the collection of the records of 1,751 centenarians, of whom 1,278 died before reaching the age of 110; 330 died between the ages of 110 and 120; 99 between 120 and 130; 32 between the ages of 130 and 140; and the remaining 12 before reaching the age of 150. The chances of surviving beyond 150 are extremely remote, although a few cases are recorded, three of them even being credited with having passed the age of 170, but too much reliance must not be placed upon such statements.

Some statistics compiled about a generation ago show that out of 10,000 persons buried in London, 36 had reached to 90 and 2 to 100 years. In England, generally, 89 were nonagenarians and 4 passed their century; while in Cornwall 137 lived to be more than 90, and 6 exceeded the 100 years; and Wales recorded 211 whose age was more than 90 years and 13 centenarians; so that Cornwall and Wales are evidently the locality of the ancient Britons.

AMERICAN SHELL MONEY

EARLY CURRENCY OF THE INDIANS.....NEW YORK EVENING POST

The strong interest felt just now in all matters relating to money makes timely an account of the shell money that was current among our American Indians when they were first met by Europeans. The name and general use of the money-beads called wampum are familiar enough, but the volume, importance, and effect of it upon trade have been forgotten. The use of a circulating medium to facilitate commerce by simplifying the awkward devices of barter is supposed to indicate a consider-

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worth of one deer-skin, since a savage would rarely make a single bead more than sufficient for his immediate wants. It was, however, a true medium of exchange—a real currency. All the early writers speak of it as “riches” and “money” and “current specie.” The Delawares, in fact, had a tribal treasury of wampum, out of which were paid the expenses of public affairs. Hired servants at stated feasts and ceremonials were paid in wampum, and great quantities were thrown into graves for the use of the departed spirit in the next world. It followed, as a matter of course, that the shrewd first traders who came to New York and New Jersey should adopt this currency, which all the nations were accustomed to, receiving it as pay for their merchandise, and with it buying peltries of the Indians. Thus wampum quickly became a standard of value among the earliest colonists, their currency to a great extent in their transactions with each other, and finally even a legal tender. Though the beads were often used separately, the ordinary and approved manner was to string them upon cords or sinews, which might or might not be plaited into bands and be known as wampum belts. The length of these strings varied, but in the neighborhood of the Hudson a length of about six feet was found to be the usual quantity computed by the Indians, and hence a fathom became the Dutch unit of trade. In the South the unit length was a string as long as the distance from the elbow to the tip of the little finger—a cubit. The Indians were particular as to the quality and size of the beads, for upon the elegance of their finish—to speak scientifically, the amount of personal labor they represented—depended their value; and they were careful to examine each string, and if it were imperfect, or the beads worn and irregular, they would not accept it. They measured the quantity by their thumbs, counting six beads to the length from the end of the nail to the first joint. Wooley’s History of New York written in 1679, says that then wampum was “valued above the Spanish or English silver.”

Now came some “financiering.” Seeing that profit and wealth lay in possession of wampum, the burghers along the Hudson River, as the easiest way of getting rich, began to make it, there being no law against a free and unlimited coinage. With their tools of steel and knowledge of lathes, this could be done very rapidly, and there was no lack of clam-shells; but, with the absence of the painstaking care bestowed upon the native, hand-made beads, came a poor quality of wampum, which the Indians would not accept at the same price as before. To widen their market the Dutch carried the custom to New England, where it seems that the Pilgrims had not made much use of wampum. The Massachusetts rulers tried to prohibit it, but, when the Indians there learned that it could buy goods from white men, they began to make it more industriously, and the amount increased so rapidly that the usual result—depreciation—followed. But meanwhile trade flourished, the wampum (or seawant as the Dutch called it) circulating everywhere exactly as money does with us. William Kieft was then Governor of New Netherlands, and in the Knickerbocker history Irving gives a humorous account of the financial troubles that ensued. To check the evil effects of the inflation hinted at above,

Kieft had his council pass a law, dated April 18, 1641, whose preamble illustrates in a singular way the truth of the rule that a cheaper money always supplants a dearer. This law read thus:

“Whereas, very bad wampum is at present circulating here, and payment is made in nothing but rough, unpolished stuff, which is brought hither from other places, where it is 50 per cent cheaper than it is paid out here, and the good, polished wampum, commonly called Manhattan wampum, is wholly put out of sight or exported, which tends to the express ruin and destruction of this country: In order to provide in time therefor, we do, therefore, for the public good, interdict and forbid all persons . . . to receive in payment, or to pay out, any unpolished wampum during the next month of May, except at five for one stiver, and that strung, and then after that six beads for one stiver. Whosoever shall be found to have acted contrary hereunto shall provisionally forfeit the wampum which is paid out and ten guilders for the poor, and both payer and payee are alike liable. The well-polished wampum shall remain at its price as before, to wit, four for one stiver, provided it be strung.”

In Massachusetts (act of 1648) “wampumpeag” was legal tender for all debts up to 40 shillings, “except county rates to the treasurer”—the white at eight for a penny and the black at four for a penny. In 1656 the Pequot Indians paid as tribute to the united colonies 215 fathoms of wampum. At this time the white was worth 5 shillings sterling per fathom of 360 beads, and the black 10 shillings. It was legal tender in New England until 1661, and in New York until somewhat later, but it remained useful for a long period afterward. Nearly a century passed, and still the shell money held a firm place in colonial trade all along the coast, though it had depreciated to about one-fourth its former value. Baron Kalm, who wrote a most observant book about America in 1845, has much to say of it. He tells us that the Indians of the backwoods knew or cared little for gold or silver, but demanded wampum; and that there were factories for it, especially at Albany. Rev. Mr. Burnaby saw it made on Staten Island, and in 1756 Jacob Spicer of Cape May, then one of the leading merchants of New Jersey, collected all he could of it, and found his stock worth more than its weight in silver coin. A factory for making wampum for the Western Indian trade survived at Park Ridge, N. J., until 1875.

THE INNS OF OLD

SHEILA E. BRAINE GOOD WORDS

It would be interesting to know who was the first person to keep an inn. The word itself is Anglo-Saxon, signifying a lodging-house; another term was *gest hus*, a house for guests, or *cumena hus*, a house of comers. Near the high roads a few scattered inns were established, where travelers could obtain a night’s shelter. Edward the Confessor ordained that if a man lay three nights at the same inn, he was to be styled third-night-awn-hinde; and the landlord was answerable for him, exactly as if he were one of the servants. A good many alehouses seem to have been dotted about Saxon England. Our sturdy forefathers spent a large portion of their spare time in them. Chaucer’s friar “knew wel the tavernes in every town”; and Dunstan found it

necessary to ordain that a priest "should in no wise be an ale-scop," that is a story-teller or reciter at an alehouse. Efforts were continually being made to keep down the number of inns. In the reign of Edward I. there were only three in the whole of London. Even in 1552, no more than forty were legally permitted in the metropolis, now spreading out its boundaries on every side. York might have eight; Norwich, Exeter, and Cambridge four; Bristol six, and Oxford three. These regulations must have been set at naught in a very wholesale manner; for half a century later, there were four hundred "houses of call" in that part of London known as the City, and no fewer than twenty-four clustered round Covent Garden. In mediæval Oxford it was ruled that no "victualler" was eligible for the office of Mayor, and this term included an innkeeper. It will be remembered that the Sweet Swan of Isis, Sir William Davenant, the poet, was the son of an Oxford innkeeper, mine host of the Crown, a house which tradition declares was patronized by the immortal Will himself in his journeyings from Warwickshire to London. The Crown is one of our oldest English signs. A curious epitaph records that:

"Here lies the body of Matilda Brown,
Who, while alive, was hostess of the Crown.
Her son-in-law keeps on the business still;
Patient, resigned to the Eternal Will."

The inns of the Middle Ages were furnished in a very homely style. We know from an old inventory what the famous George Inn at Salisbury was like in the fifteenth century. This house possessed thirteen guest chambers, each with three beds in it, a table on tressels, and some oaken benches. People ate and slept in the same apartment indiscriminately. The thirteen rooms were named the Principal Chamber, the Earl's Chamber, the pantry adjoining, the Oxford Chamber, the Abingdon, the Squire's, the Lombard's, the George, the Clarendon, the Understent, the Fitzwaryn, the London, and the Garret. At this period titled persons slept on a bed, commoners on a mattress—a curious distinction.

In French and German mediæval inns, a humorous custom prevailed for the punishment of those convicted of drawing the "long bow." A wooden knife called a *couteau rodomont* was placed by the side of the president of the table, whose duty and privilege it was to put boasters to silence, by ringing the bell in the blade, or blowing a whistle concealed in the handle. He then, amid the laughter of the company, handed the knife to the offender, to keep until a greater boaster than himself could be found.

A curious provision was introduced into the Scotch parliament in 1425, owing to the complaints of the innkeepers that travelers stayed with friends when they came to a town. It was enacted that these henceforth, whether on foot or on horseback, should repair to the established hostelry of the place; and that any burgess who took them into his own house should be fined forty shillings. Nobles and gentlemen might stay where they pleased, provided they sent their horses and attendants to the inn.

During the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the inns of Paris and London were at the height of their prosperity. They were the general meeting-places of the wits and literary men of the day; and

even the noblemen used them. The Duke of Montague gave a dinner at the Devil; and the great Elizabeth herself, so says tradition, did not disdain, upon one occasion, to eat pork and peas at the King's Head in Fenchurch Street. An ancient metal dish with a cover is still exhibited there, as the identical one used.

Most of the famous old literary taverns are now merely a matter of history. The rooms were small and low, the seats only wooden benches; but they were good enough for the giants of former days, who found within their homely walls the social intercourse they craved for. The guests drank out of pewter pots, and their table manners might not have been all that one could wish, but some of them have left names that will not be forgotten for all time. The inns were the club-houses of the time; and whatever may have been their disadvantages, there was a degree of cosiness and cheerfulness about them which is lacking in many a modern one of far greater pretensions. Men frequented the same inn day after day, and year after year, and mine host was a personal friend of many of his customers.

HISTORICAL PROPHECIES THAT FAILED

FAMOUS FALSE PROPHETS.....ST. JAMES GAZETTE

In these times of cheap vaticination and short-dated prophecies, it may not be amiss to cast a retrospective glance on a few of the most monumental mistakes ever achieved in this line. Here are a few of these famous contributions to the history of human error:

1. Aristotle said that slavery would last forever, or would cease only when the shuttle would weave of its own accord. A double mistake, this; for slavery is all but abolished, and, thanks to invention, the shuttle may be said to work of its own accord.

2. "Before fifty years are over all Europe will be republican or Cossack," prophesied the exile of St. Helena in the first decade of this century. We are now nearing its fag end, but "old Yurrup" is less republican than ever, and is still some way from universal Cossackery.

3. "Italy is but a geographical expression, and will never be anything else," opined Prince Metternich, and just before his death he saw what he considered Utopia on the point of becoming a reality.

4. "The railways will never be of any use for the transport of goods," sang out M. Thiers, leading a chorus of sententious economists.

5. "There is no morrow for universal suffrage," exclaimed M. Guizot, on the eve of the very revolution which sent him into exile and promulgated universal suffrage as sovereign law.

6. "Never," was M. Rouher's answer to those asking after Mentana when Rome would become the capital of Italy. A very short time after the thing was done.

7. "The United States of Europe," was the prophecy of all ardent democrats, from Victor Hugo to Carlo Cattaneo, and its fulfillment was to take place immediately after the downfall of the Napoleonic empire. It is twenty-five years now since that eventful moment, but the States of Europe are, if anything, more disunited and aggressive than ever.

Perhaps the ancients, who knew a thing or two, were right in saying the future is on the lap of gods.

RANDOM READING: MINIATURE ESSAYS ON LIFE

THE CONSERVATISM OF YOUTH

A NOVEL THEORY.....KANSAS CITY STAR

It has been noticed that on the monuments of most ancient Egypt children are depicted engaged in the same sports and employment that engage them now. The young Pharaohs and infant Rameseses rolled hoops and flew kites after the present spring and fall styles, or rather the youth of our time duplicate the styles in vogue in the earliest ages. The hoodlums of the last decade of the Nineteenth century we may be sure are copies of those who got in the way of the mechanics who worked on the Pyramids, and hid or stole their tools, and of the godless youth who annoyed the piper who played before Moses.

It is the fashion to regard youth as the period of radicalism, of advance and invention; of new departures and of new discoveries, of progress and reform. But the reverse is true. All these things are the result of the discipline and enlargement of the mind which usually does not come in youth. A man must know some things in order to learn other things. This preliminary knowledge is not attained in earliest life. Books which embody what others have known may be studied and perhaps mastered in youth, but what a man knows for himself is the fruit of experience and observation which take time and come later. Of course the opinion expressed here is not the opinion of youth itself. The youthful are always making what seem to them discoveries, new theories of life, but on examination these usually prove to have been elderly when the earth itself was young, and to have been first discovered, examined and generally rejected by the patriarchs.

Youth, then, is the period of imitation of ancient models, of stubborn adherence to antiquated and useless fashions, customs and habits. Advanced thinkers do not think their advanced thoughts in youth, but later in life, when they have really learned how to think. The story of Gladstone, who began life a high Tory and a high churchman, and has gone on the leadership of Liberalism, has been repeated times without number. It is impossible to read the biography of any religious leader who has lived from youth to advanced age without noticing the change in his temper and opinions, steadily turning toward liberality and toleration. Youth nevertheless defends its positions with great gallantry, vigor and assurance. The reason for this has been neatly expressed in an ancient adage, "those who know nothing, fear nothing."

Mention has been made of what may be called the changelessness of childhood, but the same immutability may be noticed in "children of a larger growth," to wit: College and university students, the picked youth of the world, selected to be made the subjects of "higher education." As these are now, so we may be assured they were in the days of the Royal Babylonian University in the period of Nebuchadnezzar. The books, the studies, the range of learning changes, but the human mind and the brain, in its period of formation and immaturity, remain much the same from age to age. The state-

ment that Rome was not built in a day is absolutely indisputable—Rome took time. It will be observed in the case of students that their ideas of diversion have never altered. Hazing is very nearly as old as Hades. Cows, calves and other four-footed beasts have been laboriously hoisted to college belfries or fastened up in college chapels ever since the first dim dawn of time. The college demoniac never invents any specially new deviltry, but plods on in the old paths of disorder, ringing bells and blowing horns and tearing up sidewalks and subverting temporary structures even as his undergraduate great-grandfather did. The wars between college classes, as freshmen and sophomores, in which it has become common to break legs and arms and occasionally to kill a human being, are not based on any reason, but are purely matters of immemorial custom, followed with stupid and unreasoning pertinacity from century to century. Probably there is no great pleasure in the exercises, since the same parties make themselves sick with tobacco and scald their throats and put their eyes out with whiskey, suffering infinite torment to comply with ancient usage. As in our country so in others; the German university student still wraps himself in quilts and exposes his nose to the sword of his adversary in what are called cheels, and swallows stipulated quantities of beer and smoke as did his ancestors. While youth is supposed to be devoted to "the long and arduous struggle for liberty," the Spanish student roars on behalf of an abominable tyranny in Cuba and stones the American Consulate and burns the American flag. Youth, especially youth with the highest pretensions to intelligence, is conservative.

The sweetly solemn thought comes to the elderly that people live and learn. The real school of life "takes up" at a later hour than the school of youth, the school with book in hand. In that school all the students learn—if ever.

THE ADVANTAGES OF DEBT

WILLIAM MATTHEWS.....NUGAE LITTERARIAE

Among the threadbare themes of moralists, one of the most hackneyed is the misery of being in debt. Ever since the days of Addison and the Spectator, this has been a favorite and prolific topic of periodical essayists and writers on Self-Help; and if it be true of human afflictions that "they can paint best who feel them most," we cannot doubt the ability of these writers to present the matter in the most vivid colors. "I am astonished," says Sir Richard Steele, whose whole life was a race with bailiffs and catchpolls, and who excused himself for voting in flagrant contradiction to his professed principles by saying to one who reproached him, "Mr. Whiston, you can walk on foot, but I cannot,"—"I am astonished that men can be so insensible to the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible that a man who is given to contracting debts should not know that his creditor has, from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to, in his debtor's honor, liberty, and fortune." "Out of debt," echoes Douglas Jerrold,

with the passionate eloquence of one tasting for the first time the luxury he describes, "and though you have a patch on your knee, a hole in your hat, and a crack in your shoe-leather, you are still the son of liberty, free as the singing lark above you. Out of debt, and what a nourishing sweetness may be found in cold water! what toothsome in a dry crust! what ambrosial nourishment in a hard egg! . . . The debtor, what is he but a serf, out upon a holiday,—a slave, to be reclaimed at any instant by his owner, the creditor?"

This, it must be confessed, is well put, and by writers who are entitled to say, "Experto crede." But there is another side to the subject; and it is easy to show that if debt has its miseries, it has, by the never-failing law of compensation, its blessings too, which equal, if they do not more than counterbalance, them. If the condition of indebtedness is one of slavery, the long and splendid roll of men who have bowed to its yoke shows that it has a strong fascination. Lord Bacon wrote on "The Wisdom of Business," yet ran desperately in debt. William Pitt had an income of thirty to fifty thousand dollars a year, and died two hundred thousand dollars in debt. Sheridan spent the fortunes of two wives, and was always dodging creditors and bailiffs. Daniel Webster had a large professional income, yet lived and died amid a swarm of debts. Was not Fielding swamped all his life by debt, and yet did not Lady Montagu say of him "that he had known more happy moments than any person on earth?"

But, not to rely on great names, who does not love to be "an object of interest" to his fellow-men? And what surer or easier way of becoming such than by contracting "little bills" and large in all quarters? Who is the object of more watchful attention, of tenderer and more anxious solicitude, on the part of his fellow-citizens, than he whose promises to pay are held year after year? Whose movements are watched more closely, whose health is inquired after with more trembling solicitude, whose death is mourned over with more poignant sorrow, than his who owes many thousands more than his estate can pay? There is no man who does not love to hold some place in the memories of his fellow-men, who does not cling to the pleasing hope that he will not become entirely "to dumb forgetfulness a prey" when he shall have shuffled off his mortal coil; and how can one more effectually guard against so painful a result than by leaving in the hands of his friends and neighbors, not a worthless lock of hair, but a more precious memorial in the shape of an unsettled bill or note-of-hand, the interest of which will be forever increasing? The memory of such a man will be cherished with the keenest interest; while he who is scrupulous to "pay as he goes" is doomed to hopeless obscurity while he lives, and when he dies is forgotten or thought of without a pang of regret. "We are not great people at all," said Sydney Smith when he went into a new neighborhood, and it was given out in the local papers that he was a man of high connections; "we are only common, honest people,—people that pay our debts." How vivid were Horace Greeley's recollections of poor Poe, whose autograph he held on several bits of paper, compared with his memory of other and even greater poets!

There is another advantage of debt of even greater moment; it gives a zest to life which nothing else can impart. The man in debt is never tormented with that uneasy listlessness, that restless craving without an object, that mobility without an aim, that feeling of idleness, yet of disquiet, which is known as ennui. Of that wretched feeling which led Spinoza to pass his time in catching spiders and teaching them to fight, and which drove the master spirit of antiquity, the Stagirate himself, when his wine of life had run to the lees, to die as the fool dieth, by his own hands, the debtor knows nothing. The fire of existence never with him becomes caky or ashy; his soul never preys upon itself; he experiences none of the mysteries that steal in upon him whose life is free from anxiety and care. With the debtor, life is full of meaning and interest. He has a continual spur to exertion, and the pleasure of faculties kept perpetually on the stretch. While the minds of other men are drooping like a banner by a flag-staff for want of the wind of occasion to set them in motion, his is incessantly occupied with schemes to silence the importunate demands of creditors and to keep sheriffs from his door. Whether scouring the streets to borrow money or busied with schemes for earning it, he is thoroughly engrossed in the passing day, and has not a moment for the torture of excessive ease. Of the "blue devils" he knows nothing; he has never to contrive expedients for killing time; nor does he ever think of hanging himself, as many a debt-free man has done, lest he should one day come to want. Occupied continually with the care of meeting or dodging obligations that are falling due, his "quick thoughts like lightning are alive;" all his hours are filled with excitement and action; and if, as the author of *Festus* says, "he whose heart beats quickest lives the longest," then assuredly does the debtor

"Live in one hour more than in years do some
Whose fat blood sleeps as it slips along their veins."

ON THE RE-READING OF BOOKS

"SHOULD AULD ACQUAINTANCE BE FORGOTT?".....THE SPECTATOR

It is one thing to read a book, quite another to re-read it, perhaps for the fifth or sixth time. The operations must in no way be confounded. The first time we read a book we feel ourselves explorers in a new land. We read for the charm and excitement of discovery. When we re-read our mood is very different, and far more like that of the man who saunters through a beautiful and well-known piece of scenery. The explorer rushes on with a kind of passion. He wants to crest the hill in front of him, and to see what strange new landscape will be spread out at his feet. The man who has been there before at least once, and perhaps many times, wants to know whether the view looks as charming as ever, whether he will think the old lane or the open down which leads up to the hill as delightful as he used, whether, in fact, the whole walk will seem as pleasant as he remembers it. There are some men who are such hardened explorers in the world of literature that they will never, if they can help it, retread the old path. They are always for fresh fields and pastures new, and would think their walk lost if it had ever been taken before. Something new, something they have never seen before, is their perpetual demand. Dr. Johnson belonged to this

class. Though so great a reader, he left it on record that there was only one book which he had ever read twice. That this book was Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters will not seem strange to those who have read that delightful work. Dr. Johnson, in spite of his great body and lethargic constitution, had as eager and alert a spirit as ever occupied human flesh, and doubtless for him the desire to get new knowledge and new light was overmastering. We cannot, however, all imitate this keenness for something new and strange. There are plenty of minds which in certain moods almost dislike the excitement of a new discovery, and desire to walk in accustomed places. They want to be soothed, not stung into mental action, and therefore they choose ways known and loved before. But many of these advocates of re-reading will not admit that there is nothing new or unknown to be obtained from a second or third or fourth perusal of such books as Guy Mannering, Esmond, or David Copperfield. On the contrary, they will declare that they are surprised by new beauties every time they re-read their favorite book. Just as you only notice a particular tree or old cottage or moss-grown stone on your fifth or sixth time of taking a walk, so, read as often as you may, you will find expressions and descriptions in the book which, though you must in reality have read them twenty times over, you yet can swear you never beheld before. Thus the re-reader in a way despises the man who only reads once. What can he know of the real beauty of the landscape who has only seen it in the flush and excitement of a new discovery? When one is suddenly confronted with a great prospect of sky and land one is too bewildered to see the best characteristics of the view. Not till familiarity has deadened the sense of astonishment can the real beauties of form and color be distinguished.

The convinced advocate of the delights of re-reading will, however, never for a moment allow that it is necessary to have forgotten a book to be able to read it again. Reading a book that one has forgotten is not true re-reading, but merely a repetition of the first process. The full delight of re-reading can only come when the book is fairly well remembered, and when one knows as one turns each page almost precisely what is coming. We may, no doubt, be unable to recall all the minor felicities or quaintnesses of phrase, and may like to be able to feel them as novelties, but the main incidents of the story are absolutely clear. We know exactly how Lady Catherine De Burgh is going to treat Elizabeth, and what Mr. Collin's letter contains, but this does not destroy but enhance our pleasure in reading *Pride and Prejudice* for the fifth time. It would, indeed, be strange if the lovers of books did not practise re-reading both in the realms of fiction and of general literature. We like to repeat the pleasures we get from pleasant sounds, sights, and scents, and there never yet lived the man who could say, "I liked that dish at dinner very much, but of course I should not care to have it another day." If literature consisted solely of imparting information or of telling a story, then, no doubt, re-reading, except in the case of obliteration from the memory, would be an anachronism. No one who remembers a fact wants to hear it repeated, nor does he who accurately recalls the plot of a story want it put be-

fore him again. It is because there are other elements in literature that the imparting of information or the telling of a story that men like to re-read their favorite books. Owing to many causes which cannot be analyzed here, books of the kind which we call literature exercise an emotional and sensuous influence quite apart from the naked facts they present. The abounding vitality and humanity of Scott, the gentle cynicism of Miss Austen, the good temper and humor of Dickens, produce a sense of delight which is supplemental to, but quite separate from, the stories they tell. These qualities cast a charm on the reader's mind, and stir in him emotions which are full of pleasure. But these emotions do not vanish with a knowledge of the story, for to a great extent they are unconnected with the story. No wonder, then, that men like to repeat them by the process of re-reading. To go back to our metaphor, to remember a story is merely to remember the way,—to know the walk. We have taken our illustrations chiefly from novels, but all we have said is equally true of travels, histories, biographies, and even books of philosophic thought.

It would be exceedingly interesting to know whether authors generally like to re-read their own books. We imagine that they do when they have passed out of the period or mood in which their work was done, and can look back upon it as something apart from themselves. To re-read a book which has just been finished—say a year after publication—would probably worry most authors beyond endurance. It would be like reading a set of proofs with the knowledge that however great the blemishes discovered no corrections of any kind were possible. When, however, the author can read without fear of being worried as to improvements and alterations the re-reading of his own work is, we expect, very pleasant. In truth, re-reading is for thousands of men and women a delightful occupation, and one which they separate entirely in their minds from ordinary reading. There are times when reading would entirely fail to meet the mental situation, but when re-reading is invaluable. And let it not be supposed that the power of finding pleasure in re-reading is born in men and cannot be acquired. On the contrary, it is a knack which can be learned like any other. To all those who have not the art of re-reading, and who in their blindness think that it is necessary to entirely forget a book before you can read it a second time, we would say with all possible earnestness,—Acquire the art. Once learned, a great possession has been acquired. Nor is the process difficult. Begin on a familiar book, and, steadily keeping in check the impatient feeling, "Oh, I know all this," proceed with the story. It is ten to one that before half the pages are turned a convert will have been made to the art and mystery of re-reading. No doubt there are some people whose mental restlessness is so invincible that nothing but a brand-new book will keep them quiet, and these, of course, will never be converted. They are, however, a very small minority. Ordinary people, as most of them have found out long ago for themselves, have no sort of difficulty in re-reading the books they like for the sixth or seventh time. There is, indeed, no limit to the number of re-readings which can be obtained from the really great books except the shortness of life.

PETER MCGOUROCK AND THE ONLY GAME *

BY J. F. SULLIVAN

We were convinced that we knew something about games in our road. We had a tennis club, and Wilkinson, Dippes, and Banting had each a tennis lawn. We had a little club bungalow on an island up the river, and were always quarreling about it because it had only accommodation for three, and every Saturday to Monday there were at least seven who wanted to use it.

We had a croquet club; we rode horses; we got up private theatricals and fancy balls; we played bowls, billiards, and Halma; we went long walks; we went fishing, and just lately all our ladies—twenty-nine of them—had simultaneously acquired bicycles, and were engaged daily in falling off them. We labored under a delusion that we were really strong in the games line, and that we knew something of most games worth playing.

But one day a thunderbolt fell among us. The thunderbolt which fell was the revelation that there is but one game, that its name is "Golf," and that those trivialities in which we so vainly indulged were nothing—absolutely nothing—not games at all!

It was The McGourock who let this light in upon us, and practically saved us.

There had been a house to let in our road, a villa named "Sidelines," with a tennis lawn, and one day McGourock moved in, and those of us who went out after breakfast next morning observed a painter painting out "Sidelines" and substituting "The Bunkers." Those among us whose gardens adjoined that of "The Sidelines," and who happened to go into them before breakfast on that morning following the arrival of The McGourock—some half-hour before that painter came to paint out "The Sidelines" and substitute "The Bunkers"—saw him in his garden engaged with golf-sticks and a little white ball stamped with a cross-pattern. He had made a little hole in the tennis lawn, and was trying to knock the little ball into it.

That day Mrs. Banting called upon Mrs. McGourock to ask whether she could be of any service to her in the confusion of a move-in. She found furniture piled up in the front hall and on the stairs, and from the drawing-room window she could see more furniture in the garden against the house-wall; but no furniture had invaded the drawing-room itself, which was occupied solely by golf-bags, boxes of balls, little tin flags, ball-stamps, scrubbing brushes, pots of white paint, and books and periodicals devoted to golf, all arranged conveniently round the floor, ready to the hand.

"I thank ye," said Mrs. McGourock, "but I'm thinking the furniture and things will just settle down into their places by degrees; and we've had all the golf things put in here so that we can find them nicely. Ye play golf, of course?"

And when Mrs. Banting replied "No," Mrs. McGourock looked at her—only one look, but sufficient.

Mrs. Banting had received the first shock of that thunderbolt. She had acted as our buffer, and she

went forth from "The Bunkers" paralyzed by the revelation that she knew nothing of The Only Game.

That evening, while Wilkinson was smoking a pipe in his garden and trying to water a great oak with a half-inch hose, emitting a quarter of a pint in five minutes, Peter McGourock looked over the fence and passed the time o' day.

"Ye'll have a club here, of course?" asked Peter.

"Oh rather!" replied Wilkinson; "no end of clubs. We've a capital tennis club, and a croquet club, and a river club, and a bicycle club, and——"

But Wilkinson drew up suddenly, thrown on his haunches, for the gray eye of Peter McGourock, which should have been ablaze with enthusiastic interest, was pale with a strong contempt.

"But how about The Club?" he asked.

"Club?" said Wilkinson; "why—well, we've all those clubs—what more——?"

"I was not asking about these treevial things," said McGourock. "Where's your Golf Club?"

"Eh? Oh—why—we haven't—er—exactly any golf club—that is, not just yet. Is it a good sort of game?" said poor Wilkinson.

Peter looked him all over, very slowly; then looked the hose all over, very slowly; then Wilkinson's garden; then Wilkinson's house, right up to the top of the new Louvre pot; then, repeating *very* slowly, "Es—et—a—good—sortt—of—game?" he turned away and disappeared into his drawing-room.

For days after that poor Wilkinson, while watering the big oak with the half-inch hose, would cast furtive glances at The McGourock tapping the little white ball into the little hole in the lawn; and at times he could perceive, with the tail of his eye, Peter McGourock eyeing him over, or portions of his property; and at times he could hear the muttered words, "Es et a good sortt of game?"

At length Wilkinson made a heroic effort to put matters on a less painful footing; he looked over the fence at Peter, who was doing something to a golf iron with a file, and said cheerfully, but with a dreadful nervousness within:

"If it—er—when you could spare ten minutes, I should take it as a favor if you would teach me to play golf."

"Ten minutes, ye say?" said Peter, using that horrid eye of his.

"Well, well—of course I don't mean to say I could learn in ten minutes—ha! ha!—ridiculous, of course," said poor Wilkinson. "But if you'd kindly teach me the stroke——"

"Sirr," said Peter, "a man cannot be taught Golf!"

"Well—of course I don't mean to say—that is—but a fellow might try to learn."

"Golf," said Peter, "it not a thing that a man can learn."

"Well, but—hang it all!—how do people ever play? People *do* play golf, don't they?"

"Play?" said Peter, "and what might ye mean by 'play'?"

"Well—well—confound it! Don't you see people knocking confounded little white balls over con-

* From the Badminton Magazine.

founded obstacles with things like that you're filing at?"

Poor Wilkinson was turning. Even Wilkinsons will turn.

"Ah," replied Peter, "ye see people do that—and many's the number of them; but ye talked of *playing*. Sirr! Ef a man begins golf when he's put into short clothes, and devotes his life to it (excepting the Sabbath only, that was specially ordained for him to repaint balls and see to things), and if et's granted to that man at the close of a long life to arrive at the knowledge that he knows nothing of golf, that man can die a happy man; and when he's finally holed he will not have lived in vain. Ay!" continued Peter suddenly, "et *es* a good sort of game; it's just a gran' game; it's just the only game."

* * *

From pure inability to bear the severity of Peter's eye, our road decided to form a golf club, and a deputation waited on Peter to beg him to show us how, to become president—and every other officer he cared to be, down to caddie.

"And where do ye propose to make your links?" he asked.

We had thought that out before. There being no available land within a reasonable distance, we had agreed provisionally that we might utilize our back gardens for the purpose.

No alteration would be necessary, as obstacles were the great desiderata—and there would be plenty of obstacles. So Peter, having gathered conclusive evidence of the fact that no other available land did exist, and feeling that golf, even with drawbacks, was the one necessary of life, proceeded to lay out the course.

This required an expedition to survey the ground, and a provisional committee were appointed, with Peter at their head. It was a great occasion; the committee had to call at every house and consider the best method of utilizing its garden; and it was considered a point of etiquette that whisky-and-soda should be on the table at each house to welcome the experts. After discussion, it was decided that as Wilkinson usually had the largest supply of whisky, the first teeing green should be Wilkinson's lawn; particularly as his lawn was terraced, and the highest part of it commanded an extensive view of obstacles.

The first hole was to be in Banting's grass plot, seven gardens away. It would have been quite possible to get on to Banting's Green in one good drive but for the providential interposition of Pordle's cherry tree.

It was arranged that Pordle's summer-house—some way out of the straight line—should constitute an official bunker.

Now, to loft the ball well from any position near Pordle's Bunker was no easy task, seeing that the player had to avoid the branches of a large elm; and the ball, if stopped by a branch, would inevitably drop through the roof of Pordle's greenhouse and be very difficult to extract by any sort of legitimate play. Bogey for this hole was fixed at three.

From Banting's Teeing Green to Peter's Hole was a single-drive affair, but beset with difficulties.

The digression of a few feet to the right would dash the ball against the tower of Pillicott's stable,

whereupon the ball would be bound to dribble into the water-butt; while a slight divergence to the left would smash the window of Pillicott's billiard-room; and the Provisional Committee of Survey agreed to recommend—after the formation of the club—that a portion of the club's surplus funds—should any exist—should be set aside for the purpose of indemnifying Pillicott for any casualties connected with the pursuit of the pastime. There being no funds as yet available, and a possibility that there never would be, the committee delicately abstained from any mention to Pillicott of this particular item of the course, judging it would be kinder to let him find it out naturally and gradually in the progress of things. This hole had no bunker; but bogey was fixed at three, owing to the water-butt and window difficulty.

It was arranged that the tee-off beyond Peter's Hole should be from the roof of Tubbs's tool-shed, it being necessary to start from a height, in order to get well over a fowl-house in close proximity.

It was necessary to gently loft over the fowl-house, and between Tubbs's pigeon-cote and a poplar tree, on to the gravel path at the corner of Tubbs's kitchen; from this point one could drive straight across the road, under the Doctor's lamp on the further side, and between a conservatory and a house-wall to the foot of the Doctor's rubbish-heap, which constituted another official bunker—Rubbish Bunker.

The drive across the road was a difficulty, because it was impossible for the player to know whether anyone was about to pass along the road; and it was therefore necessary to arrange the height of the stroke to a nicety, so that the ball should pass over the road at just such a height as to avoid the head of a pedestrian, and yet low enough to avert the smashing of the Doctor's lamp over the way. The ball could not pass over the lamp, because it would then come in contact with a "mop" tree and fall into a difficult gully, and from the gully it would need three strokes, a dribble, a gentle loft over a dust-hole, and another loft, to bring it to Rubbish Bunker. The committee found it impossible to allow for vehicular traffic in that drive, as a ball passing, for example, over the head of a butcher-boy, or a cart, would either plunge into the mop tree or smash the Doctor's lamp, the latter alternative a serious expense for the club.

Beyond Cattlebury's Uncle's Green, the round included our tennis ground, an asparagus bed, Slamm's Anthouse Bunker, Watherspoon's asphalted sideway, and Crackleton's Hole in the stableyard.

Then came a difficulty. The only possible way to obtain a drive from here was to open the two windows of Crackleton's wash-house and send the ball straight through, which would enable it to cross the road again and pass between Wilkinson's gateposts (the gate also being left open) to Wilkinson's dust-hole, which blocked it. Hence, by a short dribble, the ball could be placed in position to loft it over a holly hedge on to Wilkinson's Green—the lower lawn—where the hole was. Bogey for this was four; and this completed the round of eight holes, bogey for the whole round twenty-four. The progress of the Provisional Committee was a most successful affair, whisky being partaken of at each

house on the course; and toward the finish of the round it was observed that Peter McGourock's manner was considerably more gracious than at the beginning, and that his eye was lighted by an absolute enthusiasm as he related to eager listeners how, although he had no recollection of having met any man who could really *play*, in the true sense of the word, he himself had, on several occasions, beaten bogey at St. Andrews by a good seventeen—in fact, after the second whisky ceremony at Wilkinson's, we were given to understand that he had on one occasion completed the long round in thirteen strokes—a really record performance.

McGourock said he could throw up a real bunker on the tennis ground—in fact, two bunkers. It was objected that this would destroy the courts and stop tennis, but McGourock said that didn't signify in the least. There was some murmuring among the tennis players; but we were all in absolute deadly fear of the scorn of McGourock's eye; and the thing had to be done. He said also that gateways *must* be made in all the party-fences; and *this* had to be done too.

Then another difficulty arose. It was the daily custom of the ladies, as has been said, to practise falling off bicycles up and down our road; but the fact that the golf round crossed the road in two places rendered the bicycle practice dangerous. This was put to McGourock, who replied that it couldn't be helped, and the ladies must give up bicycle practice.

Then a boy turned up—none knew whence or how. He was believed to have come from a dirty little back street a little way off, but why the School Board allowed him to wholly suspend his attendance and devote himself to us we could not make out. We feared that boy from the first moment we set eyes on him. He was a Scotch boy with unlimited confidence in himself; and he seemed to be an absolute professor of golf.

The first day he began to play he somehow—with whose authority we know not—constituted himself caddie, and simply sat on the lot of us; in fact, our dread of the scorn of *his* eye was only inferior to our dread of that of the eye of McGourock.

Under the tuition of McGourock and The Boy we made our first round. It was disastrous.

First, Wilkinson, standing too closely behind Dipsps when the latter was attempting his first tee-off, suffered a compound fracture of the hat and a considerable contusion of the scalp. Next, Dipsps, having with great effort performed a drive of seven yards, made another mighty stroke at the ball on the strawberry-bed where it had landed. There was a wild scattering of earth and strawberry-leaves, and Dipsps gazed with great pride at a missile flying through one of the next-door windows; but when he looked again at his brassey the head was not on it, while the ball lay innocently on the strawberry-bed as before. It was therefore concluded that it had been the head of the brassey and not the ball which had gone through the neighboring window; and this was subsequently ascertained to be a fact.

The head, not content with going through the window, had destroyed two Dresden vases and a large mirror.

Wilkinson, following on, promptly lost three balls; one was believed to have landed in a roof

gutter: but no man knows to this day what became of the other two, nor what direction they took; and some hold that they are still whirling through space, to the danger of the public. Then Cattlebury dented Wilkinson's shin (for Wilkinson seemed extremely unlucky at golf), hurt his own leg, and finally drove his ball through the window of Pillicott's billiard-room. It was agreed that this should not be considered as a disaster, seeing that such a casualty had been anticipated and provided for by the Provisional Committee of Survey.

Dipsps made a really brilliant stroke from the corner of Tubbs's kitchen across the road, but a carrier's cart happening most unfortunately to pass at the moment, the ball took a tuft of hair off the back of the carrier's head, and, deflected from its true course, smashed the Doctor's lamp on the further side of the road.

Pillicott required thirteen strokes for the space between the tee-off on Tubbs's tool-shed and Cattlebury's Uncle's Green; Wilkinson nineteen, and Dipsps no fewer than thirty-five, bogey being three. Then Banting unfortunately killed Mrs. Cattlebury's pug, and wounded the cockatoo.

On that first round the casualties were:—windows broken, 9; contusions, etc., 5; golf-sticks damaged, 14; pugs killed, 1; cockatoos damaged, 1; balls lost or strayed, 29—total casualties, 59.

At each misfortune The Boy laughed in a demoniac way, and the scorn in McGourock's eye was fearful to look upon.

That evening we met at Wilkinson's and agreed that the game thus played did not seem promising; but McGourock declared his intention of going over the round regularly until we should succeed in finding more suitable links: and such was our dread of his eye that we dared not request him to abstain; and he *did* go round, all day, every day, accompanied by the boy. We were miserable; he had thrown up bunkers in our tennis ground, and we could not play; and his irritation when any of the ladies attempted cycling on the road was too terrible to defy. He objected to our even playing tennis, or croquet, or anything in our own gardens—indeed, it was risky to go into them at all. At last, when the gardeners left because they objected to be "it on the 'ead" with golf balls, we secretly urged one another to take some decisive step with McGourock.

At this crucial time fate interposed. We found a suitable common some way off, and the club applied for permission to practise the game on it.

Then came friction. First, the ladies wanted to join the club; but McGourock did not like ladies, and refused to hear of it; and his veto was sternly seconded by The Boy. From time to time certain of us have yearned to vary golf with an occasional turn at our tennis; but The McGourock will not permit that either, as he says it puts the hand out for The Game.

We are learning golf under the stern eye of President McGourock, and—well, we like golf; but we are in search of another stern devotee, a Scotchman for preference, to go the round with him, and engage his attention, so that we may be able to enjoy ourselves a little now and again.

If you happen to know of such a man, we are quite willing to hire him, or even buy him out and out for a lump sum.

SOCIETY VERSE: SONGS IN LIGHTER VEIN

Fate and Lace Work.... Madeline S. Bridges..... Puck

Of course I loved him. (One, two three,
And skip the fourth.) Dear fellow! Yes,
He fairly worshipped me. (Now see,
This time you take two stitches less.)
Quite tall, well built — his eyes were gray.
(You pull that thread the other way.)
(Two loops.) A dimple in his chin,
The sweetest hair. (My dear; observe.)
He was a poet. (There begin
The second row, and make the curve.)
I'm sure you'd like to see the rhymes
He wrote me. (Round the edge—three times.)
Poor boy! We were so sad to part;
He died quite young. (Another one,
But not so tight.) It broke my heart.
There that was very nicely done.)
He was my first love, and — my last!
(Be careful, dear! Don't go so fast.)
My husband? (Oh, you must take care!)
I met him (Now, the pattern shows)
In Europe. We were married there
And—oh—well—yes—as marriage goes
I'm happy. (Keep the thread quite straight,
Or it will tangle.) Such is Fate!

Rose is the Girl..... Robert Loveman..... Poems

Rose is the girl; she bids me write
A rhyme for her, and I am quite
At loss for language adequate.
Rose is the girl.
She is my life, my love, my fate,
To her my dreams are dedicate,
And when the moon shall shine to-night
I'll hie me to my lady's bower,
And swear allegiance by the hour.
O Venus, Cupid, give me power!
Rose is the girl.

Coaching..... Arthur Grissom..... N. Y. Tribune

The musical trumpets blast,—
The sound of laughter gay,—
Then word to start is passed,
And the tally-ho rolls away.
Out of the city's street,
Far from the noisy throng,
Into the country sweet,
It rumbles gayly along.
Over the cool green hills,
And down through the wooded dales,
Fragrant with daffodils,
And vocal with calling quails.
Happy each youthful face,
Merry the mirthful wits,
And, lo! in the footman's place,
Trumpeter Cupid sits!

Five-O' Clock Tea..... The Sketch

Saucers and insincerity;
Clatter of tongues and spoons;
Gossip and spicy asperity,
Atmosphere — good for swoons.
Move, if the swift dexterity
Known to the clown be thine.
That's what you see
At a five o'clock tea
Served in a social shrine.

This is the game Society
(Spelt with a big, big S)
Plays to dispel satiety,
Weariness dispossess.
Tannical insobriety
Varies the dreary round,
Therefore you roam
To a crowded At Home,
Carefully groomed or gowned.
“ Awfully glad to see you !”
“ Awfully good to come !”
The rest, as the damsels tea you,
Is lost in the 'wildering hum.
Nobody comes to free you
Of saucer and spoon and cup;
So you stand and smile
In a vacant style,
And long to be out and up.

Lucinda..... Chicago Times-Herald

Lucinda hath such love for me
That never any knight
More than the stranger-folk may be
In my Lucinda's sight.
At her heart's citadel is set
An army golden-great
And rose contents with violet
She shall capitulate.
When lo! the foe hath made retreat;
No more his banners shine,
While her true heart its way doth beat
Through all the world to mine!
So many hearts have sighed for her
(Who hath but one to give!)
So many knights have died for her
She, weeping, bids me live!

Upon Cynthia's Fan.... A. C.... Frank Leslie's Monthly

Soft feathers, white and curled,
Round polished ivory,
No fan in all the world
Is half so fair to see;
And who that looked thereon would guess
It harbored such unkindliness?
For, Cynthia, can I sing
With any truth or grace
The virtues of a thing
That screens my Cynthia's face?
Nay; I'll not praise haphazard-wise
The fan that dares to hide those eyes.

Marjory..... Albert Lee..... Harper's Weekly

Margaret is prim and wise,
Madge is fair to see;
Marjory has laughing eyes, —
Marjory for me!
Margaret doth naught amiss,
Madge is fancy free;
Marjory is sweet to kiss, —
Marjory for me!
Margaret's demure and cold,
Madge must formal be;
Marjory, when kissed, will scold, —
Yet, —
Marjory for me!

VANITY FAIR: FADS, FOIBLES AND FASHIONS

EVOLUTION OF THE VISITING CARD

EARLY CEREMONIAL USAGE.....CHAMBER'S JOURNAL

The visiting-card as we now know it is barely a century old. Like most other every-day articles of use and ornament, it is the result of a gradual process of evolution; and the form which the card now universally takes is by no means so attractive as those which it took in some of the earlier stages of its history. Of late years, indeed, there have been whispers of a new departure in cards. A revolt from the prevailing monotony in "paste-boards" has more than once been threatened; and the great army of those who suffer from collector-mania have been tantalized with the prospect of new worlds to conquer, in the shape of visiting-cards ornamented with elaborately engraved devices. The idea of those who mooted the change was to give to the visiting-card a touch of individuality, so that each card, like a book-plate, should be a witness to its owner's individual taste and inclinations, and not a mere machine-made production of a universal pattern. But nothing came of the proposal, and the present-day visiting-card still wears its uniform of plain black and white. Had the proposed change been carried out, however, it would simply have been a revival of a fashion that prevailed little more than a hundred years ago.

Visiting-cards were a development from the old style of message and invitation cards. Throughout the greater part of the last century it was customary to write messages and invitations on the backs of used playing-cards. The particular card used was often chosen at random; but occasionally it was picked out with an eye to the delicate suggestiveness of some one suit. This sometimes gave the recipient an opportunity for airing his or her wit. A Rev. Mr. Lewis, who was minister of Margate from 1705 to 1746, once received an invitation to dinner, from the Duchess of Dorset, written on the back of a ten of hearts. The reverend gentleman promptly replied by the following epigram:

"Your compliments, lady, I pray you forbear,
Our old English service is much more sincere
You sent me ten hearts — the tithe only mine;
So give me one heart, and burn t'other nine."

One of the many stories that are told to account for the name of Curse of Scotland, which is given to the nine of diamonds, attributes its origin to the alleged action of the Duke of Cumberland in writing his cruel order, refusing all quarter to the defeated Highlanders after Culloden, on the back of this particular card. But as the term was in use before the battle of Culloden was fought, the explanation can hardly be true. Much earlier the Irish name for the six of hearts—the "Grace-card"—is said to have had its origin in a message written thereon. The tradition goes that a gentleman from Kilkenny, named Grace, was being strongly urged by a representative of Marshal Schomberg to declare for William of Orange and against James II. The marshal's emissary, in his master's name, made lavish promises of future rewards; but the Irish gentleman wrote the following answer on the back of the six of hearts: "Tell your master I despise his offer, and

that honor and conscience are dearer to a gentleman than all the wealth and titles a prince can bestow." An amusing example of the use of cards for messages can be seen in the fourth plate of Hogarth's *Marriage à la Mode*, which dates from 1745. In a corner of the picture are several playing-cards lying on the floor, with inscriptions which show a considerable devotion to phonetic principles of spelling on the part of the fashionable world of that day. One bears the following: "Count Basset begs to no how Lade Squander sleapt last nite." Another has: "Lady Squander's company is desir'd at Miss Hairbrane's Rout."

Sometimes the back of playing-cards which were used for invitations and similar purposes were elaborately engraved. The writer of a once well-known book, called the *Spiritual Quixote*, published in 1772, speaks of the use of playing-cards for the sending of messages as a new fashion; but it is clear from what has been already stated that they had been in common use for at least thirty or forty years. A curious survival of this custom was observed in the island of Madeira some years ago. A visitor who was staying in that delightful isle about 1865 recorded that the invitations given by the Bishop for the Easter ceremonies in the cathedral of Funchal were written on the backs of playing-cards. From the use of such cards simply for invitation and other messages it was an easy transition to their use for visiting purposes. At first the person who so used them simply wrote his name across the back of a card. Dr. Doran, in one of his pleasant books of gossip, declares that it was in Paris, about the year 1770, that the custom was introduced of visiting *en blanc*, as it was called, that is by leaving a card. Old-fashioned folks, he says, who loved to visit in state and display their costumes, called this fashion fantastic, and strongly opposed it. But, of course, opposition of this kind was bound to fail. The ceremonial leaving of a card, an equivalent to a visit, may have begun in 1770, but the writing of the name on a card and leaving it when the person called upon was not at home was certainly practised somewhat earlier. In a French satire of 1741, on *Les Inconvénients du Jour de l'An*, the writer says:

"Sur le dos d'une carte on fait la Signature
Pour rendre sa visite au dos de la serrure."

The play upon the word *dos* is not very translatable, but the meaning of the couplet is plain—the person visited was not at home, but the card with the name written on the back paid the visit to the back of the lock, conveyed the visitor, as it were, to the other side of the locked door.

Writing the name on the back of a card was soon found to be too simple a matter, and it became the practice to write the name either on the backs of playing-cards, or on the face of cards adorned with engraved devices. Classical ruins and the like designs were highly fashionable. Cards so engraved appear to have been sold in packs, with assorted views; for two or more cards have been found bearing the same name written across them, but with quite different pictures as backgrounds. The

practice of writing the name seems to have been superseded by engraving both name and background.

IS THE WEDDING RING GOING?

FASHIONS IN FLIGHTING ONE'S TROTH.....PEARSON'S WEEKLY

For two thousand years, ever since the Romans plighted their troth with a tiny iron band, the magic circlet has kept its hold upon the world. But will that hold be as firm in the future? It must be remembered that, after all, the ring is nothing more than a symbol—that the putting on of a ring is not necessary to complete the legal contract of marriage. Nor are signs wanting that its star is already on the wane. The engagement ring may be regarded as doomed, since Princess May substituted an engagement bracelet for the conventional ring of betrothal. She has not, indeed, declined the "mystic symbol of the union of hearts" presented by the Welch people to the Duke of York, but the refusal of the engagement ring might quite fairly be regarded as the first step in the path toward the abolition of its more important successor.

There is yet another argument against the wedding ring. The ring was adopted as the outward and visible sign of power and authority. In the olden days, when messages were sent by word of mouth, it was the custom, in order to prove the authenticity of the bearer, to entrust him with the signet ring of the sender. Thus, when a man took unto himself a wife, whom he placed at the head of his household, that delegated authority was made visible to the world by conferring upon her the all-important ring, the only distinction being that the woman wore her ring on the left hand, as being the inferior hand of the two, while the man, as lord and master, carried his upon the right or superior hand. In a day, therefore, when the woman claims the authority in her own right and scornfully repudiates the idea of being "delegated" it would be only consistent for her to refuse the symbol.

ON GIVING PRESENTS

W. PETT RIDGE.....THE IDLER

I wish someone would send me a full and alphabetical list A to Z of the people who still give presents. I thought the custom had long since died out. Presents are, I know, still interchanged with relatives, and if a man has an inordinate number of aunts he has to keep a ledger in order that the business may be conducted properly. But in regard to gifts, as in everything, they are lost illusions. For instance, I was always under the impression that when a man had written books he received countless tributes from anonymous admirers in the shape of handsome sets of Stevenson in first editions, or several brace of acceptable grouse, or noble salmon, or a few dozen of admirable Tokay. I had, too, a vague impression that ladies of title—not exactly Marchionesses you know, but nearly—and with otherwise rigid and haughty manners, unbent, so to speak, and confided in him, by scented missives, secrets of their innermost thoughts, and handsome sets of collar-studs. This, one regrets to find, is not, strictly speaking, the case. C'est dommage! It would be so agreeable for the gifted author to receive these tributes, and he could always in acknowledging them protect his dignity by say-

ing that he was grateful, "not so much for the intrinsic value of the gift as for the kindly spirit which prompted it. Believe me, my very dear sir, with my sincere thanks for your generous appreciation of my poor works, your obedient servant, (signed) Gifted Author."

An incident of this kind would be pleasing to all parties concerned, even to the recipient, and one hopes it is only thoughtlessness on the part of readers that has prevented them from giving effect to it. As matters exist at present the only present that Mr. Gifted Author receives is an occasional letter from a lady who has a stall at a bazaar and who likes Mr. G. Author's books so much although (as she says candidly) he is a perfect stranger, and will he send her several complete sets with his autograph and an original thought on each fly-leaf. If Mr. Author be a bachelor, this lady usually finishes her letter cheerily by hoping that Mrs. Author and all the dear little bairns (she has a pleasant style, the bazaar lady) are going well and strong.

A manner of giving presents much favored by promising young men of the day that is not without its advantages consists in bestowing Abstract Presents. Beg of the happy possessor of a birthday, or one of the leading characters in a marriage, to state exactly what they really require. What shall it be, eh? Gold watch or tiara of diamonds, or a house in Berkeley Square, or what? Come now! This brings a blush of gratification to the cheek of the recipient and, after some coy hesitation, he declines to make a choice and gratefully leaves it open. And here it is that one has to use a good deal of care. A true artist in Abstract Presents does not drop the subject suddenly, as an amateur would; he gradually diminishes his references to it, so gradually indeed that the other man feels ever burdened by a debt of gratitude and speaks of the Abstract Presenter with affection and regard.

"A good fellow!" says the receiver of the Abstract Present with enthusiasm. "Open hearted, and as generous as the day."

"But, dear! He never really gave you that—"

"Oh well!" (Excusingly.) "It slipped his memory I expect."

"Seems to me he's all talk. If it was my case, I should remind him."

"Wouldn't do that," says the receiver of the Abstract Present definitely. "Wouldn't do that for fifty thousand pounds. Wouldn't like to hurt his feelings. I know he means well, and that's good enough for me. Good, generous chap!"

There is this to be said for the Abstract Present, that with it the ghastly incident of repeated gifts of a similar nature does not occur. Nearly every man of my acquaintance has a skeleton in the cupboard in the shape of a box containing several gross of plush tobacco-pouches of divers colors; and there is a young married couple whose happiness has been marred and almost—the expression is not too strong—damned, by the unwilling possession of nineteen tall bamboo fern-stands. It is scarcely necessary to point out to intelligent minds that if these nineteen givers had contented themselves by merely promising each a bamboo fern-stand, all conflict would have been avoided and—this will be obvious to all present buyers—the initial outlay would have been less.

TABLE TALK: CONCERNING EATING AND DRINKING.

THE AMERICAN DRINK

CHARLES PIERCE BURTON.....WHAT TO EAT

There has been much discussion of the question what might properly be selected as the national flower, and the delicate, sunny, graceful, ubiquitous golden rod, which blooms for all, has by general consent been given the post of honor. This question having been settled to the satisfaction of many at least, another may be raised: What is the national beverage? Not tea or coffee or beer or whiskey. All these have their admirers in this country, but their use and abuse are not confined to America by any means. What then? The merry fizz of the soda fountain throughout the land is surely a sufficient answer to the question. The great American drink is soda in all its various forms. Those who have been abroad will tell you that soda water is a rarity in foreign countries and not fit to drink. A fortune awaits the enterprising Yankee who first locates in Paris with a high grade soda fountain and reveals to the multitude at the French capital the delights of ice cream soda for two. Soda water, therefore, is as distinctively American as is pie or water melon, and has developed a tremendous industry. Fifty million dollars are invested in soda making apparatus. The soda water trust (for our favorite drink is both charged and trusted) is capitalized at thirteen millions.

The beginning of soda water is lost in the misty realms of the past. It is largely an evolution, yet someone must have made a start. Someone, utterly reckless for the stomach's sake, once stirred together a little common baking soda and tartaric acid, and drank the foaming compound with a relish. And what shall we say of that other who ten years ago dropped some ice cream into his glass of soda? Perhaps he, too, was experimenting; perhaps it was an accident, pure and simple. There is yet a third to complete this illustrious trinity of humanity's benefactors. The late John Matthews, of New York, was the first man to conceive the idea of manufacturing gas with which to charge water. This was in 1832.

Soda water, which by the way, contains no soda whatever, is water charged with carbonic acid gas and flavored to suit the taste. Like other things that are charged, it is largely a matter of faith. It used to be more faith than anything else. Nowadays there is less foam and more substance to the beverage. Carbonic acid gas, to which the world owes much, is a poison when taken into the lungs, but in the stomach is said to be healthful. Soda water, then, should not be inhaled and should not be permitted to go down the wrong way. After performing its mission in a glass of soda water, the gas usually escapes through the nose of the drinker with a sensation which must be experienced to be appreciated. From the simple mixture of bi-carbonate of soda and tartaric acid developed a drink which consisted literally of wind to a great extent. Quantities of air were forced from a reservoir into the beverage to make it sparkle. Then came the use of carbonic acid gas, and John Matthews. Druggists used to make their own gas from sul-

phuric acid and marble dust, using extracts for flavoring. Now, there are large business firms growing rich in the manufacture of crushed fruit flavors for soda dispensers, and the carbonate acid gas is not a gas at all but a liquid when it reaches the druggist. Subjected to great pressure, the gas is liquified and is then shipped in strong drums which hold twenty pounds, enough to charge one hundred gallons of water. And these drums of liquid gas for carbonating soda water are obtained—let this be whispered, not spoken aloud—from the nearest brewery. Think of it, ye teetotalers who smack your lips over your glasses of vanilla. It is true. Beer, too, is carbonated; the brewing companies, buying such quantities of the liquid gas, can get it purer than it can be made in small amounts. Consequently, the druggists buy theirs from the breweries wherever convenient.

From one fountain a great variety of drinks can be drawn according to the skill of the presiding genius. The soda water expert experiments with mixing flavors, produces a new drink and lies awake nights thinking up a name for it. The new mixture has a run for a few days and the thirsty public goes back to the standard flavors. Chocolate is the favorite. Next, in the order named, come vanilla, strawberry and lemon. The bulk of the ice cream soda is consumed by women and children. Men often enjoy it, but usually call for phosphates or egg drinks.

SOME YORKSHIRE GOOD CHEER

EUGENIA SKELDING.....ATLANTIC MONTHLY

In England there is no country that lends itself to light reminiscences of a gastronomical nature so well as Yorkshire. To the outside uninitiated world, Yorkshire of course stands irretrievably committed for her puddings, in the same way that Cheshire and the vale of Cheddar do for their cheeses. But those who are fortunate enough to be in the culinary secrets of the shire know very well that her final disclosure of unique cookery has not been made in this solid staple of diet, locally known, with its familiar appendage the joint, as "beef and Yorkshire." The dietary productiveness of Yorkshire can by no means be measured by, say, that of the ancient town of Bath, parent and sponsor of one sole edible, the sadly indigestible, though meagre, Bath bun. The good cheer of Yorkshire is as generous in quantity as the climate is provocative of an appetite that corresponds. In the East and North Ridings in particular, a high-class bakery, the purveyor to liberal breakfast and tea tables, fairly overflows with the variety of its farinaceous delicacies. There are on its shelves tea-cakes sweetened and unsweetened, large tea-cakes and small ones, tea-cakes with currants and tea-cakes without; there are muffins brown and white, muffins made of whole-meal flour and muffins baked from fine wheaten flour; and there are still other cakes, whose names remain among the unsolved local mysteries of the county. Better, however, than any of these, richer and more spicy, is the round, plump, generously stuffed twopenny pork

pie,—twopence only, or threepence at the most, but, with a cup of something hot or a glass of something sparkling, quite large enough for a famishing tourist's luncheon. You are conscious, while consuming your pork pie, of a gratifying sense of security about its pedigree. Not every day do you have before you on the board a viand of as ancient lineage as this. Just when its family was founded need not be a matter of too definite inquiry, unless indeed the deepening thirst of ancestry—born, no doubt, of the overdose of democracy in the New World—pursue one without respite. Certain it is that the family of pork pie, if perchance a trifle less aristocratic, is as old as that of venison pasty, and that it has played a part as useful, if not as prominent in romantic fiction, as the pasty, in feeding hungry generations before the soil on which you yourself were bred had felt the imprint of plough or spade. The family coat of pork pie has, moreover, no ghostly quarterings. Peer as far back as you choose, there is no eerie legend to chill your imagination, as for instance there is in the case of the hot cross-bun. It is not entirely comfortable to reflect that if you should eat a hot cross-bun you would be swallowing the symbol wherewith the heathen goddess Eastre was exorcised from and dispossessed of cakes especially consecrated to herself. Discovery of this sort opens the way to nightmares and creeping fancies. But there is no pagan strain in the heredity of pork pie, no taint of the mythical or problematical; in it all turns out to be toothsome, jellied, and substantial.

One has met with tourists who have gone to Greenwich without stopping there to sit down to whitebait; so, doubtless, there are some who have gone the diversified length and breadth of Yorkshire without having once come upon the parkin: personally, one would prefer not to belong to either class. Not to have tasted for one's self the peculiar kernelly consistency and the fine nutty flavor of parkin is to have missed a unique gustatory experience. Parkin has possibly a far-away cousinship with gingerbread, but it has no close ties of consanguinity with any cake that comes out of an oven. Oatmeal and treacle are the bases of its composition, the solid "fond" of the more subtle ingredients of its character, though, even if one were possessed of sufficiently acute powers of analysis to detect them, the naming of all its component parts would no more convey an idea of the completed cake than enumerating the pigments used on a canvas would describe the picture. Much naturally depends on the genius of the cook who mixes and bakes the parkin. In no spot is it to be found in finer perfection than just on the threshold of the shire, in the town of York itself, under the very shadow of the minster. Two things there are to be done in York, which, though as widely sundered as the poles in their general nature, are yet alike in one respect, inasmuch as each gives a sense of especial familiarity with the local conditions of a particular period,—that sense of temporary intimacy with what is remote in time or place that constitutes one of the chief inducements for knocking about in unknown parts. One of these two things is to go to the museum of antiquities, in the grounds of St. Mary's Abbey, and look at the Roman lady's back hair; the other is to go and spend a sixpence in parkin, con-

fident that any urchin in the town would be delighted so to spend it in your stead. That abundant dark hair in the museum lies in the same folds into which it was coiled when the Roman lady was laid in her stone coffin, in the days when a Roman emperor, and not an archbishop, was the city's chief dignitary; even the hairpins that held it in place are still stuck through its mass, to the wonder and admiration of the sightseer. As to parkin, there is a time for buying it, as there is a fitting time for all business, grave or merry. This time is the hour of mental exhaustion that follows upon the tour of the cathedral. When brain and eyeballs have united in their refusal to receive, from nave, chapter-house, or crypt, one impression more, it is possible to secure the needed reaction of emotion by proceeding directly from the south transept into the quaint street it faces, and thence into the bakeshop which stands on the first corner to the right. At the back of this shop, in the tiniest and neatest of luncheon-rooms, at a round white table, one may discuss, among a variety of other light refreshments, the unfamiliar merits of parkin. Parkin, freshly baked, may here be bought by the slice or the pound. In other places, where its longevity is greater, it is sold in boxes, from the two-penny box to the box for a shilling and upward. In York, however, it has precisely the right degree of rich brown freshness, beside the qualities that may be warranted as commensurate with the appetite of a growing boy at boarding-school.

It cannot be claimed that parkin is, after all, in any wise superior to human nature's mere daily food. In view, therefore, of the large proportion of mankind that cannot be touched with a feeling for the modest pleasures and pains that are hidden beneath homespun, there will undoubtedly be a contingent of tourists to whom the wholesome oaten and syrupy flavors of parkin will be caviare. To such as these, inflexible aristocrats in their incidental diversions even, the shop of the Yorkshire confectioner can still offer attractions. It would hardly be possible to find anywhere a cake of which the composition is more intricate and more artful than that of simnel, or one whose useful or nutritious ingredients are more inscrutably concealed beneath an icing of conventional almond paste; and simnel is a prime Yorkshire specialty. . . .

Simnel, it will soon be discovered, is not to be bought for a song. Half a crown is the lowest figure one of the "original and far-famed" simnel cakes goes for, and even a good golden guinea has not been thought too handsome a coin to lay out in a cake of the pretensions of simnel. To appreciate, however, its intrinsic cheapness, notwithstanding its apparent dearness, one has but to reflect what it is that one is getting for one's money. Here you have, in the first place, a cake whose etymology has set the linguists a-thinking, and the gossips to wagging their foolish tongues in a tale of a discreditable Simon and Nelly. Simila is the Latin for wheat flour of the finest quality, and the Low Latin *simenellus* stands for bread of fine flour, as does the Old French *siminel*; in Germany, moreover, *simnel* has a suspected relative still living on the current tongue,—*Semmel*, or wheat bread. Such a genealogical tree for your cake is more pleasing than the old-wives' invention of a quarreling gammer and

gaffer, Sim and Nel. You are also to bear in mind that in becoming possessed of a simnel you are making a definite æsthetic even if it is not a practical acquisition for your mental furnishing; in other words, you are giving tangible quality to one of your hitherto more or less vague literary conceptions, inasmuch as this is the identical cake the poet Herrick had in view when he wrote:—

"He to thee a Simnell bring.
'Gainst thou go'st a mothering;
So that, when she blesseth thee
Half that blessing thou'lt give me."

There is a kind of shopping it is pleasant to engage in once in a while, which may be undertaken, not for the sake of what the shopman will actually hand out over the counter, but as a special variety of sentimental indulgence. On occasions of this kind, a purchase, whatever its nature, merely serves the purpose of a magnet to trains of reflection; it is a loadstone to draw out from dim regions of the mind into the full light of consciousness all sorts of dormant associations and affiliations of idea. Such, in some sort, is the bargain that is driven in buying this "good round sugarye King of Cakes, a Symnelle," whether it be bought in Yorkshire or at the more famous Buzzard's in Oxford Street. It is well, in any case, to have on hand a cake dedicated, as was this, to filial piety. Mothering Sunday has dropped out of our cold modern calendar, but in the fair Dianeme's day it fell on mid-Sunday in Lent. On that day, sons and daughters, grown up and scattered abroad in the world, make a pious duty of visiting their parents, taking with them a cake such as that with which the poet promised to provide his obdurate lady-love, a kind return for the

"thousand Thorns and Bryars and Stings,
I have in my poore Brest."

At Bolton-le-Moors, in Lancashire, they are said still to keep their simnel Sunday, as the French yet do their *mi-Carême*. For this particular feast no cake could be devised that would better serve the purposes of domestic economy than simnel. Although mid-Lent Sunday is a single feast-day which is succeeded by a score or so of fast-days, simnel would at their end be found to have lost nothing of its moistness or flavor. Well does the visitor in England know the sultana and the Madeira cake of the present day, put up for indefinite preservation, in glazed papers, by Huntley & Palmer, biscuit-makers in ordinary to the British public at large; and well does he know the state of crummy decrepitude into which these favorite cakes are allowed to fall before they disappear from the tea-tables of our frugal cousins. But in the quality of drying up simnel has no relationship with Madeira or with sultana cake. Its kinship is rather with the English rose, which is so tenacious of its sweetness and freshness that even if bought in the streets of London, it may, unlike the frailer blossoms sprung from our own soil, be counted among one's fairly durable possessions. . . .

There is a commodity sold in Scarborough known as Scarborough pebbles. Name and qualities to the contrary, the pebbles are a sweet, a sugar-plum, save the mark! The Scarborough confectioner whose invention they are has shown himself an adept at imitation. Look at the large bowl of them in his window, and you can hardly believe your eyes

but that they are veritable pebbles; they have all the freaks of outline, stripe, and dull brownish or yellowish tone of the wave-tossed, water-worn shingle of the beach. . . . In Beverly, as you jostle along the narrow sidewalk your eye is caught by the repetition in several windows of a large printed sign surmounting a red-and-white mass of something edible. Peppermint candy would be the nearest approach to a translation of its name into the American tongue, but Beverly rock is its native cognomen. Beverly rock has many properties in common with Scarborough pebbles. Both resemble in hardness the igneous formation which geologists tell us is composed of "quartz, feldspar, and mica arranged in distinct grains of crystals." But Beverly rock has, on the other hand, no suggestion of poison in its colors or flavors; it is of a good healthy white and pink, like the Yorkshire complexion; and although there may be little in its composition to endear it to palates unfamiliar with it, it nevertheless belongs, like the pebbles of Scarborough, among those comestibles which mean to the traveler more than meets the taste.

There are in touring, as in morals, acts of supererogation and acts of necessity. If one chooses, one may travel through the length and breadth of Yorkshire without so much as seeing the color of parkin or of any other saccharine invention of cook or confectioner; but under no circumstances must one rush ever so superficially through the least of the Ridings without making acquaintance with the tender virtues of Yorkshire ducklings. In the making of ducklings Nature herself has taken a hand, and has shown her usual exquisite perfection of manipulation. It is as if it had been her pride to prove that, when it is her sweet will to do so, she can mold in the barnyard a creature as delicately flavored and finely textured as those she fashions amid heather and bracken on the moorland. The skinny, emaciated chicken of the London table, with his prominent anatomy and alarmingly protuberant breast-bone, the tourist must perforce know well. This sorry specimen may heretofore have been all that he has come across, outside the pages of Audubon, of the British bird. Henceforth the Yorkshire duckling will nobly replace the London fowl in all casual gastronomical reminiscences. Your duck is a pleasant sight when he comes in fresh from market, still dressed in his shiny feathers, before he disappears into the custody of the landlady. See to it, by all means, that he be dry-plucked. Only when he and his feathers have parted company in this fashion will he later attain the full meridian of flavor and juiciness. The herb-garden must be laid under generous contribution for his stuffing; the more deeply the perfume of an old and well-stocked kitchen-garden is intermingled with its own aroma, the better for him in one's memory. Apple-sauce (never bread-sauce; Heaven forbid that a bit of his flesh should be poulticed by this glutinous compound!)—apple-sauce must flank the dish on which he is laid out brown and crisp. Then he may be eaten in open defiance of the claims of roast pig, and in full confidence that Charles Lamb could never have tasted a roasted duckling in Yorkshire, else would duckling, without a doubt, have received long ago its undeservedly withheld apotheosis.

AMERICAN POETS OF TO-DAY: CLINTON SCOLLARD

Clinton Scollard was born in Clinton, N. Y., September 18, 1860, and is the only son of Dr. James I. and Elizabeth Scollard. He was graduated from Hamilton College in 1881 with a record of high scholarship. After teaching rhetoric a year or more in the Brooklyn Polytechnic Institute, he entered upon a post-graduate course at Harvard University, and later was a student for a short time at Cambridge University, England. In 1886 he went abroad, and the year following spent several months in the far East. He was married July 3, 1890, and in the same month made his second trip to Europe. In 1888 he was chosen assistant professor of rhetoric at Hamilton College, and in 1891, after his return from his wedding tour, was elevated to the chair of English literature.

For the last five years Professor Scollard's best efforts have been given to his professorship, although during this period he has written a great deal. "As a teacher," says the Hamilton Review in a recent character sketch, "Professor Scollard is eminently successful. To him poetry is more than mere form and content. It is a vital, active force, endowed with life, movement and soul. Besides this love of poetry and its beauties, so prominent in his own nature, he possesses in a marked degree the power of communicating to others and unveiling to them the hidden beauties and underlying thoughts in a simple and suggestive manner. Few who have listened to his class-room lectures have failed to be impressed with the personality of the man. Invariable in temper, unbiased in judgment, ever willing to assist or to point out errors with the greatest forbearance, never hesitating to exert himself for the benefit of anyone who is conscientiously seeking for knowledge, yet firm in requirements and inflexible will—all these qualities have been active factors in contributing to his success and popularity."

Professor Scollard has published seven volumes of verse: *Pictures of Song*, 1884; *The Reed and Lyre*, 1885; *Old and New World Lyrics*, 1888; *Giovio and Giulia*, 1891; *Songs of Sunrise Lands*, 1892; *Hills of Song*, and *Skenandoa*, both 1896. He has also written two volumes of prose: *Under Summer Skies*, 1892, and *Sunny Shores*, 1893,—both sketches of travel in mingled prose and verse.

Professor Scollard has a charming fancy and a ready imagination. He possesses a rare sense of rhyme and rhythm, and a thorough mastery of the technique of verse. Versatile, industrious, conscientious, he at the same time has the instincts of an artist. He is one of the most popular of our younger poets and his popularity has been won without appealing to transient fancies either in choice of subjects or method of treatment.

KHAM SIN

Oh, the wind from the desert blew in,—

Kham sin,

The wind from the desert blew in!
It blew from the heart of the fiery south,
From the fervid sand and the hills of drouth,
And it kissed the land with its scorching mouth;
The wind from the desert blew in!

It blasted the buds on the almond bough,
And shriveled the fruit on the orange-tree;
The wizened dervish breathed no vow,
So weary and parched was he.
The lean muezzin could not cry;
The dogs ran mad, and bayed the sky;
The hot sun shone like a copper disk,
And prone in the shade of an obelisk
The water-carrier sank with a sigh,
For limp and dry was his water skin;
And the wind from the desert blew in.

The camel crouched by the crumbling wall,
And oh, the pitiful moan it made!
The minarets, taper and slim and tall,
Reeled and swam in the brazen light;
And prayers went up by day and night,
But thin and drawn were the lips that prayed.
The river writhed in its slimy bed,
Shrunk to a tortuous, turbid thread;
The burnt earth cracked like a cloven rind;
And still the wind, the ruthless wind,
Kham sin,
The wind from the desert, blew in.

Into the cool of the mosque it crept,
Where the poor sought rest at the Prophet's shrine;
Its breath was fire to the jasmine vine;
It fevered the brow of the maid who slept,
And men grew haggard with revel of wine.
The tiny fledgelings died in the nest;
The sick babe gasped at the mother's breast.
Then a rumor rose and swelled and spread
From a tremulous whisper, faint and vague,
Till it burst in a terrible cry of dread,
The plague! the plague! the plague!—
Oh, the wind Kham sin,
The scourge from the desert, blew in!

THE BOOKSTALL

It stands in a winding street,
A quiet and restful nook,
Apart from the endless beat
Of the noisy heart of Trade;
There's never a spot more cool
Of a hot midsummer day
By the brink of a forest pool,
Or the bank of a crystal brook
In the maples' breezy shade,
Than the bookstall old and gray.

Here are precious gems of thought
That were quarried long ago,
Some in vellum bound, and wrought
With letters and lines of gold;
Here are curious rows of "calf,"
And perchance an Elzevir;
Here are countless "mos" of chaff,
And a parchment folio,
Like leaves that are cracked with cold,
All puckered and brown and sere.

In every age and clime
Live the monarchs of the brain;

And the lords of prose and rhyme,
Years after the long last sleep
Has come to the kings of earth
And their names have passed away,
Rule on through death and birth;
And the thrones of their domain
Are found where the shades are deep,
In the bookstall old and gray.

THE FAIRIES' POOL

Overhead, the maple branches mingle,
Sigh and sough in breezes ever cool;
Underneath, where dips the darkling dingle,
Lies that liquid glass, the fairies' pool.

Rare the ray that lights its brooding beryl—
Sunshine, moonshine, or the starshine pale;
And its dusky depths seem paved with peril
To the wanderer in that lonely vale.

There's a legend that the white leaves whisper—
Poplar, birch, and aspen, softly blown—
That from spring till autumn airs grow crisper
Water fairies hold it for their own.

Such a brood as in our dreams beguile us,
Visions of dead Arcady re-born,
Kin to that bewitching shape that Hylas
Followed down to death one golden morn.

Fain were I to let the legend linger,
Not to dagger its frail life with fact,
Though the real lift a scornful finger,
Cry—"Romance is but a barren tract."

Should the singer turn his back on beauty?
May there not be meaning in a myth?
Is now the poet's highest duty
But to aim at pungency and pith?

Shall we clip the mounting wings of fancy,
And imagination rein by rule?
Nay. I hail the olden necromancy.—
This wood-mirror is the fairies' pool.

THE CRICKETS ON LAKE HURON

All through the afternoon, without reprieve
We marked the moaning of the inland main,
And then those cheery minstrels of the eve
Resumed their jocund strain.

They flung it down the piney corridors
And through the cedar arches clear and far;
Wide Huron heard it, and her dusky shores,
And heaven, star by star.

And like a mother's hush song to her child,
It slowly softened as the night grew deep,
Until by happy dreams we were beguiled
Upon the breast of sleep.

A VENETIAN SUNSET

On the bright bosom of the broad lagoon
Rocked by the tide we lay,
And watched the fading of the afternoon
In golden calm away.

The water caught the fair faint hues of rose,
Then flamed to ruby fire
That touched and lingered on the marble snows
Of wall and dome and spire.

A peaceful bark, with saffron sails outflung,
Swept toward the ancient mart,
And poised a moment like a bird, and hung
Full in the sunset's heart.

A dull gun boomed, and, as the echo ceased,
O'er the low dunes afar,
Lambent and large from out the darkened east,
Leaped night's first star.

WILD COREOPSIS

A sea of blossoms, golden as the glow
Of morning sunlight on a wind-rocked bay,
Beneath the breeze of this rare autumn day
Heaves in soft undulation to and fro;
Like incense, floating o'er the marsh below,
Come fragrant odors of the late-mown hay;
Beyond, in harmony of green and gray,
The tapering tamaracks tower in stately row.

And wading through the shimmering waves with
song
Upon his lips, a fair-haired youth I see,
Who swings off the saffron blossom-bells:
Back roll the years,—a melancholy throng,—
And I behold, in sea-girt Sicily,
Theocritus amid the asphodels.

THE BOWERS OF PARADISE

O traveler, who hast wandered far
'Neath southern sun and northern star,
Say where the fairest regions are.

Friend, underneath whatever skies
Love looks in love-returning eyes,
There are the bowers of paradise.

LEAFLESS TREES

The trees that lift their leafless limbs in March
Are like the spectres that our dreams invade:
Let one May morning kiss the sky's blue arch,
And lo! the ghosts are laid.

PURSUIT

Through all our lives we chase a golden prize
That flits like gossamer before us blown;
Will it avail us at the goal unknown,
When death at last has sealed our searching eyes?

A WINTER THOUGHT

Athwart chill skies, as gray as steel,
The winter's barbed arrows dart;
Yet none will house regret who feel
Perennial summer in the heart.

SUMMER IN WINTER

There is no blast howe'er so fierce it blows
Across wild moorlands leaguered fast by snows,
That does not bear the presage of a tune
The thrush will carol in the heart of June.

MATTERS MUSICAL, ARTISTIC AND DRAMATIC

FIRST PRODUCTION OF FAUST IN ENGLAND

LUIGI ARDITI.....MY REMINISCENCES*

To the lovers of Gounod's Faust (the opera which is certainly one of the most popular works of the present day all over the world) it will seem almost incredible that the music was not looked upon with any great degree of favor at the outset. The members of the orchestra, for instance, were not at first attracted by the music, the style and orchestration being so new to them, and during the first rehearsals they were scarcely favorably impressed. However, I begged them to persevere, assuring them that they would be delighted with the music on a more intimate acquaintance.

I had ardently hoped, and indeed Gounod had given me his promise, that he would himself come to London in order to superintend the rehearsals of Faust, and it was with no small amount of trepidation that, day after day, I looked for his coming and was continually disappointed. As we progressed I noticed a marked difference in the attitude of the orchestra towards the music. They were awakening to the fact that Faust possessed immense charm, and at the expiration of four or five rehearsals my prediction had fulfilled itself to the very letter. . . .

And this brings me once more to that all-important subject, namely, the first production of Faust in London, on June 12th, 1863. As I said before, the rehearsals in their early stages had filled me with apprehension, all the more so since Gounod had not kept his promise of coming to superintend the production. Towards the first night of performance, notwithstanding the deepening interest the orchestra had evinced, I felt that I had greatly needed the master's approval and coöperation in the great task that lay before me. Gounod had failed me at the eleventh hour, and when I entered the orchestra to take my seat on that memorable night I own that I felt somewhat nervous. Just as I was about to raise my baton I looked round, and, to my intense surprise and pleasure, caught sight of Gounod, who was seated in the stage-box. Unbeknown to everybody, he had traveled all day, accompanied by Choudens, his publisher, determined to witness Faust's triumph or defeat, since unavoidable engagements had prevented his coming to London sooner. A great feeling of gratification rose within me, and the orchestra—each man had his eye upon me—seemed to understand exactly what I felt at that moment. They mustered all their energy, a half-appealing, half-commanding look from me reached their hearts, and all determined, *coûte que coûte*, to do honor to Gounod's great masterpiece.

The music went admirably. There was no flaw or hitch, and Gounod himself was so delighted with the rendering of both orchestra and artists that ere the first act was concluded it was reported to me that he turned enthusiastically to Choudens and exclaimed: "*Que Dieu soit béni; voilà mon Faust!* . . ."

But what about the audience? Of course the house rose to enthusiasm and heartily cheered the singers and composer, who were called to the front; but, frankly, Faust did not immediately force its

way into the hearts of the people. The work had many enemies, and encountered a great deal of opposition and unmerited abuse; and, although the opera was constantly repeated, it was not a financial success during the first year.

The cast was a strong one, the chief characters being sustained by Titiens (Marguerite), Trebelli (Siebel), Giuglini (Faust), Gassier (Mephistopheles), and Santley (Valentine), all of whom rose to a pitch of perfection that has rarely been excelled. It has always been a source of delight to me to conduct Faust, for the beauties of the orchestration appealed to me from the very first.

SCHOOL OF AMERICAN MUSIC

INFLUENCE OF DUDLEY BUCK.....NEW YORK TRIBUNE

Although the dispute as to whether or not there is an American school of music is still pending, we have an older and younger generation of American composers. The most forward and aggressive men naturally belong in the latter category, but the older men, like Professor Paine, J. C. D. Parker and Dudley Buck, have not permitted themselves to be crowded out of notice. Not one of them, old or young, has made himself so generally felt throughout the country as Mr. Dudley Buck. The reason is, probably, because he has so consistently and persistently labored in fields which belong to the thousands instead of the few. No one is fonder of indulging in lofty ideals than he, but he seems to look upon such an indulgence as a luxury which must not interfere with the more practical activities which fill his daily life. Symphonies, chamber music and operas lie in his desk, and their number will probably be increased before pause is given to his stupendous industry, but they are the fruits of his between-times labors, of the moments which he sets aside for his own delectation, when he can humor himself rather than his publisher. The rest of his days and evenings (for Dudley Buck is never idle) go into work which is felt from Maine to California. The bulk of his church music, sung every Sunday in the cities, towns and villages of the United States, is probably larger than that of any five other composers for the Protestant service. His influence does not stop there, however. Through his books he teaches the organ to hundreds who have never seen him. His songs are heard in the concert rooms, his part-songs for men's voices are in the repertory of every American glee club, and his cantatas and oratorios, though they must, in the nature of things, have fewer performances than the works of less scope and magnitude, have an honorable place in the concert record of the United States. A pervasive influence indeed in American music has been that of Dudley Buck for the last twenty years. * * *

Nearly all of Mr. Buck's compositions have been given to the world in print. The only exceptions are a few large works for orchestra (a symphony, two string quartets, a concerto for four horns and orchestra, possibly also two or three overtures), and a grand opera dealing with an Egyptian subject, entitled *Serapis*. For this opera he wrote the li-

* Published by Dodd, Mead & Co.

bretto, as well as the music, as he did also for his cantata, *The Voyage of Columbus*. The latter, indeed, wrote in German as well as English. A comic opera, *Deseret*, for which W. A. Croffut wrote the libretto, had a fitful existence on the stage in 1880. His numerous songs, anthems, services, etc., must be passed over in this review of his compositions. His largest works are the oratorios, *The Golden Legend*, which carried off the prize offered by the Cincinnati Festival Association in 1880, and *The Light of Asia*, words by Sir Edwin Arnold, published by Norvello, Ewer & Co. in 1885. He wrote a festival hymn for the Boston Peace Jubilee of 1872, and the Centennial Meditation of Columbia, words by Sidney Lanier, for the Philadelphia Exposition in 1876. His more recent works have been a set of cantatas for church festival use, which admirably attest the practical nature of his gifts. They are called, respectively, *The Coming of the King*, designed for the Christmastide; *The Story of the Cross*, Good Friday, and *Christ, the Victor*, for the Eastertide and Ascension.

ELECTRICITY ON THE STAGE

CLAXTON WILSTACH.....GODEY'S MAGAZINE

Nearly all of the most perfect effects where light is employed on the stage are produced by the stereopticon, or that most powerful adaptation, the sciopicon, many of the stage uses for which I described in the August number of this Magazine. One of the most beautiful and natural phenomena that the sciopicon produces upon the scene of the stage is the rainbow. Painted stereopticon slides were used for many years to produce this effect, but the result was crude, and they were never an artistic success. The latest method is to project the rays of an 8,000-candle-power arc-light through a five-inch lens, thence through the opening of a glass slide cut out to form the familiar semicircle of the rainbow, and through a set of glass prisms, causing the separation of the various colors of which white light is composed. The glass prisms take the place of the natural prisms formed by myriads of water-drops through which the rays of the sun pass in making the rainbow in the sky.

The aurora borealis, the well-known phenomenon of the Arctic regions, is another subject for fine stereopticon effect, and is being shown very successfully in the Arctic melodrama, "*Under the Polar Star*." For this effect two circular glass discs of equal size are prepared by painting upon the edges a succession of opaque lines running from the centre to the outer edges, in imitation of the streaks of light produced by the aurora. These discs are revolved in opposite directions by micrometrical screws. The powerful rays of light piercing a red medium are projected through these discs, producing fierce, fiery rays intersecting each other, and shooting upward from the horizon line far into the heavens. The discs can be prepared so that these northern lights are made to assume various forms, as they appear in nature. Some are like hanging drapery of silk and lace, the folds of which hang in giant lengths from the clouds, and these are accurately and very effectively produced for stage illusion. The discs are operated upon a common axis in a small box, which is fastened in front of the lenses of the sciopicon. They are moved by means

of a hand-crank; a spring presses the gearing hard upon the edges of the discs and produces friction enough to move them rapidly around in opposite directions. The opening in the box through which the rays of light are projected may be cut in relief to conform to the outlines of the landscape or of floating icebergs.

A very startling stage effect, used in battle scenes, is the explosion of a bomb-shell "in full view of the audience." Electricity, a willing slave in the hands of a skilful operator, makes it possible to produce the sound and flash of a bomb so that the full effect is heard and seen, and at the same time with little or no danger. The bomb is prepared of a solution of fire-proof papier-maché, glued together in sections so that it may be easily blown into small pieces upon the discharge of a large firecracker hidden upon its inside. The operator stands in the wing waiting for his cue. He holds the bomb in hand. Under his foot is a push button connecting electric wires, one with the firecracker in the bomb, another with a small cannon or a battery of fire-crackers hidden from the audience by the scenery. At hearing the word which acts as his cue to proceed, he throws the bomb upon the stage. A piece of fuse attached to the bomb sparks and sizzles menacingly. The audience watch with bated breath. At the proper instant he presses the button underneath his foot, and with a deafening explosion the bomb is seen to burst with a flash of light.

A most realistic bit of scenic detail is found in the play *On the Mississippi*. One of the scenes depicts a Southern swamp, glowing with the phosphorescent light of fireflies. The secret of this effect is a net hung in front of the back scene, upon which are fastened small Geissler tubes, twisted as shown in the illustration. These wormly little tubes are connected individually to a battery operated by a keyboard, and can be excited at the will of the operator. By swinging the net gently backward and forward the motion of the flying lightning bugs is perfectly produced.

In the opera of *The Flying Dutchman* the hidden genius of the stage produces electrically the phenomenon of St. Elmo's fire, which occurs in the tropics on account of the electrical tension between the earth and the clouds, producing glowing streaks of bluish-white light on the topmasts and yards of ships. A 100-candle-power arc-lamp, placed on top of each mast, and operated individually from a keyboard, is the means by which this effect is produced.

The duel scene in *Faust* is often made thrilling on account of the sparks of fire produced by the infernal contact. The swords are simply connected by invisible electric wires, and the contact of the metal produces the flashes of light.

Clouds of steam are always effective in adding to the beauty of a stage picture on account of their susceptibility of taking the color of calcium or electric lights. A box about fifteen feet in length, having half-inch open slits in the top through which the steam escapes, is masked behind a low set piece of rock or shrubbery, and connected at either end with steam pipes. As the clouds arise, a row of white, red, and blue incandescent lights from behind gives the appearance of sunlight sparkling on the mist of a waterfall. When used for this purpose

a most startling effect is made by playing the rainbow upon the clouds. A familiar use of this steam appliance is in the last act of the German opera *Die Walküre*, and in the Brocken scene in *Faust*.

One of the most pleasing uses to which electricity has ever been put on the stage has been seen in the electric dances; not so much in this country as in Germany and France, especially at the Paris Casino. The dancers wear dresses in which are hidden miles of fine electric wires, which are connected either through metal plates in the stage or by wires running directly to the operator standing behind the scenes. Multi-colored lights are flashed from the hair, corsage, belt, and ankles of the dancer in iridescent splendor. One performer made very effective use of a skipping rope composed of globes of colored incandescent lights, each surrounded with flower-like petals and glass, and alternating with small oblong strips of mirror glass that reflected the brilliancy of the light and multiplied its colors. Sometimes one of these specialties utilizes the light produced by a ten-horse-power engine.

The French are the pioneers of the *danse lumineuse*, and it was in existence in their country twenty-five years before dynamos were made, being produced with the aid of electric cell batteries. The famous inventor of electric effects, M. Gustave Trouvè, first brought out the electric dance. In the early gorgeous productions of the Black Crook, many electric torches, crowns, jewels, hairpins, belts, and necklaces were used. Sita, a once famous electric dancer, used six hundred small lights in her costume.

The very latest application of electricity in dancing is that invented by Loie Fuller, consisting of moving yards of skirts in the light of focusing lamps, distributed at different points on the stage, overhead, in the wings, and from underneath the stage through a plate of glass upon which the dancer moves.

THE LANGUAGE OF COLOR

FLORENCE P. HOLDEN.....AUDIENCES*

As the art languages progress in power, each uses all the lower ones and interpenetrates them with some higher intent or purpose. The language of color does not separate itself from the lower languages, but uses and includes form, line, and action, in its own manifestation. Color is assuredly, if considered by itself, a very subtle language, yet it is none the less definite. . . .

Eyes are not enough to interpret the Language of Color. True, impressions of color come to the brain through the sense of sight, but he who runs may not always read, for the language of color, though definite, has a subtlety of meaning to the colorist which is rich in suggestiveness. As far as the understanding of this language goes, thousands of people might as well be born color-blind, for all the profit they derive from the use of their eyes.

Form without color has its distinct province of power, as is seen in architecture and sculpture. Crude color the ancients added to form, but in a subordinate way, the end being decoration, which is far from being the highest use of color. Complexity in color-mixing, too, had its day among the R. A.'s of the world; but for artists to-day color is

growing to be a more simple language, and the keynote of their theme is that "The sun paints true." Whether or no their audiences are altogether satisfied with the impressionists' use of that knowledge in the scale and five-finger exercises in paint so militant on our exhibition walls, the truth in their color theories must be admitted. It is certainly significant that all the art-world should have gone suddenly mad over one art-form, for impressionism is militant not alone in painted garb. One word to-day is made to include all art-effort,—sketch. This one fact should teach us that the arts are not far apart, that they are expressive of the intellectual and moral breadth of the time.

In the use of line and form, all movement, all expression, is suggested; but the fact of the artificiality of art forces itself into prominence. We never mistake an etching for a landscape, and never a statue for a man,—unless the brain is intensely preoccupied or the statue is in a dim light, which could prove nothing. In these the symbolism of art is always plainly visible, for line and form only timidly suggest the real. But painting, as the æstheticians assert, is distinctly an imitative art. It has the perfect face of nature, and therein lies the danger for the careless audience; because, in the very truth of its effects, they see and seem to understand, and forget that they have perhaps not yet mastered the dictionary of color. It may still be to them an unknown tongue. . . .

If one "does the Cathedral Towns,"—as every one does who goes abroad,—the fact that the church has formulated color, though by an unwritten law, into a language full of symbolic meaning, forces itself vividly upon him. Cabalistic, mysterious meanings have always hovered about certain colors; but after all is whispered of them, the fact is apparent that color is a language, formulated very much in the same way that French or German has come to be written, and of all the mysteries, there is not one but is plainly told on its face,—as any well-directed pair of eyes can learn to see.

The three primary colors have among most nations had simple meanings, intimately connected with man and his surroundings. Red—the color of blood, of life—has always had an intensely human meaning. "Red for love," the old song says. It carries with it an element of emotion, of passion. Blue is the color of the sky, impenetrable. Men's heads have always somehow been among the stars. Mentality is cold and apparently boundless. The heavens have always teased "us out of thought, as doth eternity," and the blue vastness of the sky has come to attach itself also to mental depths, until it is commonly said, "blue is cold; it is an intellectual color, the color of mind." Then yellow, the flame-color. Among all peoples, legends and myths cluster about the gift of fire to man; but more can be read in the Promethean legend than the physical power of fire. It is the gift of gods to men,—the best gift,—and the aspiring flame connects itself inseparably with the soul-aspirations of men. It makes for itself a Pentecost. The Christian use of the color in church decorations at Eastertide is thus explained.

This simple derivation of the three colors is apparent, but their variety in combination is infinite, and can be carried into a very complex study.

* Published by A. C. McClurg & Co.

"MY LADY NICOTINE": IN PRAISE OF TOBACCO *

COMPILED BY JOHN BAIN, JR.

CARLYLE ON TOBACCO

"Tobacco smoke," says Carlyle, "is the one element in which, by our European manners, men can sit silent together without embarrassment, and where no man is bound to speak one word more than he has actually and veritably got to say."

TOBACCO.—GEORGE WITHER (1620)

The Indian weed, withered quite,
Green at noon, cut down at night,
Shows thy decay; all flesh is hay.
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

The pipe that is so lily-white
Shows thee to be a mortal wight;
And even such, gone with a touch.
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

And when the smoke ascends on high,
Thinke thou beholdest the vanity
Of worldly stufte, gone with a puffe.
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

And when the pipe grows foul within,
Think on thy soule defil'd with sin,
And then the fire it doth require.
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

The ashes that are left behind
May serve to put thee still in mind,
That unto dust return thou must.
Thus thinke, then drinke tobacco.

BULWER-LYTTON ON TOBACCO SMOKING

He who doth not smoke hath either known no great griefs, or refuseth himself the softest consolation, next to that which comes from heaven.

BYRON ON TOBACCO

Sublime tobacco! which, from east to west,
Cheers the tar's labor or the Turkman's rest;
Which on the Moslem's ottoman divides
His hours, and rivals opium and his brides;
Magnificent in Stamboul, but less grand,
Though not less loved, in Wapping on the Strand;
Divine in hookas, glorious in a pipe,
When tipp'd with amber, mellow, rich, and ripe;
Like other charmers, wooing the caress
More dazlingly when daring in full dress;
Yet thy true lovers more admire, by far,
Thy naked beauties—give me a cigar!

—The Island, Canto II., Stanza 19.

ISAAC HAWKINS BROWNE, TO HIS PIPE (1736)

Little tube of mighty power,
Charmer of an idle hour,
Object of my warm desire,
Lip of wax, and eye of fire;
And thy snowy taper waist,
With my finger gently braced;
And thy pretty swelling crest,
With my little stopper press'd,
And the sweetest bliss of blisses,
Breathing from thy balmy kisses.

* Selected from *Tobacco in Song and Story*, compiled by John Bain, Jr. Arthur Gray & Co., publishers.

Happy thrice, and thrice agen,
Happiest he of happy men,
Who when agen the night returns,
When agen the taper burns;
When agen the cricket's gay
(Little cricket full of play),
Can aford his tube to feed
With the fragrant Indian weed;
Pleasure for a nose divine,
Incense of the god of wine.
Happy thrice, and thrice agen
Happiest he of happy men.

GUIZOT ON SMOKING

A lady, one evening, calling on Guizot, the historian of France, found him absorbed in his pipe. In astonishment she exclaimed: "What! you smoke and yet have arrived at so great an age!" "Ah, madam," replied the venerable statesman, "if I had not smoked I should have been dead ten years ago."

THACKERAY ON THE SOCIAL PIPE

Honest men, with pipes or cigars in their mouths, have great physical advantages in conversation. You may stop talking if you like, but the breaks of silence never seem disagreeable, being filled up by the puffing of the smoke; hence there is no awkwardness in resuming the conversation, no straining for effect—sentiments are delivered in a grave, easy manner. The cigar harmonizes the society, and soothes at once the speaker and the subject whereon he converses. I have no doubt that it is from the habit of smoking that the Turks and American Indians are such monstrous well-bred men. The pipe draws wisdom from the lips of the philosopher, and shuts up the mouth of the foolish; it generates a style of conversation, contemplative, thoughtful, benevolent and unaffected; in fact, dear Bob,—I must out with it,—I am an old smoker. At home, I have done it up the chimney rather than not do it (the which I own is a crime.) I vow and believe the cigar has been one of the greatest creature-comforts of my life—a kind companion, a gentle stimulant, an amiable anodyne, a cementer of friendship.

FROM CHARLES LAMB'S FAREWELL TO TOBACCO

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave thee.
For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.
But as she who once hath been
A king's consort is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any tittle of her state
Though a widow, or divorced,
So I from my converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Katharine of Spain;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys.

IN DIALECT: SELECTIONS IN CHARACTER VERSE

The Rivals... Anne V. Culbertson... Lays of a Wandering Minstrel

She's a winsome colleen!
 Whin I take me dudheen,
 And the smoke wreaths arise,
 I can see her bright eyes
 Whur a laugh lurkin' lies,
 And her white little chin
 Wid it's dape dimple in,—

Oh, there never was seen such a winsome colleen
 As her through the smoke of me good owld dudheen!

She's a poutin' colleen
 Whin she sees me dudheen!
 Whin the smoke wreaths arise
 There's a snap in her eyes,
 Whur an imp lurkin' lies,
 And she tilts her white chin
 Wid its dape dimple in,—

Oh, there niver was seen such a poutin' colleen
 As her whin I take up me good owld dudheen!

What ails the colleen
 Whin I take me dudheen?
 "It's me rival," siz she,
 Wid a side-glance at me,
 "And it's aisy to see
 Which howlds the first place,
 And I say to your face

It's plain to be seen that ye want no colleen
 Whin your lips are glued fast to your darlin' dudheen!"

Thin I drop me dudheen—
 Jist to plaze the colleen,
 And to prove that wan sip
 From her swate poutin' lip
 Would onloosen me grip
 From me pipe or me life!
 Darlin' Connie, me wife!

Oh, there niver was seen such a lovin' colleen
 As her—whin she's coaxed me to drop me dudheen!

Thin I eye me dudheen,
 And I eye the colleen;
 And she'll prisintly rise,
 Wid warm love in her eyes,
 While she laughin'ly tries
 To breathe back a light
 In me pipe that's out quite.

Oh, there niver was seen such a witchin' colleen
 As her whin pertindin' to light me dudheen!

Jinny..... Will T. Hale..... Showers and Sunshine

Across the meadow, yonder on the hill,
 Jinny, my first wife, lays at rest in death—
 Where through the lonesome days wild roses fill
 The broodin' stillness with their sweetest breath.
 The family graveyard is neglected some;
 The fence I know's been tumblin' more each year;
 But birds an' grigs, they often wake the gloom,
 An' sheep-bells drows'ly tinkle always near.

I am not old an' yit the world somehow
 Hain't seemed just like it was before she died;
 I feel myself a-wishin' she's here now,
 Like when we used to toil on side by side.
 I prize her more 'n I did before she went—
 Strange 'at I couldn't see her worth in life;
 But then, I seldom told her how she lent
 A charm to home an' driv' off much of strife.

So thoughts like these have teched me evermore,
 When ploughin' in the field below her grave,
 Or when at noon I set out by the door
 Beneath the vines 'at on the trellis wave;
 Her mound is jest in sight, an' I can view
 The little slab 'at tells one where she lays,
 An' hear across the shimmerin' fields the coo
 Of doves that linger through the summer days.

An' evenin's, settin' on the gallary,
 The twilight's arm a-closin' round the world,
 It seems 'at mem'ry 'll come in spite of me,
 An' all the past is like a scrip unfurl'd.
 I think of her when raindrops patter through
 The shadows lurkin' 'mongst the maple boughs,
 I hear her voice when comes the s-o-o, s-o-o, s-o-o,
 Down by the gap where Jinny milked the cows.

An' when the moon is shinin' ca'm an' bright—
 So clear 'at one can see on upland knolls
 The flocks of sheep a-browsin'—ghostly white,
 As we consider sainted wimen's souls—
 My eyes git full, a-thinkin' of her there,
 Not hearin' love, but peacefully an' still;
 An' then I wish I too was done with care,
 Restin' with Jinny yonder on the hill.

Lullaby.... Paul Lawrence Dunbar.... The Bookman

Bedtime's come fu' little boys,
 Po' little lamb.
 Too tiahed out to make a noise,
 Po' little lamb.
 You gwine t' have to-morrer sho'?
 Yes, you tole me dat befo',
 Don't you fool me, chile, no mo',
 Po' little lamb.

You been bad de livelong day,
 Po' little lamb.
 Th'owin' stones an' runnin' 'way,
 Po' little lamb.

My, but you's a-runnin' wild,
 Look jes' lak some po' folks chile;
 Mam' gwine whup you atter while,
 Po' little lamb.

Come hyeah! you mos' tiahed to def,
 Po' little lamb.
 Played yo'se'f clean out o' bref,
 Po' little lamb.

See dem han's now—sich a sight!
 Would you evah b'lieve dey's white!
 Stan' still 'twell I wash dem right,
 Po' little lamb.

Jes' caint hol' yo' haid up straight,
 Po' little lamb.
 Hadn't oughter played so late,
 Po' little lamb.

Mammy do' know whut she'd do,
 Ef de chillun's all lak you;
 You's a caution now fu' true,
 Po' little lamb.

Lay yo' haid down in my lap,
 Po' little lamb.
 Y'ought to have a right good slap,
 Po' little lamb.

You been runnin' roun' a heap.
 Shet dem eyes an' don't you peep,
 Dah now, dah now, go to sleep,
 Po' little lamb.

THE SKETCH BOOK: CHARACTER IN OUTLINE

SHE GOT THE FISH

TRADE TACTICS.....NEW YORK WORLD

Between Norfolk and Suffolk streets this happened. He peddled fish—cod, halibut, whitefish and smelts, all frozen stiff. His high forehead, his wise, wrinkled face and his long gray beard gave him a patriarchal air. There was a patriarchal air about the fish, too. The good wife, whose eyes peered out from a mass of pink woolen wrappings, stood, purse in hand and basket open, watching him weigh a fish.

"Three pounds," he said in the jargon, "that'll be thirty cents.

Without a smile or frown, without a twinkle or a tremor, she drew from her purse a quarter and held it up to his eyes. Panic was written on his face.

"My dear woman; my dear, dear, dear woman, how can I? Would you have my wife starve and my young ones go hungry? Starvation—there, take the fish. It's yours. Twenty-nine cents."

She shook her head, closed the basket, pocketed the purse and turned away—one step.

"I'll give twenty-six cents, not a penny more. In Ludlow street they only charge—"

"God has abandoned me!" Ruin was depicted upon his countenance—hopeless, starving, suffering ruin. "The fish is yours. Twenty-eight cents, and may Jehovah take pity on my wife and children."

She picked up the fish, pinched it, rubbed it, sniffed at it and laid it upon the scale again. Then she opened her basket, drew out her purse and counted into the palm of her hand one quarter and two bright, shining, tinkling, golden pennies. These, without a word, she held out to him.

"Twenty-seven cents!" he shrieked. "Would you ruin me? Before God I swear that it cost me twenty-eight. My wife would starve! My children would go barefoot in this terrible cold! I would die!"

With a snap the purse closed; the lid of the basket was jammed tight, and she walked off. He seized the fish by the tail and followed her. For half a block he pushed, struggled, elbowed and zig-zagged through the throng of marketers, keeping his patriarchal eyes upon her. She spied another fish-stand. He also spied it and, what was more, spied that she had spied it. In a twinkling he was beside her; the basket cover was flung open; the fish was dropped unceremoniously inside, and: "Twenty-seven cents, but God help my wife and children!"

IN THE NEWS ROOM

W. PETT RIDGE.....TO-DAY

[Newspaper Room of Public Library. Evening. Stands, with journals reclining thereon; small group of men around the latest editions, conversing in whispers; uniformed official, with frown, walks about, and awakens students of serious literature.]

Man in Tweed Cap (reading pink paper anxiously).—Merry Thought first, Berkeley Square second, and—good business—Gloaming third. (With satisfaction) I knew Gloaming 'd get a place. It wasn't meant to win, and I knew it wasn't meant to win, but I had the straight grif, I had, and I went

and put a tanner on it—one, two, three—and I shall dror 'alf a dollar, please 'Eaven, to-morrow morning. What d'you think of that, old son?

Old Son (disgustedly).—Think? You'd better not ask me what I think.

Tweed Cap (acutely).—Best of me is, I watch their public form, don't you see, and there's no getting away from that. You can say what you like, but don't you tell me that public form isn't public form, because it's a lie. I don't follow no stables, I don't follow no jockey; I just keep me eyes open, old son, and—

Old Son (candidly).—You may keep your eyes open, but you've never got hold of the knack of keeping your mouth shut.

Tweed Cap.—What I reely want, you know, more'n anything else, is capital. If I had a bit of capital I could make it go on and on and on, like a blooming snowball. I don't say, mind you, that I can't make a mistake, just as well as 'ere and there a one, but it don't 'appen very often, old son, and—

Old Son (appealingly).—Do close it.

Tweed Cap.—A lot of flats go in for the game, and, naturally enough, they get had, and they don't like it. But, bless my soul, a man with ord'nary intelligence, like me, old son—

Old Son (goaded).—Now, why don't you leave off whisperin' in my ear, when you see I'm trying to read all about this inquest? Why don't you go and read a comic paper or something? You're like a bloomin' old woman, with your jor, jor, jor, and—

Other Students (reprovingly).—S-s-s-h! [They hush.]

Acute Youth (examining fashion journal, to friend).—Yes, I know that. I know they look nice in these pictures; I don't deny it for a single moment. This girl in the bicycle suit, for instance, is certainly, as you say, very snappy. But you come across 'em in real life, and (moodily) you'll find 'em very different. Ve-ry different indeed.

His Friend.—But I suppose you'll go and get married some day, like everyone else?

Acute Youth.—Not me, my boy (confidently). Not me. It's what I call a mug's game, getting married. Better by half keep as you are.

His Friend (hesitatingly).—They tell me it's just about as cheap to keep two as one.

Acute Youth (knowingly).—Ah, well, you try it my boy. If you think a girl leaves off eating, and leaves off flinging money about, after you've married her, why—(Looks round the room despairingly for words, without success.) But don't you take any notice of what I say. You try it, that's all.

His Friend.—A man might do worse.

Acute Youth.—He might do better.

His Friend (tentatively).—But supposing she'd got a little money of her own? Not much, you know, but enough to go on with.

Acute Youth (turning leaves of fashion journal).—That's a different matter altogether. I'm not saying anything against that. What I object to is the idea of forking out for every blessed thing that's wanted in a household. Look, for instance, at the

girl in this picture, with the train of her dress trailing right away into the corner. Why, a dress like that would cost pounds!

His Friend.—Now and then, though, you come across one that's handy with her needle.

Acute Youth.—Yes (distrustfully), or says she is. I've met girls who've told me they were domesticated and clever at cooking, and rare ones for spring cleaning, and I don't know what all, and when I've made a few private inquiries, lo and behold—

His Friend (thoughtfully).—I suppose it isn't a bad idea to ask a few questions. Only thing is, it looks rather inquisitive.

Acute Youth (bravely).—Let it look. I remember once—it's not so very long ago, and I sha'n't mention names, in case you might know the young party—but (louder and with interest) we got very friendly, and one evening I'm blessed if—

Other Students.—S-s-s-h!

(Stout man with pince-nez, at newspaper stand, argues with respectful friend.)

Stout Man.—Well, if that is so, all I can say is, Parliament's wrong. That's all about it. Fact of the matter is, we get such a lot of chuckle-headed people nowadays calling themselves members of the House of Commons, and making our laws and what all, that the wonder to me is they ever do anything right. I was saying only the other evening at the vestry—

Respectful Friend.—You got in again, then?

Stout Man.—Got in? (proudly). My dear sir, I simply romped in. Sim-plee romped in. In fact (modestly), I'd no idea I was so popular.

Respectful Friend (humorously).—You'll be setting up for Parliament next.

Stout Man.—If ever I do, there are a few little matters I shall endeavor to have my say about. (Knowingly) I could tell them one or two things about road paving, for instance, that would literally make their hair stand on end.

Respectful Friend (anxious to divert whispered conversation).—Rather a lively murder in White-chapel again, I see?

Stout Man.—It would be a fine thing for the House of Commons if they could only get one or two real, solid, clear-headed men, who know what the world really is, to stand up and talk to them. I could do it, and (doubtfully) I daresay there may be one or two others who could do it, and I rather fancy we should lead them a pretty dance. A pretty dance. There's just one thing about it, and that is—

Respectful Friend.—What's all this about Turkey again?

Stout Man.—And that is, that they wouldn't shut me up. (Confidently.) I should insist upon having my say out, whether they liked it or not. I'm not accustomed to knuckle under, never have been, and I'm certainly not going to begin now.

Respectful Friend.—This old Sultan is a warm member, upon my word!

Stout Man.—You can do anything with me if you approach me in a proper, straightforward, gentlemanly manner, but (truculently) once you begin to ride the high horse, sir, I nail my colors to the mast. (Shakes pince-nez at Respectful Friend severely.) I'm all right up to a certain point, you understand me; once you cross that point, you've

got a pretty tough customer to deal with. So don't let anyone begin any hanky-panky tricks, or else you'll very soon find yourself—

Others.—S-s-s-h!

(Working Man looks at illustrated weekly, and clicks his tongue amazedly.)

First Working Man.—Marvelous how they get these picture papers up week after week, isn't it? Look at this one, for instance. Why, it's good enough to hang up in anybody's bedroom.

Second Working Man (disparagingly).—All faked.

First Working Man.—I don't know so much about that. Seems to me, it's jolly clever to be able to do it. And then, when you think of these chaps going abroad to foreign countries and drawing a picture of a battle that they've seen—

Second Working Man (gloomily).—They don't see no battles.

First Working Man.—Well, but they must see 'em, or else—or else, how could they draw 'em? Course they see 'em. And they send the pictures home, and then the pictures come out in the papers. And my argument is that it's all pretty clever, and it'd puzzle you, old man, to manage it.

Second Working Man.—Could do it with shut eyes.

First Working Man.—And they get the faces wonderfully accurate, too. Some of them you can almost recognize without reading the name underneath. (Turns page.) Look at this one, for instance. I can tell that that's old Gladstone at the first glance. I don't want to look at it twice. There's the nose and the—

Second Working Man (reading).—It's Lord Wolseley, clever.

First Working Man.—Oh! (disappointed.) Well, I expect it's a misprint. It's very like old Gladstone, though. Have you seen Punch this week? The cartoon, I mean. Chap can hit 'em off, can't he? Wonder how he thinks of 'em, week after week?

Second Working Man.—Easy enough.

First Working Man (irritated).—Well, you try it, that's all. You go and have a dab at it; you go and take pen, ink, and paper, and try. (Crossly) I don't care a—

Others (shocked).—S-s-s-h!

(Two lads argue near doorway in low tones.)

Lad (with collar).—I never care for any of these blessed papers and things, I don't. Give me a good, rousin' little book, and I'm 'appy. I bought 'alf a dozen of 'em from a boy at Crosse and Blackwell's the other day, and they was a bit untidy and torn, but (with enthusiasm), my word, they was scorchers!

Lad (without collar).—'Merican?

Collar.—All of 'em! Injuns, Dare Devil Petes, lovely squors, bowie knives, and every mortal thing you can think of. Once I get fairly interested in one of 'em, I can't do no work. If I had a bit more money, I'd lay it all out on a 'ole box full of 'em.

Without Collar.—Lend us a couple; why don't you?

Collar (cautiously).—Not me! I've lent things like that before to chaps I thought I could trust, and they 'aven't returned not even the cover. You

want to tie a piece of string on to everything what you lend, and never let go of it till—

Without Collar (hotly).—All right. Be nasty, then. Keep your books. Who wants 'em?

Collar.—Why, you do.

Without Collar (obstinately).—No, I don't. I wouldn't 'ave them if you was to go down on your bended knees and beg and pray of me to take 'em. (With increasing choler) Think you're everybody, I s'pose, jest because you wear a bowler 'at, and—

Uniformed Official (interfering).—Look here, you boys! If you can't keep yourselves a little bit more quiet (definitely), out you go.

LAST SCENE IN THE CAREER OF ESPARTERO

ROYAL CORTISSEOZ. HARPER'S MAGAZINE

I saw Espartero die. Before I went to the bull-ring in Madrid, on the summer day on which he met his doom, I felt in my heart that he was to die. I wanted to warn him. Why did I not do so? The thing happened in this way. I had been to a corrida—as the Spaniards call a performance in the ring—a fortnight before. I had seen two bulls killed out of the six who are always sacrificed in the great national festival, and had then fled from the place in shame and indignation. I had seen emaciated and helpless horses slaughtered in agony, so that the cowards who call themselves picadores might escape the maiming they deserved. I had witnessed the vilest and most brutalizing spectacle that survives anywhere in civilized Europe, and I wanted an outlet for the contempt and rage it had raised within me.

* * *

Espartero entered [the ring], and I saw the death-light in his eyes. Did he know it as I knew it? Did he feel as I felt? I saw the ring light up with red and gold, millions of little lights shot through my brain, and the stone beneath me began to slip. I sat breathless there for a moment, waiting with closed eyes. The crowd began to roar, and I opened my eyes to see the duel fifteen feet away. I watched Espartero with fever in my mind, and Heaven knows whether I cared or not for the fate that hung in the balance. I do not know myself. I only know that when the fighter struck I leapt from my seat, and thought the end had come. Not yet. He did not make the right lunge, and had only pierced the creature's hide. The bull came on, and fighter and sword were thrown ten feet above the ground. I knew no harm had come, yet fingers seemed to fasten on my throat and to bid my heart stand still. He picked himself up quickly, and watched the bull, as his friends pressed around to ask if he were hurt. He shook his head, but I saw him clutch his side as though in pain, and then he asked for another sword.

The bull was worrying the carcass of a horse near by. Banderilleros surrounded him with their flags, ready to keep him at bay. Soon they left the spot, and again the bull and his executioner were alone. I was sure now that Espartero's destiny was closed. I don't know why I didn't rise and tell him so. I sat still instead, and waited for the blow. The man had lost his nerve, and in his face there was an emotion which I myself have known. It is the feeling that there is no more chance; that the chapter is finished; that you can do nothing, and do not care.

I once pitched headlong from a height, and in my descent I felt that last despair. It is indescribable and unforgettable. All your life unrolls before you, and all the years seem brought within the compass of a gasp. I knew the rocks that lay sixty feet below me; and midway in my fall, ignorant of or indifferent to the providence that was to save me, I never cared a straw about the end. I would take it as it came. I knew it had to come, and I can feel again the fantastic repose of that whirling instant—a sort of leaning on the peace of eternity.

So Espartero must have felt. His cheek was white and his hand trembled, but he did not care. I know these things. He was only fifteen feet away. I saw him meet the bull and wave his flag. The bull glared back in fury. Big, dripping with foam and blood, stamping his hoofs like an angry horse, and brandishing his horns and tail, he looked a figure from imagination run mad. The man teased on, and never dropped his flag. The bull put down his horns, and never ceased to lunge, fighting the flag with all his heart and soul; but suddenly the cry from the seats grew terrible to hear, and Espartero let his safeguard fall. My cheeks were as cold as ice, and my temples throbbed as though there were hammers in them. The bull stood at gaze for a moment that was breathless and deadly. He looked his enemy over like a king. And then the sword went home. Home—yes, to the very bulwark of that lion heart; but not before the mighty head swept down and struck the reckless fighter full upon the chest. Espartero fell like a shot, and rolled along the ground. He had not been gored, but the bull had struck him with the force of a catapult, and had hurt him beyond recall. Defiant, despairing, resolved to kill, though all his hope had gone, Espartero had run at him full tilt, instead of waiting for the charge. Ordinarily the bull passes under the right arm of the fighter. This Espartero had failed to reckon with. He met the bull in front, and fell between the horns. Men sprang to help him; but the bull was quick, and people screamed at that which happened next. The horns bore on, and ploughed beneath the fighter's form. They scooped it up, and hurled it along the sand. By some miracle the bull had struck too low, and could not gore. In a twinkling they had caught his eye with the flags, and he roamed wildly about the ring. The sword was buried to the hilt in his body, and yet he lived. He quieted, and walked slowly up and down. The crowd of frightened cowards fell away like rushes. The ring was his. Men lifted the fallen toreador, and went swiftly along the barrier, keeping close, so that a leap could save them if the bull perceived their retreat. He disdained to see. Still he paced the sand, and just as Espartero disappeared the bull sank down and died. I cannot conceive a kinglier death than his. He fell like some great pillar. The bulk and beauty of his giant frame went down with dignity and pomp. I can never forget him. He was the bravest creature I ever saw.

And what of Espartero? The crowd looked on and never changed its tone. It was only an accident. But I knew better.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"Oh, no; only wounded," was the reply.

In my heart I knew the man was dead.

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Stout Man.—Got in? (proudly). My dear sir, I simply romped in. Sim-plee romped in. In fact (modestly), I'd no idea I was so popular.

Respectful Friend (humorously).—You'll be setting up for Parliament next.

Stout Man.—If ever I do, there are a few little matters I shall endeavor to have my say about. (Knowingly) I could tell them one or two things about road paving, for instance, that would literally make their hair stand on end.

Respectful Friend (anxious to divert whispered conversation).—Rather a lively murder in White-chapel again, I see?

Stout Man.—It would be a fine thing for the House of Commons if they could only get one or two real, solid, clear-headed men, who know what the world really is, to stand up and talk to them. I could do it, and (doubtfully) I daresay there may be one or two others who could do it, and I rather fancy we should lead them a pretty dance. A pretty dance. There's just one thing about it, and that is—

Respectful Friend.—What's all this about Turkey again?

Stout Man.—And that is, that they wouldn't shut me up. (Confidently.) I should insist upon having my say out, whether they liked it or not. I'm not accustomed to knuckle under, never have been, and I'm certainly not going to begin now.

Respectful Friend.—This old Sultan is a warm member, upon my word!

Stout Man.—You can do anything with me if you approach me in a proper, straightforward, gentlemanly manner, but (truculently) once you begin to ride the high horse, sir, I nail my colors to the mast. (Shakes pince-nez at Respectful Friend severely.) I'm all right up to a certain point, you understand me; once you cross that point, you've

got a pretty tough customer to deal with. So don't let anyone begin any hanky-panky tricks, or else you'll very soon find yourself—

Others.—S-s-s-h!

(Working Man looks at illustrated weekly, and clicks his tongue amazedly.)

First Working Man.—Marvelous how they get these picture papers up week after week, isn't it? Look at this one, for instance. Why, it's good enough to hang up in anybody's bedroom.

Second Working Man (disparagingly).—All faked.

First Working Man.—I don't know so much about that. Seems to me, it's jolly clever to be able to do it. And then, when you think of these chaps going abroad to foreign countries and drawing a picture of a battle that they've seen—

Second Working Man (gloomily).—They don't see no battles.

First Working Man.—Well, but they must see 'em, or else—or else, how could they draw 'em? Course they see 'em. And they send the pictures home, and then the pictures come out in the papers. And my argument is that it's all pretty clever, and it'd puzzle you, old man, to manage it.

Second Working Man.—Could do it with shut eyes.

First Working Man.—And they get the faces wonderfully accurate, too. Some of them you can almost recognize without reading the name underneath. (Turns page.) Look at this one, for instance. I can tell that that's old Gladstone at the first glance. I don't want to look at it twice. There's the nose and the—

Second Working Man (reading).—It's Lord Wolseley, clever.

First Working Man.—Oh! (disappointed.) Well, I expect it's a misprint. It's very like old Gladstone, though. Have you seen Punch this week? The cartoon, I mean. Chap can hit 'em off, can't he? Wonder how he thinks of 'em, week after week?

Second Working Man.—Easy enough.

First Working Man (irritated).—Well, you try it, that's all. You go and have a dab at it; you go and take pen, ink, and paper, and try. (Crossly) I don't care a—

Others (shocked).—S-s-s-h!

(Two lads argue near doorway in low tones.)

Lad (with collar).—I never care for any of these blessed papers and things, I don't. Give me a good, rousin' little book, and I'm 'appy. I bought 'alf a dozen of 'em from a boy at Crosse and Blackwell's the other day, and they was a bit untidy and torn, but (with enthusiasm), my word, they was scorchers!

Lad (without collar).—'Merican?

Collar.—All of 'em! Injuns, Dare Devil Petes, lovely squors, bowie knives, and every mortal thing you can think of. Once I get fairly interested in one of 'em, I can't do no work. If I had a bit more money, I'd lay it all out on a 'ole box full of 'em.

Without Collar.—Lend us a couple; why don't you?

Collar (cautiously).—Not me! I've lent things like that before to chaps I thought I could trust, and they 'aven't returned not even the cover. You

want to tie a piece of string on to everything what you lend, and never let go of it till—

Without Collar (hotly).—All right. Be nasty, then. Keep your books. Who wants 'em?

Collar.—Why, you do.

Without Collar (obstinately).—No, I don't. I wouldn't 'ave them if you was to go down on your bended knees and beg and pray of me to take 'em. (With increasing choler) Think you're everybody, I s'pose, jest because you wear a bowler 'at, and—

Uniformed Official (interfering).—Look here, you boys! If you can't keep yourselves a little bit more quiet (definitely), out you go.

LAST SCENE IN THE CAREER OF ESPARTERO

ROYAL CORTISSEOZ.....HARPER'S MAGAZINE

I saw Espartero die. Before I went to the bull-ring in Madrid, on the summer day on which he met his doom, I felt in my heart that he was to die. I wanted to warn him. Why did I not do so? The thing happened in this way. I had been to a corrida—as the Spaniards call a performance in the ring—a fortnight before. I had seen two bulls killed out of the six who are always sacrificed in the great national festival, and had then fled from the place in shame and indignation. I had seen emaciated and helpless horses slaughtered in agony, so that the cowards who call themselves picadores might escape the maiming they deserved. I had witnessed the vilest and most brutalizing spectacle that survives anywhere in civilized Europe, and I wanted an outlet for the contempt and rage it had raised within me.

* * *

Espartero entered [the ring], and I saw the death-light in his eyes. Did he know it as I knew it? Did he feel as I felt? I saw the ring light up with red and gold, millions of little lights shot through my brain, and the stone beneath me began to slip. I sat breathless there for a moment, waiting with closed eyes. The crowd began to roar, and I opened my eyes to see the duel fifteen feet away. I watched Espartero with fever in my mind, and Heaven knows whether I cared or not for the fate that hung in the balance. I do not know myself. I only know that when the fighter struck I leapt from my seat, and thought the end had come. Not yet. He did not make the right lunge, and had only pierced the creature's hide. The bull came on, and fighter and sword were thrown ten feet above the ground. I knew no harm had come, yet fingers seemed to fasten on my throat and to bid my heart stand still. He picked himself up quickly, and watched the bull, as his friends pressed around to ask if he were hurt. He shook his head, but I saw him clutch his side as though in pain, and then he asked for another sword.

The bull was worrying the carcass of a horse near by. Banderilleros surrounded him with their flags, ready to keep him at bay. Soon they left the spot, and again the bull and his executioner were alone. I was sure now that Espartero's destiny was closed. I don't know why I didn't rise and tell him so. I sat still instead, and waited for the blow. The man had lost his nerve, and in his face there was an emotion which I myself have known. It is the feeling that there is no more chance; that the chapter is finished; that you can do nothing, and do not care.

I once pitched headlong from a height, and in my descent I felt that last despair. It is indescribable and unforgettable. All your life unrolls before you, and all the years seem brought within the compass of a gasp. I knew the rocks that lay sixty feet below me; and midway in my fall, ignorant of or indifferent to the providence that was to save me, I never cared a straw about the end. I would take it as it came. I knew it had to come, and I can feel again the fantastic repose of that whirring instant—a sort of leaning on the peace of eternity.

So Espartero must have felt. His cheek was white and his hand trembled, but he did not care. I know these things. He was only fifteen feet away. I saw him meet the bull and wave his flag. The bull glared back in fury. Big, dripping with foam and blood, stamping his hoofs like an angry horse, and brandishing his horns and tail, he looked a figure from imagination run mad. The man teased on, and never dropped his flag. The bull put down his horns, and never ceased to lunge, fighting the flag with all his heart and soul; but suddenly the cry from the seats grew terrible to hear, and Espartero let his safeguard fall. My cheeks were as cold as ice, and my temples throbbed as though there were hammers in them. The bull stood at gaze for a moment that was breathless and deadly. He looked his enemy over like a king. And then the sword went home. Home—yes, to the very bulwark of that lion heart; but not before the mighty head swept down and struck the reckless fighter full upon the chest. Espartero fell like a shot, and rolled along the ground. He had not been gored, but the bull had struck him with the force of a catapult, and had hurt him beyond recall. Defiant, despairing, resolved to kill, though all his hope had gone, Espartero had run at him full tilt, instead of waiting for the charge. Ordinarily the bull passes under the right arm of the fighter. This Espartero had failed to reckon with. He met the bull in front, and fell between the horns. Men sprang to help him; but the bull was quick, and people screamed at that which happened next. The horns bore on, and ploughed beneath the fighter's form. They scooped it up, and hurled it along the sand. By some miracle the bull had struck too low, and could not gore. In a twinkling they had caught his eye with the flags, and he roamed wildly about the ring. The sword was buried to the hilt in his body, and yet he lived. He quieted, and walked slowly up and down. The crowd of frightened cowards fell away like rushes. The ring was his. Men lifted the fallen toreador, and went swiftly along the barrier, keeping close, so that a leap could save them if the bull perceived their retreat. He disdained to see. Still he paced the sand, and just as Espartero disappeared the bull sank down and died. I cannot conceive a kinglier death than his. He fell like some great pillar. The bulk and beauty of his giant frame went down with dignity and pomp. I can never forget him. He was the bravest creature I ever saw.

And what of Espartero? The crowd looked on and never changed its tone. It was only an accident. But I knew better.

"Is he dead?" I asked.

"Oh, no; only wounded," was the reply.

In my heart I knew the man was dead.

YOUNG PHILOSOPHERS: SAYINGS OF THE CHILDREN *

A pretty story is told about a little boy whose elder sister is much interested in photography, and gives the family the benefit of many observations about her work. This little boy was taken to the Court House to see the end of a certain trial. He came home and told his mother about it. "The Judge made a speech to the jury," he said, "and then sent them into a little dark room to develop."

"Tommy," said Mrs. Blimber to her eldest hopeful, "pass the Reverend Mr. Todgers a potato."

Tommy seized the potato between a thumb and finger, and before his mother could utter a horrified remonstrance he had tossed it across the table and squarely into the good man's lap.

"Judgment!" cried Tommy.

"One strike," quoth the good man.

"Tommy, leave the table," shrieked his mother.

"Madam," said the pastor, "do not judge him harshly. See how beautifully he put the sphere over the plate."

And now there isn't a more earnest worker in all the big Sunday school than that same Master Tommy.

"Darling, did you sing any pretty songs at Sunday school?"

"Yes, mamma; we sung a lovely one about 'Greenland's ice cream mountains.'"

"Mamma, what is heredity?" asked Bobby, shedding a few tears and laboriously tripping over the syllables of the long word.

"Why, it is—it is something you get from your father or me," replied the mother.

Silence of two minutes and more tears.

"Then, ma," he asked, "is spanking hereditary?"

"How vain you are, Effie! Looking at yourself in the glass!"

"Vain, aunt Emma? Me vain? Why, I don't think myself half as good-looking as I really am."

Teacher (sternly)—Willy, give that chewing gum to me!

Willy—I'll let you have half of it.

Johnny—They must have an awful big baby over at Meeker's house.

Pa—What makes you think so?

Johnny—Why, I heard ma say to-day that every one in the house was wrapped up in him.

"Johnny," asked his teacher, "what must we do before our sins can be forgiven?" "Sin," replied Johnny.

Little Mendicant—Please, sir, give me a nickel? Benevolent Clergyman—Have you no parents?

"No, sir; I am an orphan by birth."

A small boy demanded an explanation of the names applied to the four classes of the college

course. He listened attentively and sat buried in thought for some time. At last he asked anxiously: "Papa, if you are James Little, Sr., and I am James Little, Jr., will my son be James Little, Sophomore?"

Willie—Papa, is one singular?

Papa—Yes, my son.

Willie—Then how can battles ever be won?

A Kansas girl, the daughter of a Greenwood County rancher, was sent East to school this fall. "What do you know, my child?" the head teacher asked her. "Oh, farming," the new pupil replied. "Well, tell me what is a farm?" "A farm is a body of land surrounded by a barb-wire fence," the little maid said.

Teacher—Now, Tommy, tell us what the index finger is.

Tommy—Yes'm; it's that 'un you lick when you turn over the pages.

Freddy had been repeatedly told that he must not ask people for money. One day he met Mr. Williams, who could never resist an appeal from the small boy.

"Mr. Williams," said Freddy, "do you give five cents to little boys what don't ask for 'em?"

He got the money.

Willie—Mamma, they say history repeats itself, don't they?

Mother—Yes, dear.

Willie—Well, why don't it repeat itself when I'm trying to learn it?

The teacher in a Boston Kindergarten asked: "Where do the birds go in winter?" A little four-year-old piped up, "South Boston."

Mamma (regarding an elaborate tangle in Ethel's hands). "What are you making, dear?"

Ethel. "I dess I's making a mistake."

"Papa, are all those Cuban insurgents who come here crazy?"

"Gracious, child, no! Why do you ask?"

"Well, the papers always say they seek an asylum in this country."

Teacher—Susie, let me hear you decline dead.

Susie—Sick, dead and buried.

Teacher—Mary, make a sentence with dogma as subject.

Mary (after careful thought)—The dog-ma has three puppies.

"Now, boys," said the new school-teacher, "I want you to be so quiet that we can hear a pin drop."

There was a cavernous silence for a second, then a voice in the rear muttered, "Now, then, let her drop!"

CHILD VERSE: CHARMING BITS OF PRATTLE

Making Pansies..... William Canton..... W. V. Her Book

" Three faces in a hood."
 Folk called the pansy so
 Three hundred years ago.
 Of course she understood!
 Then, perching on my knee,
 She drew her mother's head
 To her own and mine, and said —
 " That's mother, you, and me !"
 And so it comes about
 We three, for gladness' sake,
 Sometimes a pansy make
 Before the gas goes out.

" Tiss Me Dood-Night"..... Kate Thyson Marr..... Form

" Pease, Mama, pease, tiss me Dood-Night,"
 My blue-eyed love with sunny curls
 Stood pleading, 'tween her sobs and tears.
 I said, " I can't kiss naughty girls."
 I led her to her snowy cot,
 " Pease, Mama, pease," she sobbed again,
 " I won't be naughty any more."
 I left her, all her pleadings vain.
 I had been reared in Spartan school,
 And deemed it duty to control
 With rigid rule, nor never knew
 That Love with love should sway the soul.
 I heard her sob, my Mother heart
 With yearning filled to sooth and cheer,
 Yet I refrained, and in her sleep
 My Baby still lay sobbing there.
 'Twas midnight, when I felt a touch —
 A fevered hand lay on my brow,
 My white-robed baby pleaded still,
 " Pease, Mama, pease, I tan't s'leep now."
 All through that agonizing night
 Delirious she moaned in pain,
 The little broken heart still plead
 For kisses that I gave in vain.
 At dawn the Angels hovered near:
 She nestled close, and smiled, and said,
 " I won't be naughty any more."
 And in my arms my babe lay — dead.
 And I am old; the passing years
 Have brought no comfort in their flight,
 My heart still hears that sobbing cry.
 " Pease, Mama, pease, tiss me Dood-Night."

The Way to Sleptown..... S. W. Foss..... The Yankee Blade

The town of Sleptown is not far
 In Timbuctoo or China,
 For it's right near by, in Blinkton County,
 In the State of Drowsylina;
 It's just beyond the Thingumbob Hills,
 Not far from Nodville Centre;
 But you must be drawn through the valley of Yawn
 Or the town you cannot enter.
 And this is the way,
 They say, they say,
 That baby goes to Sleptown!
 He starts through the city of Odream,
 Through Boohoo Street he totters.
 Until he comes to Don't-cry corners,
 By the shore of the Sleeping Waters;
 Then he comes to the Johnny-jump-up Hills
 And the nodding Toddledon Mountains,

And straight does he go through the Vale of Heigho
 And drink from the drowsy fountains.

And this is the way,
 They say, they say,
 That baby goes to Sleptown!
 By Twilight path through Nightcap Hills
 The little feet must toddle;
 Through the dewy gloom of Flyaway forest,
 By the drowsy peaks of Noddle;
 And never a sound does baby hear,
 For not a leaf does quiver
 From the Little Dream gap in the hills of Nap
 To the Snoozequhanna River.

And this is the way,
 They say, they say,
 That baby goes to Sleptown!
 Away he flies over Bylow Bridge,
 Through Lullaby Lane to wander,
 And on through the groves of Moonshine Valley
 By the hills of Wayoffyonder;
 And then does the fairies' flying horse
 The sleepy baby take up.
 Until they enter at Jumpoff Centre
 The Peekaboo Vale of Wakeup.
 And this is the way,
 They say, they say,
 That baby comes from Sleptown!

Cradle Song..... Robert Loveman..... North Georgia Citizen

Slip away to slumber land,
 Baby, Oh, my baby;
 You shall have a rattle and
 A wooly dog, a dragon grand—
 Finest fellow in the land —
 Baby, Oh, my baby.
 Cuddle down and close your eyes,
 Baby, Oh, my baby,
 Stars are peeping from the skies —
 How one so young can be so wise,
 Is mightiest of mysteries —
 Baby, Oh, my baby.

Thanks..... Norman Gale..... Songs for Little People

Thank you very much indeed,
 River, for your waving reed;
 Mr. Sun, for jolly beam;
 Mrs. Cow, for milk and cream;
 Hollyhocks, for budding knobs;
 Foxgloves, for your velvet fobs;
 Pansies, for your silky cheeks;
 Chaffinches, for singing beaks;
 Spring, for wood anemones
 Near the mossy toes of trees;
 Summer, for the fruited pear,
 Yellowing crab and cherry fare;
 Autumn, for the bearded load,
 Hazel-nuts along the road;
 Winter, for the fairy tale,
 Spitting log and bouncing hail;
 Christmas Day, for Mary's Child,
 Jesus manifest and mild.
 But, blest Father high above,
 All these things are from your love;
 And your children everywhere,
 Born in palace, lane, or square,
 Cry with voices all agreed.
 THANK YOU VERY MUCH INDEED!

APPLIED SCIENCE: INVENTION AND INDUSTRY

MUSIC FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB

HARVEY LINCOLN.....PROVIDENCE JOURNAL

There is music for the deaf! Professor McKendrick, of Glasgow, is its discoverer. He is to the ear-drum what Koch is to the lungs; what Pasteur is to the hydrophobia patient; what Jenner was to pock-stricken humanity. The restorer of the normal condition!

With the aid of Professor McKendrick's invention deaf persons can attend the opera and occupy their boxes in any part of the house, however remote. They can dress as others dress, converse as others converse, do as others do, with nothing conspicuous about them, differing thus from other deaf process treatment. The invention of the professor is easily concealed and after a short time would occasion no remark. This applies to all deaf people and especially to the deaf and dumb who will, for the first time, enjoy musical rhythm and hear the notes of human warblers.

The invention is based upon several others. It is a combination of them, with original points added. The phonograph, telegraph and the electric battery are employed in transmitting sound. It has been noticed that deaf persons hear music without enjoying it. You may ask a deaf person what tune is being played and he will be able to tell you, unless totally deaf. But he will add that he does not enjoy it. He can hear, but he does not receive any sound vibrations, as it were. He gets none of the rhythmic vibration that is such a source of joy to those with normal hearing. This, in the case of the march, is all that is beautiful. Yet the deaf person does not get any of it, though he may hear "the tune." The invention gives him rhythmic vibrations and allows him to hear as well as though he were in possession of normal aural organs. In many ways he hears an opera better than a person with good ears.

The basis of the music-for-the-deaf apparatus is the phonograph. This is placed alongside the stage, as near it as possible. An immense phonograph is used, and if there were no audience it would be placed in front of the stage or platform. The musicians would play directly into the phonograph, and this instrument would contain the sound, in its appointed way. As it is the phonograph would stand at the side of the stage. The next step is to carry this sound to the people in the box, or in the great auditorium, hundreds of feet away. They are watching the opera in progress, but they fail to hear anything that is played or sung. To listen to it after the performance by the aid of the phonograph's repetition would be but a melancholy way of "hearing" an opera. They must hear while they see. It is at this point that the invention of Professor McKendrick steps in. Connecting with the phonograph's waves of sound he places highly charged electric wires. These are carried directly to the boxes or to the seats in the house where the deaf persons are and are ready to give forth their sound if properly treated. This can be done in one of two ways. If the wires are placed between the teeth, protected by a piece of some harmless substance, the deaf person will hear. But this is conspicuous and

deprives him of the power of speech, or of moving around, while the music is going on. There would be, therefore, disagreeable features connected with it. But the professor's originality does away with this. Taking a dish of saline solution he orders the deaf to place their hands in it. The electric wires are now passed into the basin of salt water, and the result is sound. This has been tried repeatedly and always successfully. At a recent meeting of eminent English and Scotch specialists, doubters every one of them and dyed-in-the-wool conservatives, several almost totally deaf persons were brought in and experimented upon. They were placed so far away from a piano that the notes could scarcely be heard by the rest of the audience. The deaf could not hear a sound. The saline basins were then put before them and their hands immersed. At the same time the piano, with phonograph attached, started up. Instantly the deaf persons began to smile and to look around in pleased astonishment. "It is Lohengrin!" exclaimed they with one accord. The tune was changed, and selection after selection played. The changes were immediately recognized by the deaf patients, and in a medley they were able to recognize the fact as one air was being merged into the opening chords of another. This was with partially deaf persons.

In bringing this to its perfection Professor McKendrick experimented with a prepared paper cylinder. He found it gave into the phonograph a louder voice than the wax. Using one of his cylinders in a phonograph, he succeeded in getting the sounds of the different instruments down so fine that an audience of doctors—none of them musicians—easily picked out the banjo, the flute, the harp and the violin, telling which each was with unfailing accuracy. He also experimented with low sounds. A faint call to boots and saddles was played into the phonograph. This was then repeated to the doctor-audience with the result that the call was precisely as loud, coming from the mouth of the phonograph, as it was before in the original. In making the deaf hear this same cylinder is used.

There is more difference in deaf persons than in any organic defect. Deafness means brain trouble. Any physician will examine the brain when a patient complains he cannot hear. Delirious persons do not hear acutely, nor sick ones, generally. The exception to this is the scarlet-fever deafness or its results. These people have nothing, necessarily, the matter with the brain. But the deafness from a blow upon the ear is caused by brain injury and from accident of any kind. Scarlet-fever deafness is easily penetrated with this instrument for hearing. Even the totally deaf can hear with it. And it is curious to note that deaf people, sitting far off from the music, can hear it better than those with normal hearing. In some ways deafness is an advantage in a case like this. If you speak to a deaf man, listening to the music with his hands in a saline solution, he does not hear you, yet he is listening to the music. You can almost yell at him before you can disturb his appreciation of sound. This is ac-

counted for by several reasons. One is that the skin of the hands is stimulated to the exclusion of the rest of the body. All the nerves leading from the hands are on the alert. The sound passes through the internal auditory canal by a system of telegraphy from the finger tips to the ears. Here it affects the maleus or drum of the ear, and there is sound. While this is going on the patient hears little that reaches him from any other source.

Experiments are being made upon totally deaf people—the deaf and dumb, for dumbness is caused by utter deafness—and with fine results. There is actual hearing in almost all cases. The failure to hear is in the instances where there is such a serious state of ear drum and ear nerves that positively nothing can vibrate. These people will go through life in utter silence. But nine out of ten deaf mutes can hear this music. The agitation of the skin of the hands by electrical irritation is not a painful process. Its feeling is described as "peculiar." The deaf say it is a new sensation to them. There is a steady rhythm that thrills them pleasantly, and the sound comes in clear tones to the ear. A person who can hear gets it in the same way, marred very slightly by the fact that a fraction of a second is lost in transmitting the sound to the phonograph, and through the wires to the fingers and hence to the ears. The time of transmission is very quick; but even so, if one can hear the stage, there is a lagging sound, as though one person were "dragging" the tune. There is not that absolutely indispensable spontaneity. The solution does not injure the hands. Certain very tender skins have a crinkly appearance after being in water. That is all. The solution is in proportion of seven and a half grains of salt to a pint of water, which is the normal saline proportion of salt in the human blood. The solution is perfectly harmless.

The trouble with all inventions like this is their expense. Only the wealthy can enjoy them. But it is a great invention, looked at in all ways, and will relieve a large class of men and women who suffer a slow martyrdom of sound.

INDUSTRIAL POSSIBILITIES OF PAPER

BUILDING BLOCKS AND TILES OF PULP.....PHILA. RECORD

Without steam and railways modern society would undoubtedly exist. But what a state of intellectual darkness would be that of civilized mankind without paper and the secret of its manufacture. For many years the rag met all demands of the paper industry. The increasing diversity of uses to which paper and paper pulp have been put in the last decade have made it necessary for manufacturers to cast about for more effective elementary substances. Boots, money, boats, gas pipes, impermeable casks, toys, bottles, pipes, floors, doors, ceilings, architectural ornaments, roofing, chimneys, and even complete fire-proof houses are now made of paper. Many claim that it will eventually supplant wood, for it will neither crack nor warp. It can be triturated, put under great pressure and subjected to certain chemical treatment, and will then take a high polish and will resist the effects of fire better than any other material known. Paper is gradually supplanting metal in certain lines. Locomotive wheels have been made of it for several years, and even rails for railroads. The next progressive step will be to

use it for the manufacture of ordnance, which is not by any means a remote possibility. Paper has largely taken the place of linen. We have paper collars and cuffs and blankets. An ingenious inventor has devised paper shirtbosoms, which can be torn off like the pages from a calendar, thus enabling the wearer to have a clean shirt front as often as he desires. It is only a matter of time before cloths, dressing gowns, and entire suits of clothes will be made from paper. The soldiers of the Japanese army wore paper trousers and jerseys during their famous winter campaign.

Wood pulp is the most effective substitute for rags in the manufacture of paper. Nearly every species of wood can be used. Some kinds yield more than others. More pulp can be gotten from willow and chestnut than from walnut. Different woods give various qualities and effects. Aspen will yield a very white paper, but defective in solidity, and is therefore mixed with fir. This latter wood is most generally used. It was first imported from the Black Forest in Germany. The chief supply is now obtained in Norway and Finland, in the form of planks or poles, never exceeding 3 feet 7 or 8 inches. For the last half century the world's production of paper has increased tenfold. In 1850 it was 221,000 metric tons. The latest recent estimate was 2,000,260 metric tons. The European manufacturers are suffering from a glut in production. The price of paper has fallen one-third, while wages have doubled. The European plants are not so progressive as those in this country; they depend too much upon manual labor. In the United States the manufacturers have substituted machinery for hand work, and as a result of the decrease in the number of their employees, are enabled to pay wages several times greater than those received in Europe. The American paper manufacturers produce a product that is the equal of any in the world. Attention has recently been called to the utility of a little-known species of paper called the "baobab" or "Adansonia." It is made from the wood of the baobab tree, which is a native of West Africa, and is known there as the "monkey-bread tree." It is found in Abyssinia, Senegal and south of Coyo River. It is of low growth and has a very thick trunk. While it rarely attains a height of twenty-five feet, the trunk is usually twenty to twenty-five feet in diameter. The branches are pendulous and bear an edible fruit. The inner bark of this tree is very fibrous. It is used for making superior wrapper papers which have great tenacity. When the inner bark is stripped from the tree a fresh growth supplants that taken away, and in a couple of years the tree is again in normal condition. The bark is peeled off, however, but once in four years.

The latest addition to the paper industry is a sanitary note paper, which is claimed to be germ-proof. It has long been known that letters frequently spread infectious diseases by means of the germs that contaminate the paper. An English firm has produced a paper which is impregnated with an antiseptic substance which kills all germs that may come in contact with the paper. If this paper proves to be what the proprietors claim it is certainly a meritorious invention, and will become generally used by hospitals and during the rage of future epidemics.

Chinese and Japanese papers have long been noted for their quality. It has recently been ascertained, however, that even finer grades are produced in Korea. One eminent authority states that "the Korean paper excels the very best that is made in China and Japan." It is manufactured entirely by manual labor; no machinery whatever is employed. For the better grades the bark of the *broussonetia papyrifera* is used. This is gathered in the spring of the year. It is placed in water mixed with wood ashes, and is then beaten until it is reduced to a thick pulp, which is dipped out in good-sized ladles and spread out in thin sheets upon bamboo frames. A different grade of paper is made from fragments of bark, which are trodden under foot, in a manner similar to that employed in the grape presses in some countries. This process of making the pulp is very tedious, but it possesses the great merit of preserving the fibres intact and not breaking them, as is done when machinery is used. The pulp is then metamorphosed into paper, and the sheets are stacked up in piles six feet high and cut into pieces. Then the piles of paper are compressed by the stamping of feet. The roots and seeds of a plant called "tackpaul" are added to the pulp when a grade possessing greater tenacity and toughness is desired.

A new use for paper pulp has recently been discovered in Norway. Tiles for roofing purposes are now made from wood pulp, as a substitute for slate or shingles. They are said to be far superior to any other material, of excellent quality and reasonable in price. Insurance companies have pronounced them as a very desirable and safe roofing material. Some of the features of these paper tiles are their light weight, exceeding hardness, sufficient elasticity and non-conducting of heat and sound. It is claimed that the new material prevents dampness. It is only a step from paper tiles to paper building blocks, and ere long some shrewd man will discover a method for making them.

MAKING A DIAMOND

M. MOISSAN'S BRILLIANT EXPERIMENT.....N. Y. SUN

M. Henri Moissan of the Institute of France and of the Académie des Sciences, who is known throughout the world for his chemical investigations with very high temperatures and his researches into the nature and applications of the carbides, recently delivered in New York a lecture on the uses of the electric furnace and the results obtained by it, accompanied by some brilliant experiments. . . . M. Moissan explained that while the carbon compounds have been studied with great care by organic chemists during the past fifty years, the study of the different stages through which carbon passes had been comparatively neglected. In his endeavors to obtain pure carbon, the ordinary amorphous carbon, lampblack, containing from 10 to 15 per cent of impurities, he had found it necessary to use very high temperatures and had succeeded in obtaining one form of pure carbon, graphite. High temperature alone, however, would not yield the crystallized form of carbon, diamond. He set to work to find out the composition of diamonds by reducing some to ashes. In all, whether they came from the Cape of Good Hope or from Brazil, he found iron, save in one very pure green hard stone from Brazil. By the study of the nature of the

ground and of the geological formation in which Cape diamonds are found, he found that the earth, besides graphite and microscopic diamonds, always contained granite. Granite is the product of great pressure, and this fact led him to the idea that diamonds might also be obtained by pressure. As cast iron increases in volume in passing from the liquid to the solid state, he was led to believe that if an element of carbon were enclosed in a globule of cast iron that was cooling it would be subjected to the requisite pressure. In order to obtain a heat sufficiently great and at the same time to be able to measure it, he devised the simple form of electric furnace with which the experiment at the lecture was performed. It consists of two clay bricks, the lower one about eighteen inches square and a foot deep, the upper one about six inches deep. In the lower one is hollowed out an elliptical hole to contain the crucible, while two carbon electrodes pass from the cavity to the exterior, where they are connected with the electrical battery. The upper brick serves for a cover. M. Moissan first sprinkled the cavity with magnesia in order to prevent the formation of calcium carbide. He then placed it in the crucible, into which he had put some soft iron filings and charcoal, covered it with the top brick, and turned on the current. In three minutes the indicator showed a temperature of 2,500° Fahrenheit. The clay was boiling and flaming before the eyes of the audience when M. Moissan put his hand on the top brick and kept it there to show that the heat did not come through. At the end of ten minutes the process was complete. M. Moissan lifted the top with his hands, though its under side was a white, hot mass of flame, and after holding it up for a while dropped it into some water. The crucible he took out with tongs and also dropped into cold water. He explained that the first time he had cooled the mass in that way he had taken every possible precaution, expecting an explosion, but that after repeating the process three hundred times without an accident he felt that the audience was safe. On breaking the crucible he took out an ingot the size of a leaden bullet and explained the processes by which the iron would have to be eliminated in order to get at the crystallized carbon that was probably within it. The diamond will have no commercial value, as the largest he has succeeded in making is only one millimetre in diameter. The form of the crystals varies according to the method used in cooling. When water is used the diamond is often full of black specks, which jewelers call *crapauds* "frogs," and which detract from the value of a stone. M. Moissan was delighted to discover these spots, as they proved to him that he was following in the track of nature. When molten lead is used to cool the crucible the crystal takes the shape of a small rectangular figure, sometimes with the sharp edges rounded, but when mercury is used the crystal is a regular octahedron. Some of the last, when exposed to the air, split, as has happened to some of the diamonds found at the Cape. This is an additional proof to M. Moissan that diamond is produced under strong pressure. His conclusion is that at the ordinary temperature carbon does not liquefy, but changes at once from a solid into a gas, always taking the graphite form, and that only under pressure does it take the "liquid" form diamond.

THE UNUSUAL, GHOSTLY, SUPERSTITIOUS, QUEER

THE MYSTERY OF PRECIOUS STONES

BARRY PAIN.....CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

The mass of superstitions on this subject probably died out among educated people about the end of the seventeenth century. Half-way through the eighteenth century we find the learned congratulating themselves vastly on their recent enlightenment. In 1750 a translation of the famous old work of Camillus Leonardus on the qualities and virtues of precious stones, "now first Translated into English," was "printed for J. Freeman in Fleet Street." The original work appeared about two hundred and fifty years before, and the translator is careful to point out that what did very well for Camillus Leonardus in 1502 will by no means do for Mr. Translator in 1750. He writes in his preface: "But tho' what I have said, in regard to the Use and Excellence of this little treatise, is incontestibly the Truth; yet I must give the Reader a Caution in the Perusal of it." The reader is not to be influenced by the superstitious belief of the unenlightened Leonardus, a belief "which, in our Days is entirely out of Use, at least is laid aside by the Learned."

But the author is better than the translator, and the darkness of 1500 is infinitely more interesting and amusing than the enlightenment of 1750. True the book is mostly compiled from the work of others, but there is a distinct character about it. Nothing could be more naïve, more child-like, and more delightfully sly. The list of precious stones includes many that are not to be bought to-day, many that are not precious stones, and some that (it is to be feared) never existed outside the author's charming imagination.

Take, for instance, the alectoria. It has a long list of virtues. Firstly, it makes a man invisible. Secondly, "being held in the Mouth, it allays Thirst, and therefore is proper for Wrestlers." It is said (though it is not mentioned in this translation) that Milo, the famous wrestler, wore this stone, and the modern athlete in training would probably be thankful for it. It is a stone of all work, this alectoria. It makes a woman agreeable to her husband, and will fill in its time by helping to regain a lost kingdom and acquire a foreign one. This being so (and Leonardus says without hesitation that it is so), one naturally wants to know where to find it. It is to be found in one place only—in the intestines of a capon which has lived seven years. "When the Stone is become perfect in the Capon, he don't drink. However, 'tis never bigger than a large Bean."

Then there is the corvia or corvina, on the subject of which Leonardus is distinctly pleasant. This is the way we are to secure a specimen of corvia if we want it. "On the Calends of April"—and it will be seen subsequently that the date is not inappropriate—"boil the Eggs taken out of a Crow's Nest till they are hard, and being cold, let them be placed in the Nest as they were before. When the Crow knows this, she flies a long Way to find this Stone; and having found it returns to the Nest; and the Eggs being touch'd with it they become fresh

and prolifick." Observe the cunning of Leonardus. If you do not get your corvia it is the crow's fault for not having been able to find a specimen. It does not prove that Leonardus is wrong, and you may try again on the next first of April. It brings you only riches, honor, and the gift of prophecy, but still it seems to be a sort of stone quite worth having.

The virtues of coral are many. It keeps off ghosts, bad dreams, storms, and "every Incursion of wild Beasts." It cures a long list of diseases. "I have had it from a creditable Person," writes Leonardus, "and have often experienced it myself, that it will prevent Infants, just born, from falling into an Epilepsy. Let there be put in the Mouth of the Child, before it has tasted any Thing, half a scruple of the Powder of Red Coral, and let it be swallowed; for it is a wonderful Preserver." The child takes coral; the child does not have epilepsy; therefore coral prevents epilepsy in children. And yet, I believe, coral is not to be found in the modern pharmacopœia.

Another curious stone of which Leonardus speaks—coral is not a precious stone, by the way—is the bezoar. Leonardus does not mention where it was procured, but describes it as a "red, dusty, light and brittle stone." He says that it is a sovereign remedy against all poisons. Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, says that the bezoar "is found in the belly of a little beast in the East Indies, brought into Europe by Hollanders and our country-men merchants. Renodus saith he saw two of these beasts alive in the castle of the lord of Vitry at Coubert." He recommends it warmly as a remedy for melancholy. Queen Elizabeth had a bezoar stone; the Emperor Charles V. had four of them. Of course, curious concretions are found from time to time in the stomach and intestines of animals, and the ancients at once credited them with miraculous powers. Hence, the stories of the alectoria and the bezoar. Elie Reclus, writing of the Badagas, a tribe of the Neilgherries, or Blue Mountains, says that their babies are dosed "with a scruple of a certain magma reputed sacred, and found now and again in the entrails of a bull. This secretion is somewhat like those bezoar stones, to which our Middle Ages attributed marvellous virtues."

The translator of Leonardus may have been right in his assertion that the beliefs of Leonardus were not the beliefs of the learned of 1750. But superstition still lingered around precious stones, if not among the learned, certainly among many who would have been reluctant to be called ignorant. An interesting instance of this occurred eleven years afterwards at the coronation of George III. The coronation, by the way, was not well stage-managed, and the King complained of the arrangements to the Deputy Earl Marshal, the Earl of Effingham. His reply was one of the things that should have been said differently: "It is true, sir, that there has been some neglect, but I have taken care that the next coronation shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible." However, the Earl of Effingham was not responsible for the incident at the

coronation which occasioned so much talk at the time—the finest of the Royal jewels fell from the crown. The superstitious all declared that some great loss would befall England. As it happened they were right. "When in 1782," writes Jesse, "the British Crown was dispossessed of its proudest appanage, the North American colonies, there were many persons who eagerly called to mind the warning portent of 1761." The fallen jewel was recovered, but no alectoria regained the lost kingdom.

The belief in the malignant powers of the Koh-i-noor is not held in this country as it was in its native land, but even at the present day we are not quite without our superstitions. The Romans tied little bunches of coral round the necks of children; in the Middle Ages, as we have seen, coral was considered to be beneficial for children; to this day coral necklaces and ornaments are given to children. Educated people give them from custom and not from superstition, but if an inquiry were held into the beliefs of nineteenth-century nursemaids (a stupendous undertaking, on which I do not propose to embark), I think it would be found that some at any rate held that the coral was in some mysterious way "good for the child." There is, however, one superstition which is still firmly held by some educated people—the superstition that the opal is unlucky, and about this there is something to be said.

When Pliny, or Albertus Magnus, or Leonardus tells me some wild and erroneous story about a precious stone, I am not convinced of the truth of the story, but I can enjoy it, and I have a feeling of kindness for the author. It comes from a time long past, with the charm of age upon it, and it is not to be treated harshly. But I cannot enjoy this modern, vulgar superstition about opals. It is hideously modern. No one before the present century considered the opal unlucky. On the contrary, no stone was esteemed more highly by the ancients. Whether, as is said, opalus is another form of ophthalmus ("eye-stone") I will not pretend to settle. It looks probable, and the one canon in philology that I have ever been able to grasp is that anything which looks probable is wrong. But certainly the opal was supposed to be particularly good for the eyesight, strengthening and preserving it. "It cannot be improper to attribute to it so many Virtues," writes Leonardus, "since it partakes of the Nature and Color of so many Stones." How then did this ridiculous parvenu of a prejudice against opals first come into being? Most modern authorities assure us that this superstition arose out of a novel, Anne of Geierstein.

The influence of the Waverley Novels was very great. They made fashions. But I do not believe that one incident in one novel—and that novel quite surprisingly inferior to the best of the Waverley series—could deprive the most beautiful of all precious stones of its vogue and seriously lower its value. But I do believe that this could have been effected by the fact on which Sir Walter Scott founded his novel. Let us see what that fact was.

Opals come to us principally from Hungary, Queensland, and Mexico. I have seen stones of about equal beauty from all three places, but, speaking roughly, the Hungarian are the best. All opals are sensitive; they seem to vary in brilliance according to the temperature, and the dryness or

humidity of the atmosphere. I have been told by those who wear them constantly that they vary in brilliance according to the health of the person wearing them. Before they are properly matured, cut, and set, they carry sensitiveness to the point of treachery. Anyone but an expert is likely to go wrong in buying recently mined opals, or in deciding their value before they have stood the test of the lapidary's wheel. Indeed, even the experts sometimes find to their cost that they have made mistakes. Mexican opals have the name for being especially perfidious. It is said that, owing to injury by water or sudden changes of temperature, they may lose their color, and become dead or opaque. There is the fact on which Sir Walter Scott based his story, and it is probably the fact which gave rise to the superstition among those who were not acquainted with the chemical analysis of the opal and the reason for the variability—sometimes the actual death—of the stone.

More people are likely to think that the variability of the opal adds to its interest. It is the woman among precious stones—beautiful, but just a little capricious. Not only is it by far the loveliest of all stones (ranking as a precious stone in spite of its want of hardness), but it is also said to be the only precious stone which absolutely cannot be imitated. A commercial objection to the opal, on the ground that it sometimes goes off completely, would be a fairly good reason for not buying opals, except from a jeweler who was an honest expert, or unless the buyer happened to be an expert himself. A superstitious objection to the opal is not old enough to have the charm of antiquity and just too old to have the charm of novelty. However, it is said that the stone is under royal patronage and rapidly regaining its vogue, and certainly it seems absurd that this age should retain only that superstition which the Middle Ages would have unhesitatingly rejected. It would be just as sensible to believe—and we should have more authority for believing—that the amethyst taken externally dispelled drunkenness, that pearls taken internally cured the quartan ague, or that the ruby by changing its color warned the wearer of any impending misfortune.

Perhaps even more wild were the superstitions firmly believed in the Middle Ages about engraved gems. The Rev. C. W. King, the great authority on glyptics, in his *Handbook of Engraved Gems*, quoted a list of these and their virtues. These virtues are not always very attractive. Take, for example, the following: "Bird, with olive-leaf in its bill, cut in pyrites and set in a silver ring. Having this on thy right hand thou shalt be invited to every feast, and those present shall not eat, but shall gaze upon thee."

It may be pleasant to be invited everywhere, but it cannot be pleasant to be in the position of the lion at the Zoo and have one's dinner regarded as a performance. More useful, from the commercial point of view, is a design of a man standing on a dragon and holding a sword, set in a leaden or iron ring. "Then all the spirits that dwell in darkness shall obey the wearer, and shall reveal unto him in a low-toned song the place of hidden treasure and the mode of winning the same." After this, the assurance that a stag cut on any stone cures lunatics and madmen seems positively common-

place. Hidden treasure has for some time been a favorite subject with the novelists, but I do not remember that they have yet used the dragon-ring and the communicative and contralto spirits.

One more instance of the mystery of stones remains to be mentioned—the property ascribed to the rock-crystal or the beryl of inducing clairvoyance. But this property is not exclusively their own; clairvoyance is (or is supposed to be) practised in a similar manner with a mirror, or a little ink in a saucer. St. Simon has a curious story in his memoirs of a little girl who gazed into a glass of water, and saw in it the scene of the king's death. St. Simon is careful to add that he records the story "non pour l'approuver, mais pour le rendre." The mystical property of the beryl-stone forms the subject of Rosetti's strange ballad, *Rose Mary*. In Mr. Podmore's book, *Apparitions and Thought-Transference*, cases will be found of crystal-gazing well-authenticated and quite as wonderful as anything that Dr. Dee and the *Specularii* could produce. Of course there is no pretence of magic about the modern crystal-gazing. It is explained, or at any rate classified.

SUPERSTITIONS ABOUT BEES

MELVILLE BARCLAY.....COLLIER'S WEEKLY

The superstitions that have been associated with the bee are as interesting as they are abundant. Primarily, quarrelsome people, if inclined to live in the country and keep bees, are warned to mend their ways, or their hives will soon become deserted. Bees may be, and we believe are, very pugnacious among themselves, but they strongly object, so say the country folk, to belong to a contentious household. A querulous family, we are assured, will get no honey, keep as many bees as they may. Another good example set by them is that they object to thrive if dishonestly come by; on the contrary, they forthwith pine away and die, thereby showing a highly commendable respect for the eighth commandment. And if they must not be stolen, neither must they be sold. To sell them for money is considered a most unlucky proceeding, but they may be bartered away, and all will go right. A bushel of corn was always considered a fair equivalent for a swarm, or a small pig would be taken in exchange. So long as the bees are bartered they are happy, but to be "guilty of selling them is a grievous omen indeed, than which nothing can be more dreadful"; evidently their self-respect is touched, and they refuse to work for an owner who has bought them into slavery. Their sympathy with mankind and his troubles is shown in a variety of ways. It is a common saying that bees do not succeed at all in storing up honey wherever there are wars abroad. A large bee-keeper says he has constantly noticed this during the European wars, though ordinary people will reflect that they cannot remember any great scarcity of honey at those particular times. But the most commonly accepted belief is that the bees, in certain cases, share our troubles, and this is more particularly noticeable in connection with death. In some districts the entrance of a bumble-bee into a cottage is looked upon as a certain sign of death, and in others their swarming upon a piece of dead wood is regarded as equally ominous. A story is told of the wife of a respectable cottager in

England who died in childbirth, whose husband accepted the blow quite philosophically, because he said they had been warned of the event a fortnight before her confinement. The woman went into the garden and saw that their bees, in the act of swarming, had made choice of a dead hedge-stake for their settling place. This is considered an infallible token of an approaching death in the family; in this instance it is more than probable that the prediction brought about its own fulfillment. Informing bees of a death in the family is a custom still practiced in many parts of England. The necessary formalities were very precise and if they were not fully conformed with the bees would certainly take offense and leave their hives never to return. So universal was the custom at one time that an inquiry after a cottager's bees would occasionally elicit some such reply as this: "They have all gone away since the death of poor Dick, for we forgot to knock at the hives and tell them he was gone dead." The answer would be given with as much gravity as if the speaker were relating how her hen roost had been devastated by a fox, or her pigs had died of swine fever. If neighbors are talking of the death of a friend, some one in the company will most likely wonder if the bees had been informed of the sad circumstances, and will only be comforted by a reply in the affirmative, and that a piece of the funeral cake had been deposited in their hives. The story is told of an apprentice boy once sent back from a funeral cortege by the nurse to tell the bees of it, as it had been forgotten, and, to make up for the omission, a little wine and honey was put in front of the hives as a solace to the inmates in their presumable sorrow. In some districts country people go even further than this. Not only do they, on a death occurring, deck their apiaries with crape after duly informing the inmates of the cause, but they invite the bees to the funeral. There is probably no insect in which mankind has taken more interest than it has in the bee.

RATTLESNAKE SUPERSTITIONS

DR. W. J. HOFFMAN.....POPULAR SCIENCE MONTHLY

The rattlesnake, because of its venomous bite, is universally dreaded, and numerous curious beliefs are current respecting this reptile, also the use to which various parts may be put, and the treatment of its bite. The rattle, if tied to a string and suspended from the neck of an infant, will serve to prevent convulsions; if carried by an adult, it will guard against rheumatism. The oil is employed as a remedy for deafness; and the venom, diluted, mixed with bread, and made into pills, has been administered internally to cure rheumatism. Another curious superstition, held by young men, is that if one places a snake's tongue upon the palm of his hand—beneath the glove—it will cause any girl, regardless of her previous indifference, to ardently return his passion if he be enabled but once to take her hand within his own. This resembles to a certain extent the former use in Germany of a dove's tongue, which was similarly employed; and furthermore, if one became aware that the choice of his heart failed to respond to his affection, he had only to place a dove's tongue within his mouth and snatch a kiss, when the girl's objection or indifference to him would instantly vanish.

EDUCATIONAL TOPICS OF THE DAY

SINS OF MODERN EDUCATION

DR. GUGLIELMO FERRERO..... THE SCHOOL JOURNAL

The first sin of education, as it is commonly managed, is that it is controlled too little by principles and too much by impulses. The child has faults which must be corrected; but all who know something of themselves and of others will admit that ninety per cent of the fathers and mothers are guided in these corrections more by their momentary impulse of feeling than by calm reflection. If father or mother are in good humor because of some happy event, the child may enjoy a day of greater freedom and is allowed to do anything he likes without fear of reproach, yes, with a feeling of certainty that the parents will laugh at his pranks, or, at most, call him to order in a good-natured way. If, however, father or mother, from any personal reason, are in an excitable state of mind, then a strict government is instituted; the poor child cannot dare to take a step without running the danger of exposing himself to bitter, yes, violent, reproaches and relentless punishment. Even in the best of families education is not governed by any kind of just system, and instead of aiming at the improvement of the children it serves much rather as an outlet of the changing temper of parents, who to-day in their good humor hug and kiss their child and to-morrow pound their ill-humor out on him.

This fundamental injustice of admonition and correction robs educational means of the greater part of their moral effect and is painfully felt by the child. Let the reader try to recall the first years of his life as clearly as he can and he will remember to have lived in a state of constant inquietude without ever knowing how his parents in reality judged his conduct; compelled to watch anxiously the face of his father or mother to read the state of mind he or she is in at any particular moment in order to arrive at some conclusion as to whether certain doings will be permitted or ruled out; exposed to constant bitter disappointments. How often the child plans, and not sparing any exertion of his imagination, works out some game or a surprise, fully convinced that it will greatly please his parents and be rewarded with their praise; instead of that he is roundly scolded and perhaps also punished because his parents just happen to be cross! These are the little disappointments and bitternesses in child-life, but they are—momentarily at least—no less painful to the child than the great disappointments to the adult, for the whole life of the child is limited to the little world within the family, where to-day it finds the good, to-morrow the evil.

But the whimsicality of education also greatly increases the difficulty of the formation of a clear understanding of his duties in the youthful mind, and—what is still worse—it stimulates in the child a sort of pessimism, an embryonic persecution-mania because he regards himself finally as the victim of people who are physically and intellectually his superiors and who simply employ their power to vex and torture him without cause. This state

of mind is much more common in children than is generally believed; one who wishes to convince himself of this fact ought to listen to the conversations of children among themselves when dissatisfied with the treatment accorded to them, or to catch the remarks that escape them when they weep and lament over a punishment they have suffered. The thought of the groundlessness of the ill-treatment often enough embitters the hot tears and sobs.

Another sin of which educators are guilty is that they, without being conscious of it, cause the children pain by not taking them serious enough in certain matters and again too serious in certain other ones. The child mind constantly produces the strangest wishes and phantastic desires which adults, often in the presence of the children, laugh at without recalling that they themselves also were not born as complete men and women. Yet this frivolous scoffing of adults wounds the child heart deeply and he feels humiliated and intimidated thereby. The child, too, has ambitions. And as he lives in a period of lively intellectual development during which he produces ideas only with much labor, raises doubts, and puts questions, he is excited and inspired by everything he thinks and does; he loses confidence in himself when he finds that the fruit of his reflection and laborious mental work is received with laughter by those who stand on a higher intellectual plane. . . .

As regards the many strange wishes and whims which occupy the child mind uninterruptedly it is still worse. In order to be just to parents we must admit that the fight against the childly whims is one of the most difficult and laborious parts of their serious duties, but goes without question that many of these so-called whims should meet with more indulgence than is usually the case, providing, of course, that they are not harmful to the child himself nor dangerous to others. We call the child capricious because his wishes are not within the already established limits of our in-monotonous-rhythm-flowing habits, because he wants to take a walk, eat, play, sleep in the hours which, according to the time-division made by life habits, ought to be devoted to other occupations. Besides, the wishes of the child though volatile are intense and would like to be realized at once because the child lives wholly in the present; giving himself up to the moment is part of his nature. If parents are so situated as to be able to do it, it would be advisable—especially when the child is between four and eight years of age—not too forcibly to oppose this irregularity of wishes and, up to a certain point also not their impetuosity. The elasticity of desire which we call caprice, which, however, in reality is caprice only to us, is a deep organic need of the child who cannot yet adapt himself to the altogether too systematic order of our activity, whose mind and whose organism are not yet as ours, a carefully-regulated clockwork whose every wheel turns at a certain time in order to accomplish a precisely determined movement. Some day the child will certainly adjust himself to the monoto-

nous rhythm of social life; but my observations induce me to believe that the labor of adjustment is not necessary and should not be required before the ninth or tenth years, and that it is absolutely unnecessary to do violence to the body and soul of a child of six or seven by forcing our systematic manner of life upon him; for this coercion is to the child not only painful in and per se, it may also have serious consequences. Impulsiveness begins to disappear at a later time, but before this time it is nothing more nor less than a normal peculiarity of the child mind. . . .

To be sure indulgence of so-called whims and the impulsiveness of children must not go beyond certain limits which, however, cannot possibly be determined by general principles. Hence a model father and model mother should by constant reflection and according to various experiences determine for each individual case where to draw the line. Instead of this, something else happens usually. The "capriciousness" and impulsiveness of the child finally produce in many parents, even in the most loving ones, a state of indefinite excitability which unconsciously prompts them to oppose the wish of the child. . . . In consequence of this excitability the mind is gradually evil disposed and controlled by an indefinite and half-unconscious instigation to thwart the child. But it is certain that this latent malevolence is a source of pain for the child, whether the first refusal is followed by a remorseful concession or whether the father stands by his refusal owing to a feeling of ambition and pride which prevents him from contradicting himself before his child—a feeling, which, though absurd and childish, nevertheless is a weakness of very many men and which is frequently the cause of quarrels in families, also of those which are observed between mature, rational men and little children who are hardly able to walk. In the former case, the child suffers the pain of refusal and grows more timid in the utterance of his wishes, also of those which are permitted and justified; in the latter case, he suffers not only the pain of refusal which the non-fulfillment of his wishes causes him, but he is drawn still deeper into that embryonic persecution-mania of which I have already spoken and which is the true form of the melancholy in children.

On the other hand we take children too serious when we want to compel them to observe all the complicated formalities of social intercourse. It may be said that three-fourths of the education which children receive of their parents consists in initiation in the forms of intercourse. Why is this done? Why is the greater part of the time wasted in teaching children when and where to take off their hats, how to behave under given circumstances or in the presence of certain persons, how to eat, how to walk? Why are the children tormented with the inculcation of social etiquette and ceremony? All these things ought to be known, sure enough, but the learning of them costs much labor at the age before the eighth or ninth year, while at a later period they are acquired with the greatest ease. All these rules, though universally useful, still are without any great significance, for the external forms have no organic connection of any sort with the sentiments which they are to express.

What is the reason, for instance, that the lifting of the hat signifies respect of persons? Hence, since these actions have no rational basis by which the child might account for their significance, he can learn them only by much practice. And this practice is all the more difficult at the age when the mind is restless and distracted and the will less concentrated and less master of itself. The child frequently forgets and violates some form of this complicated and burdensome ceremonial because his attention is turned from it by his want of movement, his curiosity, his play impulse. And in a case of this kind his parents pour reproach over him as if he had done some grievous wrong. But why are parents not satisfied to let the child so conduct himself that he does not bother adults; and why do they not limit the observation of forms of etiquette to a minimum? Why will they force the tender limbs and undeveloped mind of the youthful creature into the fetters of the ceremonial which we adults even find sometimes too severe and too burdensome? What difference does it make that the boy moves about frank and free, without the observation of conventional forms, as long as he is healthy and cheerful and grows strong and vigorous in body and mind?

Thus the cardinal sin of education, as it is conducted at present, is that we look upon the child from the standpoint of an adult and treat him accordingly, that we force our ideas and feelings upon him, instead of being governed in education by his psychology. The consequence of this error is that our method of education is permeated with a certain unconscious harshness, cruelty and brutality which a future generation of refined sensibilities will regard as an abomination. We inflict great suffering upon the child without wanting to do it, because we are not able to form a clear and precise idea of the state of his mind, of his wants, his thoughts and feelings, because we are not able to enter into his innermost heart and to look at things through his eyes.

LONDON LAUNDRY SCHOOLS

INDUSTRIAL EDUCATION IN ENGLAND. . . . LONDON TELEGRAPH

"This is the way we wash our clothes" is a familiar phrase in the playground and the nursery; it has now a new and a very practical meaning for the little girls attending board schools in London. Laundry classes, at which they may acquire at least one useful accomplishment, have been established in various parts of the metropolis, and, according to the annual report of the school management committee, have proved thoroughly satisfactory. During this year they were attended by 12,262 aspirants to proficiency in the art of cleansing and beautifying articles of every-day wear. There are now seventy-one permanent laundry centres, and two others are building. Each school consists of one class-room, with accommodation for fourteen children, and is fitted with desks and seats, fourteen washtubs and ironing tables, a copper, and a sink. The whole work is under the superintendence of Miss Lord and Miss Jones. At present there is a deficiency in the supply of instructresses, and a number are being trained under the former's supervision. The salary of the superintendents commences at £150 per year, and rises to £200.

THE WORLD OVER: PEN PICTURES OF TRAVEL

AT THE HORSE MARKET IN DAMASCUS

ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE.....SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE*

I breakfasted early the next morning; we were to start across country that afternoon, and the camp equipment had already gone on. I sat in the arched gateway of the hotel, smoking an after-breakfast pipe, and watching the few signs of life in the hot dusty road before me—a stray cur or two asleep in the sun; a passing Bedouin; a group of beggars hugging the shady strip near the hotel wall—when David hurried up to me and said:

"There is a fight over at the horse market, sir. If you will come quickly, we may be in time to see it."

He handed me my pith helmet as he spoke, and led the way toward the Abana. As we reached the river, we saw a string of camels plodding slowly along on the opposite side, and a woman wringing out clothes under the shade of a discouraged-looking sapling. These were the only signs of life that broke the monotony of the hot Eastern day. Nothing could be less suggestive of a fight.

A few steps brought us to a turn in the road, and there in front of us was a sight that to my uninitiated eyes looked like Bedlam on a holiday. We stood at the entrance of a large square, about the size of a city block. This was filled with horses, mules and donkeys, and with all sorts and conditions of men, from the Bedouin who had journeyed from the Land of Moab to sell a stolen horse, to the fat little Damascene shopkeeper, haggling over the price of a mangy donkey.

The square was alive with excitement. The grave, indolent Oriental is rightly spoken of as the perfect type of calmness, but, when roused by anger or bargaining, he far outstrips his Western brother in demonstration. Men rode shouting though the crowd, others caught at the reins, or seized the riders' beards, while here and there small groups were engaged in a deadly wrestle, or screamed curses at each other.

I was delighted.

"This is better than an Irish fair," I called to David, who had been making some inquiries. "It is the best fight I ever saw. How many do you suppose are killed?"

The dragoman looked at me wonderingly.

"Why, the fight was all over before we got here, sir. Both men were arrested by the soldiers."

I stared at him a moment, thinking he was jesting. But the broad smile that always went with his jokes was absent. Turning once more to the howling, seething crowds, I asked:

"But what are they doing now?"

"Just bargaining for some horses. It is quieter than usual, for they were frightened by the soldiers."

When at last I saw he was in earnest, and it dawned on me that this was merely a peaceful market-day scene and not a wholesale murder, I asked for some explanation of the mode of bargaining. As I could not grasp the whole idea at once, I

picked out separate groups, and David told me what each was doing.

The process of Damascene horse trading, as nearly as I could gather, is this: on certain days, any man wishing to buy or sell a horse comes to this square. If he is a seller, he employs a broker. The broker mounts the horse for sale, and, riding up and down, shouts the beast's many virtues, ending the catalogue with an offer to sell it at some fabulous price. If no purchaser is found, this harangue falls flat; but if one or more men like the horse's looks, they follow the broker on his ride, and when they hear the price named, set up a howl of mingled execration and astonishment, swearing by all their ancestors, by the beard of the Prophet, by the memory of their fathers, and even by Allah himself, that it is an outrage to ask so exorbitant a price for such a worthless and ill-looking little horse.

To these expostulations the broker shrieks back that they have now the chance of a lifetime, and implores them to name some price for themselves, since they are too poor or too stingy to pay the just value. Whereat some member of the party names a sum that may or may not be fair. With a horrified yell, that puts to shame all former efforts (his voice being better trained), the broker calls on the Prophet, the Patriarchs, and any other worthies he can recall, to witness the insult put on him by so meager an offer. The noble beast he has now the bliss of riding is worth four times as much money. Bystanders without a penny in their purses join in the dispute, one siding with the broker, another with the would-be purchasers.

The number of bargainers, after a long and exciting argument, dwindles down to one, and the broker, dismounting, goes to look up the horse's owner. This worthy has hitherto taken no part in the transaction, saving his forces for after-use. The broker, having found him, announces the price agreed on, and tries to join the hands of buyer and seller by way of sealing the bargain. But this is by no means the easiest part of the trade. The seller evinces surprise, even horror, that so low a sum (which, by the way, is probably more than he commissioned the broker to accept) has been offered. He is at last induced by the broker's prayerful entreaty to accept it, when suddenly the buyer, who has stood passive during the last conversation, declares the broker has lied, and that no such preposterous figure was agreed on. The seller, hearing this, stiffens, and returns to his former high price; whereupon the long-suffering broker, seizing a hand of each, shrieks entreaties at one and threats at the other, mingled with hopes that the Prophet may curse his beard if he cheats either. The men now and then withdraw their hands to show how little they care whether the trade is struck or not; but at last, through sheer fatigue, let them lie quietly in the broker's grasp. Then the sale is made, and in a quiet, matter-of-fact way the chief actor turns his back on them both and looks for some new horse to sell.

The performance I have just described is not a

* Published by Silver, Burdette & Company.

special case. Fifty such scenes are acted at once in the horse market, to say nothing of outside efforts. The Orientals, for an indolent people, take a great deal of unnecessary trouble. For instance, buyer, seller, and broker know from the first, to within a few shillings, what money a horse will bring, and two minutes' quiet talk would arrange it all. From simple custom, however, one has named a price he knows no one will accept; the other has beaten him down, penny by penny, to the *prix juste*, and an hour or more of precious time has been thrown away. But as time is the very cheapest of Eastern commodities, no one feels the loss,—injured lungs and arms half-shaken from the sockets being, I suppose, minor details.

ENGLISH CAVE DWELLERS OF TO-DAY

S. BARING GOULD.....CASSELL'S FAMILY MAGAZINE

Kinver Edge, a ridge of new red sandstone, terminates abruptly above the River Stour, above Sturton Castle, once a royal dwelling much affected by King John. The extreme headland, 542 feet above the sea, steep on all sides but one, was fortified by King Wulfhere, who reigned in Mercia from 657 to 675, and the church of Kinver was dedicated to two of his sons, who were accounted Saints. The mighty embankment thrown up by Wulfhere remains, and the place was, no doubt, a stronghold against the incursions of the Welsh. This point of rock has between it and the old seabed a remarkable mass of isolated crag, that goes by the name of Holy Austin Rock, and this is literally honeycombed with habitations in three storeys or stages, with families still occupying the rock at each level, though all the dwellings are not now tenanted. The topmost has a bench and table before the door, and the inhabitants of the cave keep by them a store of ginger beer and lemonade, wherewith to refresh visitors from Stourbridge or Kidderminster. . . .

The cave dwellings are either entirely scooped out in the heart of the rock, windows and doors being cut in the stone, and the front being a mere screen of living rock, or else, as is the case with the topmost storey of dwellings, a brick front has been erected before the caves, and this has been done on account of the original face of rock having been so cut about that it has given way. Usually the only brick structure connected with the cave dwelling is the chimney. One house on the middle stage has this feature in very extraordinary fashion, curled like a worm to avoid the projections of rock. One of the inhabitants of Holy Austin Rock, not content with scooping out for himself many chambers in the rock, has dug his way through it, and can look out on the face of the precipice on the further side.

These cave dwellings are warm in winter, and cool in summer; they are very dry, indeed, as one of the inmates assured me—drier in winter than in summer—as in the hot weather the coolness of the stone has an effect of condensing on it any moisture there may be in the air. Other rock houses are not, however, so salubrious, and some have been condemned by the sanitary inspector, and the occupants, to their great indignation, forced to leave, though they have never suffered inconvenience from lodging in the caves. Why the rock

is called after Holy Austin, neither history nor tradition can tell. Possibly there may have been a recluse of that name who lived in one of the caves in ancient days, possibly the cliff may have belonged to the Augustinian Friars.

About a mile further along the cliff is another group of rock dwellings, now no longer tenanted; the occupants were ejected a few years ago. Another mile takes one to Drake's Lowe, where is a cove or cirque in the old sea cliff, and here are numerous dwellings dug out of the rock, all provided with brand-new chimneys of glazed black bricks. A smart Board school occupies the bottom of the cove, and an extraordinary spectacle may be witnessed when the school bell rings. From the rock holes issue the children like rabbits from their burrows, and descend the steep and in some places precipitous sides by zigzag paths. In the face of the rock above the canal cut by Telford, which canal cuts England into two, near the noted inn "Stewponey," is a range of rock houses, which the inhabitants delight in giving a neat look by whitewashing, not only the rock hewn chambers, but also the face of the rock in which they are cut. Another very odd rock dwelling is in The Devil's Spittleful. This is a conical mass of sandstone, some forty feet high, that rises abruptly out of the surrounding heath, between Kidderminster and Bewdley. A thickset grove of firs covers the steep sides, but in the rock may be seen an opening leading into a hewn chamber, furnished with hearth and chimney. There are traces of other dwellings in the same rock. The Devil's Spittleful takes its name from an odd legend told about it.

A PILLAR OF HERCULES

THE ROCK OF GIBRALTAR.....DONAHOE'S

Majestic Gibraltar, the sleepless sentinel of the Mediterranean, rears its beetling front sheer from the depths of the ocean. To the ancients it was an object of awe and veneration; to the moderns for twelve hundred years it has been a bone of contention and a coveted possession. It has experienced fifteen memorable sieges, and its history in great measure centres round those successive conflicts,—a stirring record of capture and recapture, siege and countersiege. Gibraltar has been known since the days of the Phœnician navigators. In the primitive geography of the early Greeks and Romans it was Calpe, and formed one of the renowned Pillars of Hercules, that for centuries were believed to be the western boundary of the habitable globe. The twin pillar was Abyla, a lofty eminence on the African side near Ceuta. The rock is situated at the extremity of a low, sandy peninsula, and is formed of jurassic limestone on a silurian base. It is three miles in length, of an average breadth of three-quarters of a mile, and is about seven miles in circumference. It attains its greatest height in O'Hara's Tower, fourteen hundred and eight feet above the sea. The signal station is twelve hundred and fifty-five feet in height. Outlined against the evening sun the rock as a whole presents the figure of a lion couchant, with its head turned towards Spain. Nor in form alone is it the symbol of the king of beasts. Its teeth are those murderous batteries that bristle on every part of that giant "head," and its roar is

the thunder from their thousand iron throats. . . .

We are so much accustomed to think of Gibraltar as a fortress that we are apt to overlook the fact that it is besides a considerable town and a flourishing seaport. It has been a free port since 1705. Its total population numbers some twenty-five thousand, including from five to six thousand soldiers. The governor exercises all the functions of the legislative and executive, and is always an officer of experience and ability. For the purely local business of the town there is a Board of Sanitary Commissioners. The whole community is, however, regulated by military usage. This arises greatly from the circumstance that the gates are opened and shut precisely at gun-fire morning and evening.

Gibraltar is the strongest British garrison abroad, and costs from three to four hundred thousand pounds yearly. No wayfarer may sojourn in Gibraltar without a pass from the town major. If he desires to prolong his stay he must find a consul or householder to be responsible for his conduct. Permits are granted for only short periods—ten, fifteen, or twenty days. They can, however, be renewed.

THE ISLAND OF YEZO

"NORTHERN SEA CIRCUIT" OF JAPAN.....CINCINNATI ENQUIRER

The island of Yezo (incorrectly called Yesso) is the most northerly of the four great islands of the Japanese Empire. Yezo is inhabited by the Ainos, a race entirely different from the Japanese both in appearance and manner. They present a striking contrast, with their long black beards and wealth of hair, to the Japanese, who can hardly raise even a mustache. Previous to the occupancy of the island by the Ainos it was peopled by a peculiar race of pit dwellers.

The Japanese in the early part of the sixteenth century invaded the southern portion of the island of Yezo and wrested that section of land from the Ainos. In the middle of the next century the whole of the island became a part of the Japanese Empire.

The first real effort looking to the development of Yezo was made in 1877, when an agricultural mission from the United States assisted in founding moderate farms, laying out roads and building bridges there. This manner of improving the island led the Japanese Government to make Yezo the great convict settlement of the nation. Plans were also adopted to fortify the place against Russian invasion. All those precautions have been carried out, and Yezo of to-day is both a large convict and military headquarters for the northern portion of Japan.

The island has rapidly developed in agricultural and fishing industries. The large fishing port, Kumaishi, located on the Pacific side of the island, was entirely swept away by the recent storm. The same tidal waves that carried off that port swept along the southern part of the island covering an area over 200 miles in length. The towns of Oshima and Hakodate, situated on the Tsugaru Strait, which separates the island from the Island of Hondo, the principal section of Japan; Furi, Hitaka, Tokachi and several other large seaport towns were disastrously affected by the earthquake shock, and tidal waves which followed.

The Ainos as a race are a lazy, drunken, harmless set of people. Their main desire is saki drinking. Saki is the national drink of Japan. It has a color similar to sherry, a taste that is oily, but its effect is such as to make a complete imbecile of the person who falls a victim to its baneful influences.

When the natives do turn their attention to work they engage mostly in the fishery trade. They are adept boatmen and swimmers, being equally as much at home in the water as on land. The salmon fisheries of the island rival in magnitude those of Puget Sound, Oregon.

But little is known of the interior. The whole inland portion of Yezo is one mass of dense forests and volcanic mountains, many of which are active. The area of the whole is 35,739 square miles, with an estimated population of 135,000.

The coast has only a few safe harbors, and while exempt from typhoons which sweep over the main land of Japan, this island is visited by severe gales and a continuous angry surf that carries all before it. The cultivated land is mainly in the neighborhood of the coast, both on the Japanese Sea and Pacific Ocean sides, with the exception of an extensive fertile plain around Satsuporo. The forests are being rapidly cut down for commercial purposes. Openings in the forest are heavily grown with *Eulalia Japonica*, a grass that stands when in full growth higher than a man on horseback.

The chief mineral wealth of Yezo is in its coal fields. Members of the United States Geological Survey have estimated the quantity of coal in the Yezo fields at one hundred and fifty thousand million tons, a supply sufficient to provide the present annual requirement of Great Britain for a thousand years.

The official name of Yezo is Hokkaido, or "The Northern Sea Circuit." For political reasons the island is governed by a different branch from that which rules the rest of the empire. The Yezo Department is the colonization branch of the Government. This department has expended large sums of money in advancing agricultural work on the island. A magnificent agricultural college, modeled after the Massachusetts Agricultural College, was erected at Satsuporo. This institution, though under native supervision, is managed by four American professors. The course of four years at the college means instruction in English, construction of country roads, railroads, drainage, irrigation works and a thorough instruction in surveying, civil engineering, agriculture and horticulture.

It is the intention of the Japanese Government to encourage immigration from the mainland to this island. Special inducements are given to convicts to remain at Yezo after they have completed their terms of servitude. The Government supplies them with land, tools and a small bonus if they will enter on agricultural pursuits.

The Colonization Department believes that the future prosperity of Yezo is dependent upon the agricultural development of the island.

The climate of Yezo is severe, being for six months of the year in the southern part under two feet of snow and ice, and over eight feet in the northern portion of the island. The winters are more severe than those of Canada.

MODERN SPORT, RECREATION AND ADVENTURE

HUNTING THE KANGAROO

GEORGE E. WALSH.....SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN

Twenty and thirty years ago the visitor to Australia could see more kangaroos to the square mile than there are jack rabbits to-day, and it was literally impossible to avoid the countless flocks that swarmed over the whole island. With a good rifle he could take a position on a rock and shoot all day long, until tired of the monotony of the slaughter, or until some "old man kangaroo" became desperate at his killing and decided to turn the tables upon him. In those days men were paid liberally by the sheep owners to kill off the kangaroos, and it is reported that one hunter would kill several hundred a day, and one man is known to have cleared \$4,500, free of living expenses, in a single year. The visitor to Australia to-day discovers a decided change in many ways, but not more so than in the comparative scarcity of the kangaroo. He may reside on the island for a month or two and not get a sight of one of these queer-looking animals. He is similarly disappointed as the visitor to Florida who expects to see alligators and diamond-back rattlesnakes crawling about every marsh and lagoon, making life actually dangerous and fearful. The conditions which the pioneers in both places met and overcame no longer exist.

There are kangaroos in Australia in numbers sufficient to satisfy the most exacting, but they must be hunted up and their favorite feeding places be located by good guides. The sheep herders caused the creatures to be destroyed in such numbers, before they became of any commercial value, that they are now rarely found outside of the "bush." In some of the private parks and large estates a few semi-wild kangaroos are kept, but they are protected so closely by laws that no one ventures to disturb them. About three hundred miles back from the coast, thousands of kangaroos can be found. A trip of one hundred and fifty miles back from Melbourne will take the hunter into a section of the wild country where good sport can be enjoyed. The country abounds in straggling bushes, with very few tall trees or woods to obstruct the travel; but the bushes, while in the open country, are tall enough to make good hiding places for the marsupials. They feed on the grass, roots, and leaves, and when startled by a hunter leap over the bushes as easily as a rabbit jumps over the tufts of grass.

We left Sydney one bright afternoon with a party of four hunters and two guides, and started for the interior to try a week at hunting in the Australian "bush." Hunting small and large game in the various States of the Union and Canada had brought its pleasure in times past, but the novelty of hunting kangaroo in their native "bush" excited more feelings of pleasure and anticipation than we had felt for many years. We anticipated little danger, although our guides assured us that the element of danger was always present in shooting these wild creatures. We were armed with good rifles, hunting knives, horses, two good kangaroo dogs, and

the various accouterments necessary for any good hunt. The dogs were a peculiar breed of large greyhound. They were much stronger and rougher in appearance than the ordinary greyhound, but they were equally as fleet and capable of running down a kangaroo in the open. They were powerful and fierce enough to attack the largest kangaroo, although the results of the battle were not always in their favor.

Thus equipped for our journey, we took the railroad as far inland as we could, and then started across country on horseback. The land was wild and rugged, overrun with strange plants and tree growths that attracted our attention by their beauty and oddity. Beautiful birds fluttered over our heads, and hissing serpents disputed our passageway. Our guides, knowing the harmlessness of these reptiles, either passed them without notice or hit them over the head with their strong riding whips. As we proceeded inland the country became more open, but more wild and desolate. The foot of man seemed never to have traversed these lonely wilds. Our first sight of a kangaroo was made on the second day out. While eating lunch in a quiet part of the country, the "bush" around suddenly seemed to become alive with animals. The heads of some strange creatures bobbed up above the bushes on every side, and a peculiar tapping noise on the turf alarmed us. We were on our feet instantly, with rifles in hand, prepared to meet any kind of strange beast. Suddenly in front of us a succession of kangaroos passed, crossing a narrow opening so that we could secure a good glimpse of them. Our guides hastily raised their rifles and shot, but the rest of us were too disappointed to do anything. These diminutive creatures, scarcely three feet high, the famous Australian kangaroo! Why, we expected to see animals seven, eight, and possibly ten feet high, and to have our hopes dashed to the ground in this way completely demoralized our hunting nature. Both natural history writers and hunters must have willfully lied when they described the kangaroo, or else our imaginations had stretched the dimensions to an unwonted degree. We were considerably reassured, however, a few moments later, when our guides brought in two of the dead creatures, remarking: "They'll make good eatin'. Ever taste paddymelon?"

"Paddymelon! Aren't they kangaroo?" we gasped in unison.

"Strangers that don't know sometimes call 'em that; but they're only paddymelon. We've run across a flock of 'em, an' you can get some good shots at 'em."

This was our first lesson in Australian natural history, and our guides gave us further valuable instruction before the day was over.

"Now you might be a-callin' this creature a kangaroo," one of them said toward dusk, as he suddenly hit something on the ground with his whip, and then picked it up. The creature that he had knocked over was not more than a few inches long, but he was an exact imitation of all pictures we had

ever seen of full-grown kangaroos. The well-developed hind legs and tail, the peculiar head and ears, the pouch for carrying the young in front, and the dwarfed front paws, were all there. Magnified about twentyfold, and a perfect kangaroo would be produced.

"No, that ain't nothin' but a kangaroo mouse, and he ain't what we're hunting after no more than the paddymelon."

It may be of importance to mention just here that the kangaroo and the kangaroo mouse represent the two extreme types of Australia's strange animals. Between these two extremes there are many other animals with the same essential features and apparently differentiating from each other only by their size. The kangaroo is the largest of the whole class, and next to him comes the wallaroo, then the wallaby, then the paddymelon, a specimen of which we had before us, the kangaroo rat, and the kangaroo mouse. The bush wallabies and paddymelons furnish more general sport to the hunters than the kangaroos, for they are more plentiful and not so timid. They move about the bush with great agility, and resemble shadows more than animals flitting around. It is a true test of one's skill to bring them down. During the next day or two we shot several of these animals, and prepared ourselves for the more exciting sport of kangaroo shooting. The dogs rather despised these smaller kangaroos, and did not offer to chase them unless they felt restive and sportive and needed exercise. The first kangaroo was sighted on the fifth day out, and he loomed up in the distance so suddenly that we all made an exclamation of surprise. He was five hundred yards away, and our guides informed us that we could not approach much closer without startling him. We drew about one hundred yards nearer and then started to get sight on him. The first bullet flew a hundred feet wide of the mark, and the kangaroo was off in an instant with the speed of an express train. The next one we ran across we took the advice of our guides and raised the rifle to shoot over the creature, and then gradually lowered it until the distance could be accurately gauged. Instead of being alarmed at this, the creature merely looked up each time and then resumed his grazing. But suddenly the distance was properly gauged, and a bullet struck the animal in one of his fore paws. Such a wound does not by any means handicap the animal in running, but the pain of the wound seemed to paralyze him, for he circled around several times and struggled and rolled upon the ground as if mortally wounded. The two dogs rushed forward to pounce upon the game. Their deep baying close at hand brought the kangaroo to his senses, and placing himself against a tree he waited for the onslaught. The hounds, expecting to find the animal nearly dead, plunged recklessly forward, and the foremost suffered as a consequence. With one sweep of his sharp, sickle-like hind claw, the old kangaroo nearly disemboweled him. The hound fell over with a yelp and expired in an instant. His companion stood at a safe distance and growled savagely. At this instant we appeared upon the scene, and seeing so many enemies, the kangaroo suddenly turned and started off at a speed that no horse could attain. We

raised our rifles and took a flying aim. Two bullets brought the creature to the earth dead.*

The hind legs of the kangaroo are powerful weapons. One long claw, hard as bone or steel and sharp as a knife at the point, gives the kangaroo an implement that can kill a man or beast with one blow. The front paws are not so strong, but an old fellow has strength enough in them to seize a dog and hold him in a helpless position. When chased into the water they will sometimes seize a dog and hold him under the water until dead. On land they will seize an enemy and hold him until the hind claws can cut him nearly in two. They are also good boxers, and when the natives attempt to kill them with clubs they dodge the implement with all the skill of a professional pugilist, and unless the man is an expert he may get the worst of the encounter. Quite a number of hunters have been severely injured, and some killed, by attempting to corner a wounded kangaroo when enraged by a bullet wound. It is much better to bring the animal down with the rifle bullet, and be sure that he is dead before approaching too close. The fleetest horse cannot keep pace with the larger species of kangaroos, but with a little tact the hunters are enabled to capture them whenever they are sighted. When the creatures are once started on a run, they will not swerve from their course, but continue straight onward, leaping over bushes, rocks, and all ordinary obstacles. The hunters generally station themselves in the line that the animals are most likely to pursue, and then wait until the dogs or the rest of the party start them up. Several flying shots can thus be obtained, and if one is accustomed to the work he will bring down one or more of the fine creatures.

A DUEL WITH KITES

GILBERT T. WOGLOM....."PARAKITES"*

Kite battles are peculiarly Asiatic. They are contests in which the individual peculiarities of kites used, the shrewdness, perseverance, and tact of the contestants, and their expertness in designing and constructing are all severely tested. A sportsmanly spirit pervades wherever the battles take place, whether prearranged or spontaneous, in that a peaceably inclined kite is never attacked. If one enters the field with an armed and equipped kite, one is presumed to be thus armed for battle, and therefore is a proper subject for challenge. If one is flying a peaceful kite which looks warlike, the flier, upon assuring a would-be challenger of its peaceable character, is passed by, though with a wistful glance, as if it were a crime for such a dashing looking kite to be peaceful.

The boys as well as the men have their battles, both individually and as aggregations. Neighboring cliques of boys are each ready to "knock the chip from the shoulder" of the other clique, and cause the others' kites to bite the dust. The men are pitted against each other, district vs. district, village vs. village, community vs. community. The battles sometimes are the causes of lifelong feuds between ill-natured or pugnacious individuals. The weapons which arm the battle-kites are of two varieties: one is connected with the cord or rope,

* Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons.

the other with the tail. The first-named weapon is distributed along one hundred yards of the cordage, beginning a few yards from the kite; the cordage is liberally saturated with a sticky gum, which, before it can dry, is thoroughly charged with glass pulverized finely for thin cord of small kites, and with coarser, sharply edged or pointed fragments of glass for the rope of larger kites. The second and more effective weapon is made by either shreds of glass chipped perseveringly out of the sides of glass bottles until several are secured having the curve of the bottle's side, and with a sharp edge on the inner side of the curve, sickle-like, or the same form may be simulated in any scrap of metal which will take and hold a sharp edge.

Now a shred of bamboo a few inches long is transversely pierced at its middle by two piercings which cross each other. A knife blade then successively passed through and slightly twisted therein, causes two splits at right angles, each extending from the middle towards, but not to, the ends of the bamboo. In these two slots are placed two of the double ended metal blades, or four of the sickle-like glass blades, with their four ends projecting sidewise from the bamboo. The stick is then served with, or bound by, cord so tightly wound around it as to seize the blades firmly in the slots or splits. One or two of these instruments are provided and attached to the tail, one at the bottom end, the other half-way up, and with the keen edges invariably upward. The ends of the sticks are tapered and so snugly secured to the tail that the finest cord cannot be slipped in between the stick and the tail.

We are now an Oriental armed and equipped for the battle. We shall not fly our kite higher than with two hundred feet of cord, for with a short radius the kite will dart through the air, and respond to our handling of the cord more quickly than with a longer radius. We have provided ourselves with stout leather finger-cots for each index finger, that the friction of the cord, running out over our fingers, may not burn them. We find a fellow Oriental who acknowledges that he has "cutters," and who suavely assures us that he will be delighted to spoil our cord with his cutters, and, with the delight and right of victory, spoil our kite, for to the victor belongs the spoils. His kite is named "Ko-chicu"; our own is "Yan-kee." We stipulate that our battlefield shall be within certain limits. With our backs directly to the wind, exactly to the right and left of each other, and fifty feet apart, each warily dismisses his kite into the air in a fresh breeze; Ko-chicu flies at a slightly higher angle than Yan-kee; each tail is so light, adjacent to its respective kite, that a serpentine curvature is imparted to the tail as it responds to the oscillation of its kite. Ko-chicu, as he sways to the right toward Yan-kee, is given a twitch of the string, whereby his sway is protracted into a huge circle so dangerously near to pitching over Yan-kee's cord that the latter is gently withdrawn, and in response Yan-kee glides up the wind higher than Ko-chicu. Before Ko-chicu has resumed his position after the dive, Yan-kee's cord is run rapidly out—slipped over the index finger; he drops on the left (far) side of Ko-chicu's cord. We quickly seize our cord and run swiftly to the right

and forward (diagonally). Then we stand, and, working our hands as rapidly as an electric engine, we pull Yan-kee towards us, with intent to get our glassed line in place atop our antagonist's line, then to continue our quick in-pull and thus to saw across his naked line. Our opponent, divining our purpose, runs backward until he has brought his section of glassed cord up under, and in contact with our own glassed section of our cord; we are checked; it is diamond cut diamond; Yan-kee and Ko-chicu foul each other. With a laugh of disappointment we amicably change sides, he now on our right hand, and the lines and kites become parted again.

Now furtively watching the other, each walks backward to get to windward of the other; while doing so we, without being perceived in the act, have gathered from our ball of twine about forty feet of it, and darting backward twenty feet and diagonally to his rear, we discharge the whole forty feet during our backward run. Yan-kee drops beyond and on the left of his line; we momentarily stand to right and rear of our wily antagonist, alert for our next move, for we have temporarily out-manuevered him and have crossed the lines. Yan-kee has flown over (beyond) and fallen below the level of his line, our line atop his. We nimbly pass forward, but less rapidly withdraw our line as we progress:—thus we feint that we intend to saw his line; he runs backward that he may bring his glassed section of line mayhap again in contact within our own like section, and spare contact with his bare cord, while we now, as quickly as our hands can be made to pass each other, pull in so that Yan-kee may come close beside his line and at the same time be slid upward on the wind.

Coincidentally with this upward impetus we catch Yan-kee as he oscillates to the right; a lengthy jerk swirls him in a curve over to the right side of Ko-chicu's line, but Yan-kee's tail is now on the left side of Ko-chicu's line. The tail quickly follows into contact, and we vigorously pull in. When Yan-kee feels his tail caught on Ko-chicu's cord, he pitches with head towards the ground and pulls his own slipping-tail over the enemy's line, our pull assisting, until it is caught by our first set of cutters. If the wind be fresh enough, the down-pull of Yan-kee causes his cutter to sever Ko-chicu's line. If not fresh enough an additional pull on Yan-kee's cord, or better yet, a dashing run in a right angle with Ko-chicu's line, will counteract any diminution of our advantage sought to be acquired by our enemy, who is running backwards in an effort to lessen our pull.

We nimbly run and jerk. Our cutter does its work by severing his cord; away swirls his pet and champion; the victory is ours; we felt it coincidentally with the ecstatic "jumps" of our line as the cutter did its duty. Our antagonist now owns only the cord below the cut of our cutter; all beyond that is our spoil. (Incidentally, there is nothing unusual in the writer or teller of a story being the victor; it is the story-teller's habit.)

Our late antagonist smiles, "shows his teeth," pays his bet by the surrender of his kite—if no other wager has been made—and trudges phlegmatically towards his home; we proudly and deliberately gather in our kite and our spoil.

TOLD OVER THE WINE AND WALNUTS

* * * Lord Mansfield was trying an action which arose out of the collision of two ships at sea, when a sailor, giving an account of the accident, said, "At the time I was standing abaft the binnacle." "Where is abaft the binnacle?" interposed his lordship. The witness, who was half drunk, exclaimed, "A pretty fellow to be a judge who does not know where abaft the binnacle is!" Lord Mansfield, instead of threatening to commit him for contempt of court, quietly said, "Well, my friend, fit me for my office by telling me where abaft the binnacle is; you have already shown me the meaning of half seas over."

* * * White, of Kentucky, while speaker of the House in the XXVII Congress, was so pressed with business that when he had to deliver his valedictory, he got one of those men who are always on hand to make a little money to write his address. It was handed him just a little while before the time he had to deliver it, and he put it into his pocket without reading. When the time came, he rose, and slowly unfolding the manuscript, read the address. It was very brilliant, but it was Aaron Burr's famous valedictory to the Senate. The Speaker never recovered from the shock. He went home, was taken ill, and it is supposed he killed himself for shame.

* * * A writer in *The Youth's Companion* recalls a story that illustrates Bismarck's magnanimity in his earlier days. Count Rechberg called on him once to show him a dispatch from his Government, instructing the Count to vote with Prussia at the next meeting of the Diet. Bismarck read the document, and returned it to the Count, saying: "This is evidently a mistake." Rechberg, in his turn, looked at the sheet and changed color. Instead of the official letter, he had, by mistake, handed to Bismarck the secret instructions he had received concurrently, calling upon him, while openly countenancing Prussia, to use his utmost endeavors to cause the other German States to vote against the measure. For a moment both statesmen looked at each other in silence. Then Bismarck said: "Don't be upset. You never intended giving me the letter. Ergo, you never gave it to me; ergo, I know nothing about the whole matter."

* * * It is a well-known fact that the late Baron James Rothschild was on excellent terms with Balzac, who dedicated to him several of his novels. One day when he was about to proceed to Germany and being, as was often the case, in rather straitened circumstances, Balzac applied to the Baron, who, with his habitual generosity, handed him the sum of 3,000 fr. and at the same time a letter of introduction, addressed to his nephew in Vienna. The letter was unsealed, as is usual in such cases. Balzac read it, thought its tone rather cool, trivial, and altogether inadequate (he was always puffed up with conceit, poor fellow). He scorned to deliver it, and returned to Paris with the autograph in his pocket. On his arrival he waited upon the great banker.

"Well," said the Baron, "did you see my nephew?"

Balzac boldly confessed that he had kept the letter.

"I am sorry, for your sake," said the Baron; "have you it by you?"

"Why, certainly; here it is."

"Do you observe this little mark below the signature? It gave you an open credit on our Vienna bank to the extent of 25,000 francs."

Balzac bit his lips.

* * * Only one man was ever twice elected governor of a state by a single vote. In 1839, Marcus Morton was elected governor of Massachusetts by one plurality and in 1843 was also elected by the legislature by a single vote.

He was a candidate twelve years in succession before his first election. After that election, in 1840, he ran again, and was swamped by John Davis, who rode into office on the crest of the William Henry Harrison wave. In that year the Whigs awoke the echoes with a campaign song which ran this way, to the tune of "Yankee Doodle":

Judge Morton now is governor —
I'll tell you how 'twas done sir;
They gave him all the spurious votes
And squeezed him in by one, sir.

* * * A good story is told of a war of words between the paradoxical Oscar Wilde, and a witty bishop whom he met at a social gathering. Church and stage crossed swords, and it was not the church that bit the dust.

"I am yours, my lord," said Mr. Wilde, bowing low and smiling ironically, "to my shoe buckles."

"I am yours," said the courtly bishop, "to the ground."

The author of "An Ideal Husband" continued:

"I am yours to the centre of the earth."

The pillar of the church quickly responded:

"I am yours to the Antipodes."

Oscar Wilde began to feel decidedly nettled. Indignant at his defeat by a mere clergyman and a man of piety, he exclaimed, as a last thrust:

"I am yours to the lowest pit of destruction!"

"There, Mr. Wilde," responded the divine, "I think I'd better leave you!"

* * * A Chicago journalist notes a curious parallel between one of Dr. Holmes's aphorisms and a remark of John L. Sullivan at a banquet given in his honor in that city.

The autocrat, in illustrating how a great misfortune puts on us in an hour or a moment an impression as sharp as if it had taken a lifetime to engrave it, tells how the machine at the mint lays its finger upon a bit of metal: "It is a coin now and will remember that touch and tell a new race about it when the date upon it is crusted over with twenty centuries." Mr. Sullivan, now an actor, but then a pugilist of considerable prominence, was describing an encounter in the far West with a local heavyweight who had undertaken to win the standing prize for any man who could stand before the Boston artist for four rounds. "I played wid him awhile," said Mr. Sullivan, "to please de crowd, an' let him pound me in de neck till he got tired. Den I hit 'im just onct. He tinks I'm hittin' 'im yet."

ANIMAL LIFE: STORIES, STUDIES AND SKETCHES

QUEER CAMP FOLLOWERS

BABOONS ON THE PROWL.....SCIENCE SIFTINGS

An Italian officer, Captain Franconi, who took part in the recent Abyssinian campaign, gives an interesting account of the behavior of a tribe of predatory baboons that were encountered on the line of march. At Har-el-Kebir, about thirty miles from the coast, he got the first glimpse of the large rock baboons that accomplish the miracle of eking out a living in a country almost void of vegetation. Between March and October rain falls only on the highest mountains, but the enterprising four-handers dig water from the bottom sands of deep ravines, and break their long fasts with roots and insects. In the cliffs of the mountain range named they could be seen peeping from behind the rocks, and, seeing the strangers (an artillery train) preoccupied with the transport of their heavy baggage, they ventured forth, and finally joined the uphill march, ready to pounce upon any scraps of refuse that might be flung their way for the sake of charity or fun.

Coils of apple peel were instantly devoured, an empty syrup bottle passed from hand to hand till it got in the clutches of a thrifty old female, who sucked it with main and might, and carried it along with her. At the next halting place she hugged it and rolled it along the ground as if she were trying to squeeze out the bottom, but the idea of breaking it apparently never occurred to her mind, or after attacking it with her teeth she may have overrated the indestructible properties of the material. Small favors in the shape of nuts and fragments of navy biscuits were gratefully accepted, and one or two of several investigators recognized the nutritive value of an old beef bone, and knocked it against the ground to dislodge a possible residuum of marrow. The hospital steward then donated an empty medicine bottle, but the first examiner rejected it with a coughing bark of indignation, and plainly resented the consequent chorus of derision. He slammed down his fist and faced the originators of the hoarse laugh with a severe frown of mingled wrath and surprise. He then strutted off grumbling, followed by a committee of condolence, and finally by the whole troop. They seemed to conclude that the opportunities for a free meal had, for the present, been exhausted. Some of their scouts, however, followed the detachment from a distance, to ascertain the locality of the bivouac, and early the next morning they were on hand again. A few minutes after daybreak the captain's attention was attracted by the furious barking of two dogs, the property of a guide who had joined them at Jebel Khel, and, looking up, he saw a number of old male baboons come down the bank of a ravine and boldly enter the flat where the soldiers had pitched their tents. The dogs had rushed out with sharp, bristling barks, as a hound would fly at a wolf, and it was interesting to watch the conduct of the big four-handers. They advanced without the slightest symptom of fear, three abreast, and keeping close together, not deigning even to turn a glance in the direction of the barking curs. The fangs of a male rock

baboon are an inch and a half long, and his superhuman fists could strangle the life out of any common-sized dog; but their assailants, for all they knew, might be the valued property of the company cook, and they tried their best to avoid a row.

They were, in fact, upon their good behavior, and only one of their shaggy leaders faced about with a fierce growl when one of the dogs snapped his teeth in his face. He then resumed his place in the ranks, till the vanguard reached a refuse heap near the mess tent, where their self-restraint was rewarded by the discovery of sundry preserve cans, sweetish coffee grounds, potato peels, and similar miscellanies, which the dogs had failed to appropriate.

They foraged in silence, with the rearguard rather hanging back, till the cook, at the captain's suggestion, flung out a whole trayful of refuse, right in front of his visitors. That was an earnest of good will not to be misunderstood, and at the chuckling call of the patriarch the troop came down en masse, and at once fell to work rummaging about the accumulation of creature comforts, while their leader sat aside, crunching away at a big chunk of bone and meat, and taking an occasional sniff at the entremets in his hind hands. There was nothing mean about that old fellow. He had collared an assortment of tit-bits that would have filled his capacious cheek pouches, as well as his stomach, but the alarm screech of a baboon baby made him drop his collection, and start up, ready to rush to the rescue. A maneless youngster had attracted the attention of the dogs and retreated to the top of a baggage-pile, uttering screams that continued even when one of the men had chased the dogs back. The soldiers by that time had turned out in force to enjoy the fun, and one of them contrived to allay the panic of the screeching little imp with a handful of biscuit crumbs. He descended from his perch and strolled towards the tents, filling his little cheek bags without noticing that the dogs were on his track again. When he did see them they were almost upon him, and the biscuit crumbs came near choking him at the first screech. There was no pile in reach this time, and the dogs were preparing to vent their fury upon the defenseless little scapegoat, when Captain Franconi's orderly came up at a double quick, half afraid to yell, for fear that the poor youngster would misconstrue his intention and turn back into the teeth of the merciless dogs. These apprehensions, however, proved superfluous. At the sight of the rescuing party the four-handed baby redoubled its speed, leapt into the orderly's arms, and caught him around the neck, uttering a strange mumbling sound, evidently resolved to cling to his protector as to a responsible relative.

After gleaning all the waste comestibles of the soldiers' camp, the shaggy visitors had resumed their usual pastime of nosing about for roots—an occupation much facilitated by the possession of a dog-like or pig-like snout. While the intruders in the camp of Jebel Khel were still loitering about the tents one of their sentries gave tongue in a series of sharp, short barks, which at once put the whole troop on the qui vive. Dusky forms were seen

moving about the cliff of a neighboring hill—too clearly with hostile intents, which had somehow been divined by the vigilant four-handers. King Menalik had perhaps never troubled the dog-headed natives of his dominions, but they had enjoyed the hospitality of this bivouac, and were not going to see it raided by a surprise party if they could help it by timely warning. But, for all they knew to the contrary, those fellows on the hills might be simply beggars, and they might dread them and their dogs as rival candidates for kitchen refuse.

Trained baboons, it is suggested, might possibly prove more useful in daytime than the regimental collies, the "dog of war," whose sagacity has been tested in the maneuvers of several European armies. Their scent is inferior to that of a first-class hound, but their eyesight is marvelously keen, developed through long ages of defensive campaigns against the prowling carnivora of their native rocks.

MATERNAL LOVE IN ANIMALS

JAMES WEIR, JR. HOME MAGAZINE

It is held by moral philosophers and some psychologists, that the maternal love of the lower animals is purely and simply the desire of preservation of kind, and that it possesses none of the refined moral attributes of human mother-love. This, to a certain extent, is true, though by no means wholly so; for there are, probably, in existence to-day human mothers whose love for their offspring reaches no higher plane of ethical excellence than does the maternal love of the lower animals. Maternal love, like the other emotions, has undergone evolutionary development, and its fundamental basis, *i. e.*, love of kind-preservation, has been, in a measure, hidden and obscured by the refining influence of evolutionary growth; it is present, yet the civilized human mother is not conscious of it, because of its changed character. Love (*amor*) itself has undergone this refining and clarifying influence; the love of a civilized man for the woman whom he would marry is vastly different from the love that an Indian bestows on her whom he would make his squaw.

The Niam-Niam mother of Central Africa, who leaves her child to shift for himself or herself as soon as he or she has "grown tall enough to look into the pot," is not blessed with that refined ethical love that lasts as long as life itself, and which, in the surviving civilized mother, is even carried beyond the grave. The savage mother-love (that is, in the lowest races) is but little different from the maternal love of the lower animals; it is, undoubtedly, the same in kind, even though it may differ in degree.

The love of offspring is evinced by animals exceedingly low in the scale of animal life, and were it possible to carry our investigations so far, I am convinced, through analogy and inference, that evidences of it would be found even in *protozoa*,—minute, microscopic animalcules, whose life-histories are so exceedingly interesting and so hard to follow.

Be that as it may, in crustaceans we probably find the first unmistakable evidences of maternal love. The female crayfish, with the under-surface of her tail covered with impregnated eggs or newly

hatched young, will fight to the death in their behalf. I have, time and again, reared crayfish, and have succeeded in taming them to such a degree that they would take food from my fingers; whenever the females of these tame crustaceans became mothers, however, they became timid and suspicious and would seek out the darkest spots in the tanks where they were kept. If I attempted to handle them they would nip me with their sharp mandibles at the first opportunity that offered; they would allow no interference with their precious offspring if they could possibly prevent it. This is true of the lobster also. This giant crustacean, with her enormous forceps-like claws, generally wages a winning fight with the would-be ravishers of her young.

When we come to the insect family, evidences of maternal love become exceedingly abundant and strikingly convincing. That butterfly which we see so busily engaged in depositing her eggs, will never behold her offspring, yet notice the wonderful judgment and tender solicitude she evinces for the safety of her as yet unborn young! She seeks out only such plants and shrubs upon which to deposit her eggs as she knows will be good food for the young grubs; she knows that her offspring will be voracious youngsters, and that they will require a large amount of sustenance; hence in many instances she deposits only one or two eggs on a single leaf!

Not long ago I took a spider's egg-ball away from her, and her dismay, I might say her anguish, was pitiable. She ran here and there and everywhere, looking for her beloved ball of eggs; when I extended it towards her, held in the grasp of a small forceps, she tried to take it away, and when she could not, she bit and tore at the forceps' blades like a mad creature. She showed not the slightest fear; anguish at the loss of her young had totally annihilated all thought of self, and her only desire was the regaining of the silken cradle in which hundreds of her unborn young reposed. I have seen an earwig hovering over her progeny like a hen over her chickens, and then driving them before her into a crevice in the bark of a tree for all the world like a goose marshaling her brood for a morning's swim!

I deem it a presumption to assert that the wise forethought of the mud-dauber which builds a house in which it lays an egg, upon which it deposits more or less food as the looked-for grub is to be a male or female, is simply an instinct, an unconsidered act, a spontaneous and involuntary function that was created when the first wasp was created, and no more an act of volition than in the pulsing of its fluid ichor through its veins. Men who make this assertion forget that the mud-dauber's nest and its habit of supplying food for its unborn grub are the result of evolution, the inherited experiences of countless ages. Just as certain as the palatial homes of men were evolved from the caves, hollow logs, and brush-heaps of their savage ancestors, just so certain is it that the wonderful compartment houses of the mud-daubers of to-day had their origin, in all probability, in some chance depression in the bark of a tree, or rock, or mud-bank. The habit of building compartment-homes for their young has now, in a measure, become instinctive and habitual, but is, nevertheless, the result of countless bits of conscious or unconscious ideation

on the part of the ancestors of the mud-dauber of to-day; and, as it has occurred in the evolving of the nest, so also has it been in the creating of the maternal instincts of the creature—both, in their completed forms, are the result of evolution.

In all probability nine-tenths of these insect mothers never behold their offspring; death claims them long before the young grubs emerge from their cells—perfect wasps. Yet some of them do live, and even experience the happiness of seeing and communicating with their young. Thus a mud-dauber wintered in my room close to her autumn nest, and when the young wasps emerged therefrom, greeted them on the very threshold of life and probably bade them God speed! Thus it is that the cycle of their lives are treasured up in their memories, consciously or unconsciously, the experiences of one generation descending to another throughout æons of years.

Even the cold-blooded and clammy snake evinces maternal affection, and I am fortunately able to produce evidence corroborative of this statement that is fresh in my memory. On March 29th, while seated on my front porch, I noticed one of my dogs, a yearling puppy, acting in a peculiar way on my lawn. He was circling around a small circumscribed spot, every now and then thrusting his nose towards the ground, and then quickly jumping back. On approaching the animal I discovered that the object of his playful assaults was a bunch or ball of snakes, a three or four years old mother and her last year's brood of young. The day was very warm, the sun shining clear and bright, and these creatures had emerged from their den or nest in the ground, a foot or so away from the spot where they were lying, and were sunning themselves. When they observed me they made an attempt to regain their nest; I killed two of them, however, before they could enter. I had read somewhere that if a snake's young were taken and their bodies dragged along the ground, the mother snake would follow the trail, and, if she found them alive, would conduct them back to the nest. I took the two which I had killed and, after dragging them along the turf, deposited them on the pavement some fifty feet from the den; I then resumed my seat on the porch and awaited developments. In a short while the mother snake emerged from the nest and, after crawling about for a second or two, struck the trail and at once followed it to the pavement and her dead young. Fortunately I have a witness in the person of my iceman, who was delivering ice at the time, and who was dumbfounded at beholding such high intelligence in a creature so low in the scale of animal life. I killed the old snake (for these snakes—garden moccasins—become harmful after the third year, eating young birds, etc.) and ten of her progeny, leaving two pairs to carry on and perpetuate the race.

I have seen in the dog and cat distinct evidences of a pride in their young. Thus a canine brought her first litter, one by one, and laid them at the feet of her mistress; after they had been duly admired and praised she took them back to the kennel. When the master of the house came home she repeated this performance, not omitting a single puppy: also, wonderful to relate, she did not neglect the stranger within their gates (myself), but brought

out her young for my inspection and seemed greatly pleased when I admired them!

The domestic economy of the lower animals, as far as the offspring are concerned, is matriarchal in character; the father, as a general thing, taking no interest in his descendants whatever. On one occasion, however, I witnessed a remarkable exception to this rule. Two handsome maltese cats, male and female, lived in a boarding house in New York at which I stopped while attending lectures at Bellevue, in 1879. The female gave birth to four kittens in the basement, which was three floors below my room. George (the male cat) was a great friend of mine, and was in the habit of paying me visits; he would come to the door early in the morning and scratch on it until admitted. One morning, when I opened the door at his signal, I was astonished to see him standing in the hall with a kitten in his mouth, and Sallie (the female cat) anxiously regarding him. He marched into the room and dropped the kitten on the floor at my feet; he seemed highly pleased and rubbed against my leg and purred loudly. He at length took up the kitten and disappeared down the stairway, followed by Sallie. In ten minutes he was back with another kitten, and this time Sallie did not accompany him; he had probably convinced her that he meant no injury to her young ones. Up and down the stairs he continued to come and go until he had shown me all of the kittens. Evidently, in the two instances just given, the strictly maternal love of offspring had undergone a refining influence; these animals undoubtedly felt proud of their young and wished to exhibit them to their friends.

Animals very frequently turn to man when they find themselves in difficulties and need assistance. The following instance of maternal love and trust in man in a horse was related to me not long ago, by a farmer in whose probity and truthfulness I have implicit confidence: The horse in question, a mare, had been placed in a field some distance from the house, in which there was no other stock. The animal was totally blind, and being in foal it was thought best to place her there in order to avoid accidental injury to the colt when it was born. One night this gentleman was awakened by a pounding on his front porch, and a continuous and prolonged neighing. He hastily dressed himself, and on going out discovered this blind mare, which had jumped the low fence surrounding the front yard, and which was pawing the porch with her front feet and neighing loudly. She whinnied her delight as soon as she heard him, and at once jumped the fence as soon as she ascertained its locality. She then proceeded towards the field, stopping every now and then to ascertain if he were following. When they arrived at the field the horse jumped the fence (a low, rail structure), and proceeded towards a deep ditch which extended across one corner of the lot. When she came to the ditch or gully she stopped and neighed once or twice. The farmer soon discovered the trouble; the colt had been born that night, and in staggering about it had accidentally fallen into the ditch. He got down into the gully and extricated the little creature, much to the delight of its loving mother, who testified her joy and thankfulness by many a grateful and heartfelt whinny.

A CHILD OF THE JAGO: LONDON'S BLACKEST SLUM

BY ARTHUR MORRISON

[A selected reading from *A Child of the Jago*, by Arthur Morrison, published by Herbert S. Stone & Company. That the Mission, spoken of in the text below, has failed in its purpose will be obvious to the reader. Its benefits have been appropriated and enjoyed by the more respectable element of the population near by, shopmen and superior mechanics, who nightly fill its club and lecture rooms to the exclusion of the unhappy residents of that "blackest pit in London," the Old Jago, to reach whom the Mission had been planned.]

Three quarters of a mile east of the Jago's outermost limit was the East End Elevation Mission and Pansophical Institute: such was the amazing success whereof, that a new wing had been built, and was now to be declared open by a bishop of great eminence and industry. . . .

The afternoon was bright, and all was promising. A small crowd of idlers hung about the main door of the Institute and stared at a string of flags. Away to the left stood the new wing, a face of fair, clean brick; the ornamentation, of approved earnestness, in terra-cotta squares at regular intervals. Within sat many friends and relations of the shopmen and superior mechanics, and waited for the Bishop, the Eminences of the Elevated Mission sitting apart on the platform. Without, among the idlers, waited Dicky Perrott. His notions of what was going on were indistinct; but he had a belief, imbibed through rumor and tradition, that all celebrations at such large buildings were accompanied by the consumption, in the innermost recesses, of cake and tea. Even to be near cake was something. In Shoreditch High Street was a shop where cake stood in the window in great slabs, one slab over another, to an incalculable value. At this window—against it, as near as possible, his face flattened white—Dicky would stand till the shopkeeper drove him off; till he had but to shut his eyes to see once more, in the shifting black, the rich yellow sections with their myriad raisins. Once a careless errand boy, who had bought a slice, took so clumsy a bite as he emerged that near a third of the whole piece broke and fell; and this Dicky had snatched from the paving and bolted with ere the owner quite saw his loss. This was a superior sort of cake, at a penny. But once he had managed to buy himself a slice of an inferior sort for a half-penny in Meakin Street.

Dicky Perrott, these blessed memories in his brain, stood unobtrusively near the door, with the big jacket buttoned over as decently as might be, full of a desperate design: which was to get inside by whatsoever manner of trick or opportunity he might, and so, if it were humanly possible, to the cake.

The tickets were being taken at the door by an ardent young Elevator—one of the Missionaries. Him, and all such washed and well-dressed people, Dicky had learnt to hold in supreme contempt when the business in hand was dodging. There was no hurry: the Elevator might waste his vigilance on the ticket-holders for some time yet; and Dicky knew better than to betray the smallest sign of a desire for entrance while his enemy's attention was awake.

Carriages drew up, and yielded more Eminences:

toward the end the Bishop himself, whom Dicky observed but as a pleasant-looking old gentleman in uncommon clothes; and on whom he bestowed no more thought than a passing wonder at what might be the accident to his hat which had necessitated its repair with string.

But at the spikes of the Bishop's carriage came another, and out of that there got three ladies, friends of the ticket receiver, on whom they closed, greeting and shaking hands; and in a flash Dicky Perrott was beyond the lobby and moving obscurely along the walls of the inner hall, behind pillars and in shadow, seeking cake.

The Choral Society sang their lustiest, and there were speeches. Eminences expressed their surprise and delight at finding the people of the East End, gathered in the Institute Building, so respectable and clean, thanks to persistent, indefatigable, unselfish Elevation.

The good Bishop, amid clapping of hands and fluttering of handkerchiefs, piped cherubically of everything. He rejoiced to see that day, whereon the helping hand of the West was so unmistakably made apparent to the East. He rejoiced also to find himself in the midst of so admirably typical an assemblage—so representative, if he might say so, of that great East End of London, thirsting and crying out for—for Elevation; for that—ah—Elevation which the more fortunately circumstanced denizens of—of other places, had so munificently—laid on. The people of the East End had been sadly misrepresented—in popular periodicals and in—in other ways.

The East End, he was convinced, was not so black as it was painted (applause). He had but to look about him—et cetera, et cetera. He questioned whether so well-conducted, morally-given and respectable a gathering could be brought together in any West End parish with which he was acquainted. It was his most pleasant duty on this occasion—and so on and so forth.

Dicky Perrott had found the cake. It was in a much smaller room at the back of the hall, wherein it was expected that the Bishop and certain Eminences of the platform would refresh themselves with tea after the ceremony. There were heavy drooping curtains at the door of this room, and deep from the largest folds the ratling from the Jago watched. The table was guarded by a sour-faced man—just such a man as drove him from the window of the cake-shop in Shoreditch High Street. Nobody else was there yet, and plainly the sour-faced man must be absent or busy ere the cake could be got at.

There was a burst of applause in the hall; the new wing had been declared open. Then there was more singing, and after that much shuffling and tramping, for everybody was free to survey the new rooms on the way out; and the Importances from the platform came to find the tea.

Filling the room and standing about in little groups; chatting, munching and sipping, while the sour-faced man distractedly floundered amid crock-

ery; not a soul of them all perceived an inconsiderable small boy, ducking and dodging vaguely among legs and 'round skirts, making, from time to time, a silent snatch at a plate on the table; and presently he vanished altogether. Then the amiable bishop, beaming over the teacup six inches from his chin, at two courtiers of the clergy, bethought him of a dinner engagement, and passed his hand downward over the rotundity of his waistcoat.

"Dear, dear," said the Bishop, glancing down suddenly, "why—what's become of my watch?"

There hung three inches of black ribbon, with a cut end. The bishop looked blankly at the Elevators about him.

Three streets off, Dicky Perrott, with his shut fist deep in his breeches pocket, and a gold watch in the fist, ran full drive for the old Jago.

There was nobody in chase; but Dicky Perrott, excited by his novel exploit, ran hard; forgetting the lesson first learnt by every child of the Jago, to avoid, as far as may be, suspicious flight in open streets. He burst into the Old Jago from the Jago Row corner, by Meakin Street, and still he ran. A small boy a trifle bigger than himself made a sharp punch at him as he passed, but he took no heed. The hulking group at the corner of Old Jago Street, ever observant of weaklings with plunder, saw him and one tried to catch his arm, but he had the wit to dodge. Past the Jago Court passage he scudded, in at the familiar doorway and up the stairs.

Josh Perrott sat on the bed, eating fried fish from an oily paper, for it was tea time. He was a man of thirty-two, of middle height and stoutly built, with a hard, leathery face as of one much older. The hair about his mouth seemed always three days old—never much less nor much more. He was a plasterer—had, at least, so described himself at police courts. In moments of pride he declared himself the only member of his family who had ever learned a trade and worked at it. It was a long-relinquished habit, but while it lasted he had married a decent boilermaker's daughter, who had known nothing of the Jago till these latter days. One other boast Josh Perrott had: that nothing but shot or pointed steel could hurt him. And this, too, was near being a true boast; as he had proved in more than one fight in the local arena—which was Jago Court. Now he sat peaceably on the edge of the bed and plucked with his fingers at the oily fish, while his wife grubbed hopelessly about the cupboard shelves for the screw of paper which was the sugar basin.

Dicky entered at a burst. "Mother—father—look! I done a click! I got a clock—a red 'un!"

Josh Perrott stopped, jaw and hand, with a pinch of fish poised in air. The woman turned, and her chin fell. "O Dicky, Dicky," she cried, in real distress, "you're a awful low, wicked boy. My Gawd, Josh 'e—'e'll grow up bad; I said so."

Josh Perrott bolted the pinch of fish, and sucked his fingers as he sprang to the door. After a quick glance down the stairs, he shut it and turned to Dicky.

"Where d' ye get that, ye young devil?" he asked, and snatched the watch.

"Claimed it auf a ol' bloke w'en 'e was drinkin' 'is tea," Dicky replied with sparkling eyes. "Let's 'ave

a look at it, father."

"Did 'e run after ye?"

"No—didn't know nuffin about it. I cut 'is bit o' ribbin with my knife." Dicky held up a treasured relic of blade and handle found in a gutter. "Ain' 'tcher goin' to let's 'ave a look at it?"

Josh Perrott looked doubtfully toward his wife: the children were chiefly her concern. Of her sentiments there could be no mistake. He slipped the watch into his own pocket and caught Dicky by the collar.

"I'll give you somethink, you damn young thief," he exclaimed, slipping off his belt. "You'd like t' 'ave us all in stir for a year or two, I s'pose; goin' thievin' watches like a growed-up man." And he plied the belt savagely, while Dicky, amazed, breathless and choking, spun about him with piteous squeals, and the baby woke and puled in feeble sympathy.

There was a rip, and the collar began to leave the old jacket. Feeling this, Josh Perrott released it and with a quick drive of the fist in the neck, sent Dicky staggering across the room. Dicky caught at the bed-frame, and limped out to the landing, sobbing grievously in the bend of his sleeve.

It was more than his mother had intended but she knew better than to attempt interference. Now that he was gone she said, with some hesitation: "'Adn't you better take it out at once, Josh?"

"Yes, I'm goin'," Josh replied, turning the watch in his hand. "It's a good 'un—a topper."

"You—you won't let Weech 'ave it, will ye, Josh? 'E—'e never gives much."

"No bloomin' fear. I'm goin' up 'Oxton wi' this 'ere."

Dicky sobbed his way down the stairs and through the passage to the back. In the yard he looked for Tommy Rann to sympathize, but Tommy was not; and Dicky paused in his grief to reflect that perhaps, indeed, in the light of calm reason, he would rather cast the story of the watch in a more heroic mold for Tommy's benefit than was compatible with tears and a belted back. So he turned and squeezed through a hole in the fence, sobbing again, in search of the friend who shared his inmost sorrows.

The belting was bad—very bad. There was broken skin on his shins where the strap had curled 'round, and there was a little sticky blood under the shirt half way up his back: to say nothing of bruises. But it was the hopeless injustice of things that shook him to the soul. Wholly unaided, he had done, with neatness and credit, a click that anybody in the Jago would have been proud of. Overjoyed, he had hastened to receive the commendations of his father and mother, and to place the prize in their hands, freely and generously, though perhaps with some hope of hot supper by way of celebration. And his reward was this. Why? He could understand nothing; could but feel the wrong that broke his heart. And so, sobbing, he crawled through two fences to weep on the shaggy neck of Jerry Gullen's canary.

With his arms about the mangy neck, he told the tale of his wrongs till consolation came in composition of the heroic narrative designed for Tommy Rann.

"O, Canary, it is a blasted shame!"

BRIEF COMMENT: LITERARY SAYINGS AND DOINGS

Mark Twain has left his rural quarters in Surrey and taken up his abode in London for the winter. Indeed, he is likely to remain on the other side of the Atlantic until the middle of next summer. A good deal depends on the progress he makes with the book describing his recent tour around the world.

Miss Beatrice Harraden has returned to England, where she expects to live for at least a year, or until her health is restored.

"Will it not a little astonish Americans," says the Chicago Times-Herald, "to know that Liverpool—hard, prosaic, commercial Liverpool—enjoys the reputation of giving to art and letters more modern notables than any other town in the United Kingdom? And that, too, in face of the fact that there is very little local appreciation of literary genius! Among the brainy and gifted Liverpoolians are Mr. Gladstone, William Watson and Richard Le Gallienne, the poets, Hall Caine, Sir Edward Burne-Jones, Hugh Arthur Clough, William Edwards Tirebuck, James Ashcroft Noble, and others."

A touching tribute, which every one who has read or seen Trilby will understand, was paid in a New York music hall to the late George du Maurier the night after his death. The band began playing Ben Bolt. Somebody exclaimed, "Du Maurier is dead, and they are playing Ben Bolt in remembrance of him." There was an instant hush, every man bared his head, and the music was listened to in reverent silence until the close of the song.

The winter home and library of Miss Octavia French (Octave Thanet), at Elmwood, Ark., were destroyed by fire on Nov. 8. The family narrowly escaped. The loss is estimated at \$12,000.

Ibsen's statue, which is to stand in front of the Christiania National Theatre, has been sent to Berlin to be cast. He is represented in a long, closely-buttoned coat, with his hands behind his back, bending forward in a reverie. It is difficult to recognize him, for the sculptor has represented him without the spectacles which he always wears. There is a companion statue of Bjornsen.

One hundred and fifty-two libraries making response to the question, "What author is most read by your juvenile borrowers?" establish the fact that Miss Alcott is far-and-away leader.

Cardinal Gibbons is finishing a work on "The Ambassador of Christ," on which he has been engaged for several years.

Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson of California, the author of a volume of verse entitled *In This Our World*, has been lecturing in England. Her former husband, by the way, married some time ago the famous Dr. Channing's granddaughter, who has made some reputation in verse and romance as Grace Ellery Channing.

Frederic Jesup Stimson, whose new novel, *King Noanett*, is just now being universally read

and praised, is a man slightly past the prime of life, but well preserved. He is a well-known Boston lawyer, whose writings heretofore have been chiefly on legal topics, with occasional lapses into fiction as a means of recreation. King Noanett gives Mr. Stimson a new reputation, and is destined to live after all his other books are forgotten. One critic has called it the American *Lorna Doone*.

The publishing firm of Harper & Brothers has become a stock company under the same name, with a capitalization of \$2,000,000.

Barrie is reported to have given it as his opinion that Kipling's *Man Who Would Be King* is the best short story in the English tongue.

Mrs. Humphry Ward is seldom seen in society. She is forty-five. A native of Hobart, in Tasmania, she has lived in England since the age of five. She is a granddaughter of the famous Dr. Arnold of Rugby. At the age of twenty-one she married Humphry Ward, the art critic of the Times. Her long residence at Oxford and her essentially academical surroundings explain a good deal in her books.

It appears that Mr. C. D. Gibson has been devoting himself to some drawings in illustration of Dickens, and that they are soon to be published. He has been studying types in London and has made portraits of Pickwick, Pecksniff, David Copperfield, Dick Swiveller and other immortals. They will be awaited with more than ordinary interest. If they are as good in their field as Mr. Gibson's American caricatures are in theirs, they will be very good indeed. But these be English pictures, and Mr. Gibson has never been fortunate in his sketches of London types. Some of his drawings made in the British capital were so far beneath his standard that it was hard to accept them as his, and he must have improved tremendously to have made the Dickens drawings what they ought to be.

Dr. Mannington Caffyn, whose books were advertised as being "by the husband of the author of *The Yellow Aster*," died recently in England.

David Lyall, the author of the new volume of Scottish sketches, entitled *The Land of the Leal*, is understood to be an elder married sister of Annie S. Swan, the well-known authoress.

Maurice Maeterlinck, whom Nordau has attacked so fiercely as one of the great "degenerates," lives in Ghent, Belgium. One ardent admirer in the *Figaro* calls him "the most brilliant, sublime, moving poet which the last three hundred years has produced." By Nordau, however, he is characterized as a "pitiable mental cripple." He has a slight figure, delicate features and an elusive, shrinking and Shelley-like expression. The Belgians pronounce his name as if written Mah-ter-lingk. He does not practice law, though he is a barrister by profession. "I was never able to manage my own affairs," he says; "how should you expect me to manage other people's?" He takes great interest in the culture of bees, an avocation strikingly con-

genial to his silent, contemplative nature, and which has left traces on his writings in many beautiful figures drawn from the habits of these insects.

A new volume of poems by Richard Burton, entitled *Memorial Day and Other Poems*, will be issued by Copeland & Day about Easter time.

It was not long before his death that William Morris said to a friend, "I have enjoyed my life—few men more so." When he was talked to concerning the peril of such a life of intellectual tension as his he laughed at the talker. "Look at Gladstone," he would say, "look at those wise owls, your chancellors and your judges. Don't they live all the longer for work? It is rust that kills men, not work." His concentration was marvelous. The *Lovers of Gudrun*, which many of his readers delight in as his most beautiful poem, was practically produced at a sitting. He worked at it from 4 o'clock in the morning till 4 in the afternoon, and when he rose from the table he had written 750 lines.

A monument to the brothers Grimm, the popularity of whose fairy tales has eclipsed their philological work, has just been erected at Hanau.

Justin McCarthy has made a literary sensation with his *Life of Pope Leo XIII*. The book is regarded as one of the best essays on the conditions of contemporary European politics that has ever been written.

The Bookman is responsible for the following: A well-known artist of this city received, not long ago, a circular letter from a business house engaged in the sale of California dried fruit, inviting him to compete for a prize to be given for the best design to be used in advertising their wares. Only one prize was to be given, all unsuccessful drawings were to become the property of the fruit men. After reading the circular, the artist sat down and wrote the following letter:

The ——— Dried Fruit Co.

Gentlemen: I am offering a prize of fifty cents for the best specimen of dried fruit, and should be glad to have you take part in the competition. Twelve dozen boxes of each kind of fruit should be sent for examination, and all fruit that is not adjudged worthy of the prize will remain the property of the undersigned. It is also required that the express charges on the fruit so forwarded be paid by the sender.

Very truly yours,

In Rodney Stone, the author, A. Conan Doyle, has successfully performed a seemingly impossible task. To construct a romantic tale with the English prize ring of a century ago as the background and to endeavor to interest the reader in a story lacking a heroine was a daring enterprise. To introduce us to characters famous in history and to show by this method the brutality, the nobleness, the frivolity and the grandeur of an age that looked upon both Lord Nelson and "Crab" Wilson as heroes was to court disaster unless the author's pen was tipped with power and wielded with marvelous discretion. Conan Doyle has won a great triumph in his latest story. He has told a thrilling tale composed of elements comparatively new

to fiction and depending for its interest upon wholly novel situations. The bruisers of the old English prize ring were not romantic figures but the touch of genius works seeming miracles and while reading Rodney Stone we find ourselves admiring a pugilist and despising a prince. It may be that a hundred years from now the pen of some American novelist will do for intercollegiate football what Conan Doyle has done for an English diversion that has been long looked upon as wholly brutal and demoralizing. The author of Rodney Stone intimates that the prize ring did much to beget English heroes. It may be that American football is manufacturing a very sturdy type of age-end manhood.

There will come a day when some famous author, grasping all the picturesque possibilities of his prominence, will compile a book made up of the newspaper tittle-tattle that his personality and achievement have indirectly inspired. In a recent issue of *The Writer*, we are told that "Frank R. Stockton declares that he sometimes waits an hour for a word." The picture presented to the mind's eye by this statement is not devoid of tragic features. Imagine the great story-teller compelled to hold a train of thought stalled at Convent Station, N. J., until a word, an hour behind time, puts in its appearance. It is hard to realize that in these days such a depressing delay is necessary.

When Stockton, waiting for a word,
Is forced to make his fiction tarry,
The wonder grows that he should not
Find help in some good dictionary.

The Brooklyn Woman's Club recently engaged in a discussion as to the comparative merits of the work of Ian Maclaren, J. M. Barrie and S. R. Crockett. It was finally decided that Barrie was the greatest writer of the three. The argument presented by one of the debaters that "Barrie never uses a superfluous word" carried the day in favor of the chronicler of Thrums. The significance of the verdict reached by the Brooklyn Woman's Club in this matter lies in the force of the winning syllogism. When a woman's club decides that "superfluous words" are to be deprecated, it is evident that that organization is on the right road.

Andrew Lang is responsible for the assertion that the educated people of the Southern States speak purer English than the inhabitants of any other locality in America. In commenting upon this statement, Hamlin Garland remarks: "My observations lead me to a different conclusion. I believe the well-educated descendants of the Scandinavian settlers of the Northwestern States are closer to Webster's Dictionary than are the languid Southerners or the erudite Easterners." It is surprising to find such acute observers as Andrew Lang and Hamlin Garland reaching such baseless verdicts as those outlined above. We have it, upon the very highest authority, that the only really pure English spoken in this country is employed by the Carlisle Indian football team. It is to be hoped that the Messrs. Lang and Garland will continue their investigations in this fruitful line of research long enough to learn that the conclusions they have reached are sadly premature.

LIBRARY TABLE GLIMPSES OF NEW BOOKS

Sweetheart Travellers: By S. R. Crockett—"I know well that I cannot give these vagrom chronicles their right daintiness," says Mr. Crockett, in his preface to this charming book. But if he has not succeeded in doing just this thing his modest estimate of his own ability disclaims, we know of no writer who could have better done his work. "A child's book for children, for women, and for men," he calls it, and surely he is right; for women and men more keenly than children will be able to appreciate the beauty of this chronicle of the wheeling excursion through Wales of the father and little daughter who are Mr. Crockett's "Sweetheart Travellers." The picture of this winsome little lassie is so tenderly and faithfully put before us, so sympathetically is she portrayed in all her varying moods, that we cannot gainsay her father's declaration, "My sweetheart is sweet"—nor wonder that,—"Also she is my heart of hearts." Sweetheart Travellers is worth all the swashbuckler stories of the border ever written,—though they have their use. And Mr. Crockett, who long since established his reputation as a writer of stirring tales of adventure, has won a higher place, it seems to us, through this beautiful creation of Sweetheart. (Frederick A. Stokes Co., \$1.50.)

A little volume to which attention can be worthily directed is *Field Flowers*, a book of verses by Eugene Field, published by the Field Monument Committee, and very artistically embellished with illustrations by Hopkinson Smith, Stanford White, Charles Howard Johnson, Orsin Lowell and many more of the leading illustrators of the day. This volume, sold at \$1.00, represents a subscription to the monument to be erected to the dead poet, and a contribution also to the poet's family. The book itself is so exquisitely illustrated that we borrowed from its pages as a representative volume of the holiday season, in the December number.

My Long Life. An autobiographic sketch: By Mary Cowden Clarke—The recollections of Mrs. Clarke, author of the *Concordance to Shakespeare*, include so many of the notable literary and musical people of the last century that every page of the volume is full of a lively interest. The anecdotes and the reminiscent stories are told in a charmingly artless manner which is altogether delightful. Among the more noteworthy characters with whom she came in contact we note, the Princess Charlotte, Sir Henry Bessemer, Richard Cobden, Coleridge, George Cruikshank, Charles Dickens, James Fields, Dr. Horace Furness, Charles Lamb, Leigh Hunt, Fanny Kemble, Madame Ristori, Sarasate, Celia Thaxter and Cardinal Wiseman. The book must be classed as one of the most important contributions to autobiographical literature of the season. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$2.00.)

The Metropolitans: By Jeanie Drake—This is a good-natured satire on New York society, besides being a novel of considerable diversity of plot. The title is justified by the typical character of the hero, the heroine, and most of the minor characters. A brilliant and gifted young man, who has been

meanly deprived of his inheritance, wins his way to success as a composer and gains his reward as a lover by dropping his idle associates and accepting the gospel of hard work. The scene is laid mainly in New York city, but the author has introduced a decided novelty in shifting the scene during an important part of the development of the plot to the Arctic regions. Here the hero's character is finally rounded out by the hardship and privation that necessarily accompany life in an Eskimo igloo. The dramatic element of this portion of the story is intensified by the presence amid these uncongenial surroundings of a beautiful Hungarian singer, who has helped the hero's operas into popular favor. It can be seen from this bare outline of the plot, which omits many of the salient points so as not to destroy the reader's zest, that Miss Drake has avoided hackneyed incidents and ventured into new fields. (The Century Co., \$1.25.)

Bible Selections for Daily Devotion: Compiled by Sylvanus Stall, D. D.—Any one who has felt the need of a volume that can be opened at any point with the assurance of finding a well selected passage of Scripture, suited in length and character for devotional reading, or for use at family worship, will greatly appreciate this valuable and helpful book. Omitting such historical, abstruse, and other portions of Scripture as are suited for Bible study, but were not intended for devotional reading, the choicest passages from Genesis to Revelation are arranged in 365 consecutive readings of about twenty-five verses each, and printed in clear type, without note or comment. Difficult names are pronounced, the poetical parts are in verse, the text is from the Authorized Version printed in paragraphs as in the Revision Version, and the Four Gospels are arranged in one continuous narrative. (Funk & Wagnalls Company, \$1.00.)

Gold: By Annie Linden—A novelist who can carry his readers to new fields is somewhat of a rarity in these days, when so much of the world has been parceled out among the writers of fiction. This is what Miss Linden has accomplished, however, in her Dutch-Indian novel. The story opens with a picture of the quiet life of Holland, in the family of a retired East Indian merchant, who lives only among his books. His son, the hero of the story, whose mind is somewhat unsettled by the religious unrest of the day, is sent to Java to take charge of business interests. At Genoa he meets a young lady bound for the same destination. During the long sea voyage they are thrown into close intimacy, and friendship gradually ripens into love. To test the depth and permanence of this affection, the hero plunges into the wilds of Java in search of a mountain of gold described in the traditions of the natives. It would be unfair to trace the plot further than this. The author gives many glimpses of phases of life unfamiliar to American readers, and she writes as one who has lived among the scenes she describes. (The Century Co., \$1.25.)

Around the Camp Fire: By Charles G. D. Roberts—Six cheerful sportsmen start on a canoeing-trip

in the New Brunswick wilderness and every evening as they sit around the camp fire, each in turn is called upon to spin an enlivening yarn. The scheme is carried out with great success; tales of adventure, of exciting escapes, of intimate acquaintance with wild-cats and bears, moose and other denizens of the woods are strung on the simple but delightful thread of the expedition. Professor Roberts has a personal knowledge of the region to which he introduces his readers and he has succeeded in telling a series of delightful stories in a style which would of itself make him famous. The illustrations by Mr. Charles Copeland are true to the life and add greatly to the charm of the beautiful book. Around the Camp-Fire bids fair to be a classic, and young and old will find pleasure in its pages. (T. Y. Crowell & Co., \$1.50.)

A Short History of Italy: By Mrs. Kirkland—Elizabeth S. Kirkland has added another volume to her historical series entitled *A Short History of Italy*. The period covered is from 476 A. D. to 1878, when Italy became united and took her place among the sisterhood of nations. Few histories are grander or more varied than that of Italy, and the author is evidently one of those who take a just pride in that glorious struggle and consummation. There was no brief version of Italian history that recorded to the author's satisfaction the chain of events that led without a break to the establishment of Humbert's throne. And feeling that such a sketch could not lack interest, and that it would, by its very limitations, lead many to a fuller study of the steps that have led a noble race to the goal dreamed of by Dante in his *Sweetest Italy*, Mrs. Kirkland has given us her excellent book. (A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago, \$1.25.)

The Crowning of Candace: By Katharine P. Woods—The most recent addition to Dodd, Mead & Company's popular Feather Library is this pretty little story by Miss Woods. While the story was appearing in the columns of *The Churchman*, it was observed that Miss Woods very forcibly recalled by her manner of telling a story Charlotte M. Yonge, who is a great favorite both in England and America. Both in her way of developing a story and in her choice of a subject, the similarity is certainly noticeable. *The Crowning of Candace* is a simple story, but so intense and real withal that it reads almost like a transcript from life. No one making the acquaintance of Candace in the first chapter will fail to become interested in her charming and complex personality. (Dodd, Mead & Co., 75 cents.)

Quo Vadis; An Historical Romance: By Henryk Sienkiewicz, Translated from the Polish by Jeremiah Curtin—In this volume we have an interesting portrayal of the history, religion and customs of the Romans under Nero—a series of sketches in the opening scene of the great conflict of rural ideas from which Christianity issued as the most vital force in history. Sienkiewicz has written several other volumes, including the *With Fire and Sword* series, novels of Modern Poland, *Children of the Soil*, *Without Dogma*, *The Delops* and *Pan Michael* all of which had a large sale in Europe and this country. *Quo Vadis* ought to be the most successful volume of the set as it is his greatest work.

The martyrdom of the early Christians, the feasts in Nero's palace, the scenes in the Arena, the burning of Rome, the churches of Pebroniou and the devotion of the Christians are historical facts, so told as to make a vivid impression of Roman life during those times on the reader's mind. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.00.)

Historical Tales Series—Two volumes, *Greece and Rome*, are, as their author, Mr. Charles Morris, styles them, *The Romance of Reality*. To the student of Roman and Greek history and mythology these tales, as they are told by Mr. Morris, must always be delightful. Even to those who have never enjoyed the study, the history and mythologies of these two interesting peoples, what can be more refreshing than to read of the Capture of Troy, The Voyage of the Argonauts, The Athenians at Marathon, How the Spartans died at Thermopylæ, The Retreat of the Ten Thousand, The Olympic Games, Zenobia and Longinus and of the Romans, How Rome was Founded, The Books of the Sibyl, The Sacrifice of Virginia, How Hannibal Fought and Died, Jugurtha, Boadicea, The Faithful Eponina, The Downfall of Rome. All are well told, and these are only a few of the many instructive, some sad, some inspiring, stories of ancient Greece and Rome found in these two handsome volumes with numerous illustrations. (J. B. Lippincott & Co., cloth, \$1.25 each.)

The Wonderful Wheel: By Mary Tracy Earle—Mr. George W. Cable was the first to make apparent to the general public what a rich store of romance was to be found among the Creoles of Louisiana. Miss Mary Tracy Earle has gone to this field for inspiration for the present story. The title is taken from a luminous wheel that awoke superstitious fears in the minds of the ignorant Creoles, who, sometimes, with bated breath, saw it revolve in the dead of night. Just what this wheel was, and the purpose it served, is best left to the reader to discover. The development of the story is concerned with the efforts of the owner of the wheel to live down the "hoodoo" that it brings upon him, his little daughter, and her fair cousin. The story is full of local coloring, and is imaginative and humorous in its character. (The Century Co., price \$1.25.)

The End of the Beginning: A New England Romance—The *End of the Beginning* is the problematic title of a new story that may claim for itself a place somewhat aside from the thousand and one novels of the day. It is a New England romance; but the broad New Englandism of this tale of a little town is more than a matter of dialect and hard eccentricity, for the episodes of the novel range from the idyllic to the sensational, while the girl Amoret is forced to answer the question, "What is love?" Of the other important characters a pleasant sour old bookseller with his *Philosophy of Life*, and an agnostic heir of the Puritan ages will, perhaps, attract the most attention. Art, mind, and spirit make up the undertone of twelve chapters that may be read either for their story or their thought. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.25.)

The Fearsome Island: By Albert Kinross—In this tale of adventure, "one Silas Fordred, Master Mariner," being shipwrecked on an unknown island, comes in for innumerable strange and un-

canny experiences. The apparently superhuman agencies at work in the development of incident prove at the conclusion of the tale to have been only natural forces. But during their narration the reader feels that he is indeed transported to the days of magic and the stronghold of necromancy on this fearsome island. (Herbert S. Stone, \$1.25.)

The White Shield: By Bertram Whitford—A reading from this story of African adventure was given in the November Current Literature. It is full of incident and sustains the reader's interest until the last page is turned. (Frederick A. Stokes Company, \$1.00.)

The Tower of the Old Schloss: By Jean Porter Rodd—A sweet, clean, wholesome love story. The scene is laid in Austria, the local coloring is sufficiently indicated, the characters well drawn, and the romance a pleasing one. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

My Lady's Heart: By Ellis Markoe—This is another unusually pretty love story which steers clear of all unpleasant incident and speculation, and pleases the reader to the last. (Roberts Brothers, \$1.00.)

A Hypocritical Romance and Other Stories: By Caroline Ticknor—These are all clever and very amusing tales. Some of them have previously appeared in the pages of contemporary magazines, but if they have been read once, twice reading will only improve one's keen enjoyment of their humorous flavor. It is rare that such good stories are written. (Joseph Knight & Company.)

Day Books: By Mabel E. Wooten—This is another collection of very unusual stories, though for a different reason. These are of the problem-tale order, and while not laughter-provoking like those just mentioned, have an equally strong claim as good works of their sort, to the reader's attention. (Roberts Brothers, \$1.00.)

The Master Craftsman: By Sir Walter Besant—Hidden jewels, love and politics are strangely enough in company, in this recent book of Besant's. But Sir Walter makes the combination seem probable and gives us, as usual, a very readable story. (Frederick A. Stokes & Co., \$1.50.)

The Vanished Emperor: By Percy Andreae—This is an historical romance in which the present Emperor of Germany is very thinly disguised under the title of Willibald of Arminia. Its pages are full of politics and love-making and diplomacy—in what proportions we leave the reader to discover. A selected reading from this book was given in the September Current Literature. (Rand, McNally & Co.)

The Island of Dr. Moreau: By H. G. Wells—A reading was also given from this book in the September Current Literature. It is a very remarkable—even a fearful—and vivid conception of the possibilities of scientific experiment in the line of vivisection. (Stone & Kimball, \$1.25.)

A Lawyer's Wife: By Sir Wm. Nevill M. Geary—This is "a tale of two women and some men." We do not find any of them particularly good company. The scene is laid in England. (J. B. Lippincott.)

The Babe, B. A.: By E. F. Benson—We have

from the author of *Dodo* something of a departure in this book which is a story of Cambridge University life. The reader who follows the varied fortunes of the undergraduates thronging Mr. Benson's pages, will find plenty to amuse his hour of leisure. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Mistress of Brae Farm: By Rosa Nouchette Carey—Those who read *The Mistress of Brae Farm* will acknowledge that Rosa Nouchette Carey is a mistress of style, charm, and invention equal to any of her contemporaries. The restfulness and peace which hover about this story of quiet English country life should be a balm for hurried or nervous minds. (J. B. Lippincott Company, \$1.00.)

Juvenile Literature

Katharine's Experiment: By Felicia Buttz Clark (Eaton and Mains): cloth \$2.00—This story gives principally an account of the experiment tried by Katharine Warren, who is enabled, by the aid of \$500, earned by being the fortunate winner of a prize, to obtain a longed-for and necessary year's study of music in Germany. She is obliged to travel alone, but makes pleasant acquaintances and reaches her destination safely. The reader catches glimpses of Antwerp, Brussels, Berlin, Dresden and Frankfurt, and some of the most notable features of these places, as well as their peculiarities, are recorded. A neat little romance is interwoven with the incidents of travel and sight-seeing, and the story ends pleasantly.

Zigzag Stories of History, Travel and Adventure: Hezekiah Butterworth (Estes & Lauriat):—These are the best of the familiar Zigzag Stories compiled from the many volumes with which Mr. Butterworth has already delighted his boy and girl friends. It is a volume that should be an acceptable addition to any young book lover's collection.

The Boy Captain—or From Forecastle to Cabin: By James Otis—This story is full of adventure, of bravery and daring. Benjamin Thompson, a boy of 21, sailor on board the *Sportsman*, dares to undertake the command of a vessel deserted near Nampang Island, off the coast of China, short of everything in the way of supplies, and brings it successfully to Hong Kong, and afterward, at the consent of the consul in Hong Kong, takes it back to New York in spite of terrific storms as well as a mutiny from among the greater part of the sailors. As a reward he is made captain. The story is well told, and is worthy a prominent place among books of its kind. (Estes & Lauriat, \$1.50.)

Philippa: By Mrs. Molesworth—Mrs. Molesworth, the friend of all girl-readers, has put forth her annual volume of charming fiction. This year her tale is called *Philippa*, and the company introduced to us is again a group of English young people who have natural ways and do things that inevitably interest all who are like them. (J. B. Lippincott Company, \$1.25.)

The Mystery of Lost River Canyon: Harry Castlemon (Henry T. Coates & Co.):—Harry Castlemon's stirring tales of Western boy life and adventure are too well-known to need any word of commendation. This latest book from his magic pen, like all the others, will hold the boy reader till the last word is reached.

WIT AND HUMOR OF THE PRESS *

—Foreman (Paying him)—Pat, don't you like it better now being paid by the week instead of by the month? Pat—Indade, I do not, surr. When I got it onct a month it was little enough, and now it is four times as small, begorra.

—“Why is a selfish man like the letter ‘P’?” “Because he is the first to pity, and the last to help.”

—It is not strange that writers sometimes get puzzled in their choice between “that,” “which” and “who.” Relatives are always more or less troublesome.

—Dyer—What is your business, may I ask? Boorish Stranger—I'm a gentleman, sir. That's my business. Dyer—Ah! You have failed, I see.

—Builder—Aren't you afraid of having your tools stolen when you leave them around so carelessly?

Carpenter—Don't you worry. All those things will be found in your bill.

—A Banana Skin lay on the grocer's floor. “What are you doing there?” asked the Scales, peeking over the edge of the counter.

“Oh, I'm lying in wait for the grocer.”

“Pshaw!” said the Scales; “I've been doing that for years.”

—“Pie?”

“Is it compulsory?” queries the facetious boarder.

“Naw,” says the neat-handed but illiterate Phyllis, “it's mince.”

—An old fellow who had lately buried his fourth wife was accosted by an acquaintance who, unaware of his bereavement, asked: “How is your wife, Captain Plowjogger?” “Wa'al,” replied the Captain with a solemn, not to say sad, countenance, “wa'al, to tell the trewth, I'm kinder out of wives just now.”

—Justice—What's your name? Victim—S-s-s-h— Justice—What? Victim—S-s-s-h— Justice—Officer, what is that man charged with? Officer—I guess, your honor, it's soda water.

—J. Brutus Coldstuff—And what salary do you draw now, Reginald? Reginald—Five hundred per— J. B. C.—Per what—week or month? Reginald—Perhaps.

—“Well,” said the dentist, who had just moved in, “the next thing to do will be to have this ‘bakery’ sign that Doughboy left painted out.”

“Just paint out the first letter,” suggested his student.

—Doctor—If you bind salt pork on your face it will cure toothache. Patient—But, doctor, won't it give me pork chops.

—Miss Pose—What do you charge for three-quarter pictures?

Photographer—Seventy-five cents, of course.

—“What hymn did I understand you to say?” inquired the Sunday-school teacher of the young lady who presided at the melodeon, and who had

just asked him to close the service, the superintendent being absent. “Sing half of 246,” she answered, smiling at his nervousness and confusion. “We will close now by singing,” he said, addressing the school, “No. 123.”

—Landlord—I just dropped in to inform you that I am going to raise the rent. Tenant—You are very kind. I was wondering how I could raise it myself.

—Mr. Oldstyle—I don't think that a college education amounts to much.

Mr. Sparerod—Don't you? Well, you ought to foot my boy's bills and see.

—This is a world of compensations—Ice goes up in the summer and snow comes down in the winter.

—“There's many a lip 'twixt the cup and the slip,” remarked the fond, but waggish father, as having gulped down his coffee, he hastily kissed his numerous family and bolted for the ferry.

—The blessing in disguise often has a hard time proving its identity.

—Ancient History Man—Here are the names of some of the tribes inhabiting Canaan—the Kenites, the Kenizzites, the Kadmonites, the Hittites, the Perizzites, the Amorites, the Girgashites, the Hivites, the Jebusites, and the Moabites.

Man from New Jersey—How about the mosquitoes?

—How lucky it is there are no taxes on air castles!

—On the River—He—If I were not in a canoe I would kiss you.

She—Take me ashore instantly, sir.

—“My good man,” inquired the tender-hearted old lady, “are you in any trouble? Why do you stand there wringing your hands?” “Because,” replied the tramp, “I just washed them.”

—Wife—Dear, I want \$50.

Husband—What a sympathetic nature you have; I want the same.

—Extravagant Son—Of course, I kept a running account at my tailor's. Practical Father—Running account? He tells me that it has been standing for eighteen months.

—“You speak of the brooks,” said the critic as he looked over his friend's poem, “as the most joyous things in nature.”

“So they are,” said the poet.

“But you are inconsistent.”

“Why?”

“Because later on you say they are always murmuring.”

—Author—Mary, I've made a mistake in my calling; I'm not an author, but a born chemist.

Author's Wife—What makes you think that, Horace?

Author—Well, every book I write becomes a drug on the market.

BOOK LIST: WHAT TO READ—WHERE TO FIND IT

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

- A Manual for China Painters: Mrs. W. di R. Monachesi: Lee & Shepard, cloth.....\$1 25
 Phil May's Gutter-Snipes: The Macmillan Co., 50 original pen and ink sketches, cloth.....1 50
 Richelieu: Lord Lytton: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth, illustrated.....2 00
 Shakespeare's Heroes on the Stage: Charles E. L. Wingate: T. Y. Crowell & Co., cloth, illustrated. 2 00
 The School for Scandal, and the Rivals: Richard Brinsley Sheridan: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illus. 2 00

Biographic and Reminiscent.

- Authors and Friends: Annie Fields: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth, illustrated.....1 50
 Chapters From a Life: Elizabeth Stuart Phelps: Houghton Mifflin & Co., cloth, illustrated.....1 50
 My Reminiscences: Luigi Arditi: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth, illustrated.....3 50
 Philip Gilbert Hamerton: An autobiography with a memoir by his wife: Roberts Bros., cloth.....3 00
 The Story of My Life: Augustus J. C. Hare: Dodd Mead & Co., 2 vols.....7 50
 The True George Washington: Paul Leicester Ford: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth.....2 00

Essays and Miscellanies.

- A Book of Country Clouds and Sunshine: Clifton Johnson: Lee & Shepard, cloth, illustrated.....2 50
 A-Birding on a Bronco: Florence A. Merriam: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth, illustrated.....1 25
 A Second Century of Charades: William Bellamy: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth.....1 00
 Bacon vs. Shakespeare: Edwin Reed: Jos. Knight Co., cloth.....1 25
 Books and Culture: Hamilton Wright Mabie: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth.....1 25
 Curious Punishments of Bygone Days: Alice Morse Earle: H. S. Stone Co., cloth.....1 50
 Gray Days and Gold: William Winter: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illustrated.....2 50
 '96 Charades: Norman D. Gray: Lamson, Wolfe & Co., cloth.....1 00
 On Going to Church: George Bernard Shaw: Roycroft Printing Co., cloth.....1 00
 Quotations for Occasions: Compiled by Katharine B. Wood: The Century Co., cloth.....1 50
 The Columbian Charades: Herbert Ingalls: Lee & Shepard, cloth.....1 00
 The Pursuit of Happiness Calendar: Selections from Dr. Daniel G. Brinton's writings, by Martha Allston Potts: George W. Jacobs Co., illustrated. 1 50
 The Reader's Shakespeare: David Charles Bell: Funk and Wagnalls Co., Buckram.....1 50
 Tobacco in Song and Story: Compiled by John Bain, Jr.: Arthur Gray & Co., cloth.....

Fiction of the Month.

- A Child of the Jago: Arthur Morrison: Herbert S. Stone & Co., cloth.....1 25
 A Garrison Tangle: Capt. Charles King: F. Tennyson Neely, cloth.....1 25
 A Golden Autumn: Mrs. Alexander: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth.....1 25
 A Literary Courtship and a Venetian June: Anna Fuller: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth, 2 vols, illus. 2 50
 A Matter of Temperament: Edward Irenæus Stevenson. Am. Pub. Cor., paper.....50
 A Puritan Bohemia: Margaret Sherwood: The Macmillan Co., cloth.....75

- A Romany of the Snows: Gilbert Parker: Stone & Kimball, Cloth.....\$1 25
 A Triumph of Destiny: Julia Helen Twells, Jr.: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth.....1 25
 A Woman With a Record: Mrs. Finley Anderson: George W. Dillingham, paper.....50
 An Ocean Free Lance: W. Clark Russell: New Amsterdam Book Co., cloth.....1 25
 An Uncrowned King: Sydney C. Grier: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth.....1 50
 Barker's Luck: Bret Harte: Houghton, Mifflin & Co., cloth.....1 25
 Beside the Bonnie Brier Bush: Ian Maclaren: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth, illustrated.....2 00
 Fireside Stories Old and New: Collected by Henry T. Coates: Henry T. Coates & Co., 3 vols., cloth.. 1 25
 In Buncombe County: Maria Louise Pool: Herbert S. Stone & Co., cloth.....2 50
 In Ole Virginia: Thomas Nelson Page: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth, illustrated.....2 50
 James; or, Virtue Rewarded: Stone & Kimball, cloth 1 50
 Jane: Marie Corelli: J. B. Lippincott Co., cloth, illustrated.....75
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 Quo Vadis: Henryk Sienkiewicz: Little, Brown & Co., cloth.....2 00
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 The Days of Auld Lang Syne: Ian Maclaren: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth, illustrated.....2 00
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 The Land o' the Leal: David Lyall: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth.....1 00
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- The Maker of Moons: Robert W. Chambers: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth\$1 50
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 The Story of Hannah: W. J. Dawson: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth..... 1 50
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Historic and National.

- A Brief History of the Nations: George Park Fisher: American Book Co., cloth, illustrated.... 1 50
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 The History of the Last Quarter Century in the United States: E. Benjamin Andrews: Charles Scribner's Sons, cloth, illustrated, 2 vols..... 5 00
 Undercurrents of the Second Empire: Albert D. Vandam: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth..... 2 50

Poetry of the Month.

- A Book of Old English Ballads: Introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie: The Macmillan Co., cloth, illustrated..... 2 00
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 Captive Memories: John Terry White: J. T. White & Co., cloth, illustrated..... 3 00
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Religious and Philosophic.

- Ancient Ideals: Henry Osborne Taylor: G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth, 2 vols..... 5 00
 Karma: Paul Carns: Open Court Publishing Co., crepe paper, illustrated..... 75
 Legends of the Virgin and Christ: H. A. Guerber: Dodd, Mead & Co., cloth, illustrated..... 1 50
 The Catholic Family Annual: Catholic School Book Co., paper.....
 The Search Light of St. Hippolytus: Parke P. Flourney: Fleming H. Revell Co., cloth..... 1 00
 The World for Christ: A. J. F. Behrends: Eaton & Mains, cloth..... 90

Travel and Adventure.

- Half-Hours of Travel at Home and Abroad: Selected and arranged by Charles Morris, 4 vols., America, Europe, Asia, Africa and Australia: J. B. Lippincott, cloth, illustrated..... 6 00

- Syria From the Saddle: Albert Payson Terhune: Silver, Burdett & Co., cloth., illustrated.....
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- As Others See Us: Amy E. Blanchard: Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., cloth..... 35
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 Probable Sons: Fleming H. Revell: Cloth, illus... 50
 St. Nicholas Illustrated Magazine, vol. 23, parts 1 and 2: The Century Co., cloth..... 4 00
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Artistic, Dramatic and Musical.

A Middle-English Nativity: John Corbin.....Harper's.
 A Painter of Motherhood: Virginie Demont-Breton. Cent.
 Animal Symbolism in Ecclesiastical Architecture. P. S. M.
 Architects and Architecture in the U.S.: Robert Craik..McC.
 Evolution of the Poster: Agnes Carr Sage...Lippincott's.
 Landscapes with Figures: J. K. Paulding.....Atlantic.
 Maccari's Historic Frescoes: Theodore Tracey...Cosmo.
 Music in America: Rupert Hughes.....Godey's.
 Relation of Art to Religion: Wm. Ordway Partridge.Arena.
 Souvenirs of a Veteran Collector: Samuel P. Avery. Cent.

Biographic and Reminiscent.

Benjamin Franklin: George C. Lay.....Godey's.
 Campaigning with Grant: Horace Porter.....Century.
 Cardinal Mazarin: James Brock Perkins....Chautauquan.
 Charles Broadway Rouss:.....F. L. Pop. Mo.
 Cheerful Yesterdays: Thomas W. Higginson....Atlantic.
 Early Life of Ulysses Grant: Hamlin Garland..McClure's.
 General R. E. Lee: Maj.-Gen. O. O. Howard. F. L. Pop. Mo.
 George H. Boughton: William Elliot Griffis..N. E. Mag.
 Grant's Life in the West: J. W. Emerson.....Mid. Mo.
 Henry K. Oliver: John Wright Buckham.....N. E. Mag.
 Homes and Haunts of Channing: C. R. Thurston. N. E. Mag.
 Irwin Russell: W. M. Baskerville:.....Chautauquan.
 Last Year of Gail Hamilton's Life: M. B. Fisher....Arena.
 Lincoln and Douglas: Daniel Evans....Midland Monthly.
 Oliver Wendell Holmes: Wm. Dean Howells...Harper's.
 President Kruger: Poultney Bigelow.....Harper's.
 Professor Child: George Lyman Kittredge.....Atlantic.
 Professor Franz Reuleaux: Hans Zoppe....Cassier's.
 Sir John Millais: Cosmo Monkhouse.....Scribner's.
 Some Memories of Lincoln: James F. Wilson..N. A. Rev.
 The Portraits of Emerson: F. B. Sanborn.....N. E. Mag.
 Thoreau: Bradford Torrey.....Atlantic.
 Tom Hood: W. T. Rolfe.....Poet-Lore.
 William Morris: B. O. Flower.....Arena.
 William Morris: William Sharp.....Atlantic.

Educational Topics.

Drawbacks of a College Education: C. F. Thwing..Forum.
 Characteristics of Prussian Schools: E. F. Goodwin..Ed. Rev.
 Child Study in the Training of Teachers....Rev. of Revs.
 Classical Studies in America: B. L. Gildersleeve..Atlantic.
 Cornell University: Herbert C. Howe....F. L. Pop. Mo.
 How Shall the Child Be Taught? Dr. T. M. Rice..Forum.
 Improvements in the Course of Study: P. H. Hanus..Ed. Rev.
 National Educational Association: A. Grove..Ed. Review.
 New Ideas in Teaching Literature.....Poet-Lore.
 The Kindergarten Age: Hezekiah Butterworth..Rev. of Revs.
 University of Virginia: William Baird..Educational Review.

Essays and Miscellanies.

A Century of French Costume: Alice M. Earle....Chau.
 A Living God: Lafcadio Hearn.....Atlantic.
 American Women and American Literature: H. H. Lusk. For.
 Anagrams: Arthur Inkersley.....Lippincott's.
 Anatomy Laws vs. Body Snatching: Dr. T. Dwight..For.
 Art of Public Improvement: Mary C. Robbins..Atlantic.
 Battle Abbey of the South: V. A. Davis...F. L. Pop. Mo.
 Flirtation as a Fine Art: Jean Wright.....Lippincott's.
 French Character in Politics: C. F. A. Currier....Chau.
 Influence of the Legal Profession: C. M. Depew..A. M. of C.
 State Federation of Women's Clubs: E. M. Henrotin..Ar.
 Women as Centenarians: William Kinnear..N. Am. Rev.

Historic and National.

Centralization Cure for Political Corruption...A. M. of C.
 International Arbitration: E. P. Powell.....Arena.
 Our First Silver Mine: George J. Varney..Lippincott's.
 Recollections of the Tai-Ping Rebellion: E. Forester..Cos.
 Rise and Fall of New France: Frederick J. Turner..Chaut.
 Social Life in Ancient Greece: Edward Capps....Chaut.

Socialism in England: Giovanni Boglietti.....Chaut.
 What Shall Be Done About Cuba? M. W. Hazeltine..N. A. R.
 Will Government by the People Endure? D. M. Means...For.

Literary Criticism.

Is Blank Verse Lawless? Jeanette B. Perry....Poet-Lore.
 Dramatic Sentiment of Tennyson's Plays: L. J. Black..P.-L.
 Little Pharisees in Fiction: Agnes Repplier...Scribner's.
 Living Critics—William Crary Brownell.....Bookman.
 Philosophy of the Comédie Humaine: J. F. Cargill. Self C.
 Rudyard Kipling as a Poet..Montgomery Schuyler..For.
 The Poetry of the Earl of Lytton: Geo. Saintsbury...For.
 The Structure of the Sonnet: E. B. Brownlow..Poet-Lore.

Political, Financial and Legal.

American Political Parties Explained: J. B. McMaster..S. C.
 Bribery and the Law: Margherita A. Ham....A. M. of C.
 Business Principles in Public Affairs: C. R. Woodruff..N. A. R.
 Duty of the Coming Administration: J. H. Eckels..N. A. R.
 Is the Silver Question Settled? W. J. Bryan.....N. A. R.
 Practical Lessons of the Present Campaign: A. D. White..For.
 Reform of the Currency.....North American Review.
 Relation of Taxation to the State: D. A. Wells..P. S. Mo.
 Some Notes on Political Oratory: H. T. Peck..The Bookman.
 The Brewing of the Storm: Goldwin Smith.....Forum.
 The Telegraph Monopoly: Prof. Frank Parsons..Arena.
 Woman's Part in Political Sins: F. A. Burleigh. A. M. of C.

Religious and Philosophic.

Another Year of Church Entertainments: W. B. Hole..For.
 Practical Christianity: A Symposium.....Arena.
 Biology, Psychology and Sociology: H. Spencer. P. S. M.
 Sunday Schools: Walter E. Hervey...Review of Reviews.
 What Language did Christ Speak? Agnes S. Lewis. Cent.

Scientific and Industrial.

A Problem of Aridity: C. M. Harges.....N. Am. Review.
 American Bicycles in England: G. F. Parker..N. Am. Rev.
 American Blowing Machinery: John Birkinbine: Cassier's.
 Detection of Venus' Rotation period: P. Lowell..Pop. Ast.
 Electricity Direct from Coal: Dr. W. W. Jacques..Harper's.
 Evenings With the Stars: Mary Proctor..Pop. Astronomy.
 Hydraulic Power in London: E. B. Ellington..Cassier's.
 Markings of Syrtis Major: P. Lowell...Pop. Astronomy.
 Our Trade With South America: T. C. Search..N. A. R.
 Possession and Mediumship: W. R. Newbold..Pop. S. Mo.
 Alternating Electric Currents.....Cassier's.
 The Engineer in Naval Warfare..North American Review.
 The Grape Industry: Robert Low Seymour..Chautauquan.
 The Orbit of Castor: S. V. Burnham..Pop. Astronomy.

Sociologic Questions.

A Colony of the Unemployed: Josiah Flynt.....Atlantic.
 Borderland of Trampdom: C. W. Noble....Pop. Sci. Mo.
 Concentration of Wealth: Eltwed Pomeroy.....Arena.
 Curfew for City Children: Mrs. J. D. Townsend..N. A. R.
 Fairhope—Colony of Single-Taxers: J. Bellangee...Mid. Mo.
 Light in Dark Places: Jacob A. Riis.....Century.
 N. Y.'s Great Housing Reform Movement..Rev. of Revs.
 Obligations of Citizenship: W. H. Goodale..A. M. of Civics.
 Penal Colonies.....North American Review.
 Relation of Industrialism to Morality: M. C. Remick Ar.
 Social Classes in the Republic: E. L. Godkin..Atlantic.
 The Problem of the City: C. R. Woodruff....A. M. of C.
 The Repeopling of Ireland: G. H. Bassett..N. A. Review.

Travel and Adventure.

A Splendid Ruin, Juan del Rio.....Land of Sunshine.
 Best Blanket in the World: C. F. Lummis..Land of Sunshine.
 Bethlehem: S. S. McClure.....McClure's.
 Canoeing Down the Rhine: R. Calhoun....F. L. Pop. Mo.
 Gold Fields of South Africa: Geo. F. Becker....Cosmo.
 Song of El Capitan: A. Wey.....Land of Sunshine.
 The Farthest North: Cyrus C. Adams.....McClure's.

NEWSPAPER VERSE: SELECTIONS GRAVE AND GAY

Whip-poor-Will.... Monroe H. Rosenfeld..... Judge

Hark! I hear the voice again,
Softly now and low,
When the twilight's o'er the plain
And the first stars glow.
This is what it uttereth —
In a rather mournful breath —
"Whip-poor-Will! Whip-poor-Will!"

What has Will been doing now?
Has he truant played
With a sad, coquettish brow
From some simple maid?
Did he steal her heart away?
For I hear you always say
"Whip-poor-Will! Whip-poor-Will!"

Tell me now what Will has done.
Who's to whip him, dear?
Is he some scamp full of fun
That is straying near?
Have you caught him at your nest
By the ones you love the best?
"Whip-poor-Will! Whip-poor-Will!"

That is all you seem to say,
Little bird so shy.
Tell me now, without delay,
Why whip Will, oh! why?
There! your voice fades in the lea —
Leaving this command to me,
"Whip-poor-Will! Whip-poor-Will!"

Elf Five..... Clinton Scollard..... Collier's Weekly

Why mourn ye, maiden Mary?
Forsooth, why weep ye so?
What wicked wile hath dimmed thy smile,
And wrought thee bitter woe?

"I had a bonny lover,"
The sobbing maiden said,
"He seeks no more my mother's door;
Alas! my love is dead."

How happened it maiden Mary?
Was he not strong and hale?
'Twill ease thy heart of cruel smart
If thou wilt tell thy tale.

"I had a bonny lover,"
The tearful maiden cried;
"We were to wed — the banns were read —
This year at harvest-tide."

"But now the grain is gathered,
Is stored in barn and byre,
And oh, he sleeps in oozy deeps
Beneath the black, black mire!"

"Ah! he was bold, my lover,
And blithe and brave was he;
In wrestling ring, at hammer fling,
His might was good to see."

"And when came time for mowing,
And grass grew lush and tall,
His scythe cut then amongst the men
The widest swath of all."

"But now his scythe is rusting,
And none his firm hand wields,
Unless he mows the scented rows
In blest Elysian fields."

"I had a bonny lover,"
The maiden murmured low;
"Through shine or mist to keep our tryst
At dayfall would he go."

"And when our tryst was ended,
And he must leave my side,
He'd homeward stray the meadow-way
Along the marish wide."

"One eve at verge of harvest,
When choiring birds their bars
Of music flung, and heaven was hung
With diadems of stars,"

"The while I fondly watched him
Swing down the sloping land,
In outline clear I saw appear
A bright and beckoning hand."

"And from the somber shadows
There leaped a form of grace,
A slender maid who smiled and swayed,
And mine methought her face."

"She lured him past the willows,
And past the marsh hay-rick;
In agony I strove to cry,
'Tis Kit o' the candlestick!"

"But chilled with awful anguish,
My lips were dumb as stone;
Then on the air a wild despair
Rang in his drowning moan."

"I ask not of your pity,
And yet if ye but knew! —
Men say heart-pain will dull the brain;
Would God that it were true!"

"My prayers arise unanswered;
In vain my eyes are wet:
Give gracious ear! — O father, hear
My last prayer — to forget!"

Making His Pile..... Frank Putnam..... Chicago Times-Herald

"Early and late he is working —
Says that's his natural style;
He wasn't cut out right for shirking,
And they say he is making his pile."

"Married, of course," I suggested,
With babies to climb on his knee?"

"No; too many dollars invested —
He's never had leisure, you see."

"No hand for sports — isn't active;
And ask him to go to the play,
And he'll say it's mighty attractive, —
He'd be glad to — on some other day."

"And suppose you suggest that he's losing
The joys that make living worth while;
He declares your ideas are amusing
And asks: 'Ain't I making my pile?"

"No wife to dispute my dominion,
No children to go to the bad;
Give me cash, in my humble opinion,
The best friend a man ever had."

"If you speak of the pleasures of giving,
He puts on a cynical smile,
And remarks that 'you'll learn more by living.'
Poor fool! — but he's making his pile."

OPEN QUESTIONS: TALKS WITH CORRESPONDENTS

Correspondents are invited to make full use of this page on all questions, which will be answered as far as we may be able. Answers and comments will be gladly received. A large number of questions and answers are unavoidably held over till next month.

306. *Drifting Away*: There was published, I think, more than a year ago, in one of your numbers, a poem containing, and perhaps beginning with, these lines,

"Drifting apart from each other,
Silently drifting apart,
Nothing between but the world's cold screen,
Nothing to lose but a heart."

Could you tell me how it continued or who was the author and where I could find it?—Anonymous, Boston, Mass.

[The poem, the first stanza of which you have quoted correctly with the exception of the second word which should read "away," instead of "apart," is by Barton Gray, entitled *Drifting Away*, and was published in *Current Literature* for November, 1894.]

307. Will you kindly tell me through Open Questions where the following quotation occurs?

"A man to note right well as one
Who shot his arrow straightway at the sun."

I think it is from some translation of a Greek drama, but am by no means certain. — Th. H. B., Elizabeth City, N. C.

308. *End of the Century*: If Open Questions will state whether the nineteenth century ends January 1st, 1900, or January 1st, 1901, the writer of this will be greatly indebted.—Reader, New London, Conn.

[For many centuries past—in the earlier and later years of each—this question, or rather the question of principle involved in this question, has aroused furious controversy. Let us suppose a person to be writing a letter—in the modern style, but only, say, some 18 months after the birth of the founder of Christianity. How will he date his letter? Will he write, say July 10th, year 1, or July 10th, year 2? If he writes the former he would consistently hold that the next century begins on January 1st, 1900; if he writes the latter, he would imply that it begins January 1st, 1901. The first view is based upon the theory that the time specified is one year six months and nine days (and some hours) after the birth; the second view is based on the theory that the time specified is the second year, sixth month, and tenth day after the same great event. According to the first view, the number of the year is a cardinal number; according to the second view, it is an ordinal number. It is clear that if, when we write 1896, we are using a cardinal number, the last day of the century is December 31st, 1899, while if we are using an ordinal number the last day of the century is December 31st, 1900. It is more than probable that the latter view is correct. In reply to the query, therefore, the twentieth century will begin on the morning of January 1st, 1901.]

309. *The Bald-Headed Snipe of the Mountain*: Will you kindly help me to find a poem which was published some 15 or 20 years ago, entitled *The Bald-Headed Snipe of the Mountain*? The story and its telling reminded one of Bret Harte's work—perhaps not so good, but still worth keeping as a picture of mining camp life.—F. W. H., Evanston, Ill.

310. *Battle of the Books*: What was The Battle of the Books? Will *Current Literature* be so good as to inform me?—M. T. B., Atlanta, Ga.

[The article on Ancient and Modern Authors, by Sir William Temple, having created much discussion by the literati of that day, Dean Swift was prompted to write his satire entitled *The Battle of the Books*. The result of this skirmish, which took place, ostensibly, in St. James's Library, is not given by the author, although it is evident his sympathies are with the ancients.]

311. *Jack Crawford's Poems*: Where can I get a copy of Jack Crawford's poems, "The Scout Poet"? Will pay a premium over the listed price.—A. S. Barrett, Diamondville, Wyoming.

ANSWERS FROM CORRESPONDENTS

300. *Spanish Treatment of the Indians*: In response to the unanswered query of a correspondent in your November number, I would suggest that authoritative statements as to the treatment of the American aborigines by the Spanish explorers and colonizers are to be found passim in the monographs of Ad. F. Bandelier, which are, however, nearly all out of print. A concise and graphic statement of the case is found in *The Spanish Pioneers*, by Chas. F. Lummis, A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago.—C.

301. *Casey at the Bat*.

[Five correspondents, three of them enclosing copies of the poem, desire to inform T. J. M., whose question was printed in our December number, that *Casey at the Bat*, by Ernest L. Thayer, appeared originally in the *San Francisco Examiner*. Some years afterward, one of them writes, the *New York Sun* printed the last five stanzas, adapting it to an episode concerning Kelly, the champion player of the Boston team, and changed the locality from Mudville (the scene of action in the original version) to Boston. This adaptation has also been frequently copied. The poem is to be found (we are informed) in *Werner's Readings and Recitations*, Number 14, published by Edgar S. Werner, 108 E. 16th Street, New York City. *Casey at the Bat* will appear in the February number of *Current Literature*.]

304. *The Siberian Railway*: Permit me to enclose a clipped paragraph from *Harper's Weekly* which will I think answer part of question 304 in your December issue. A. L. H., New York City:—"There is soon to be a new country to visit and a new way of going round the world. It seems only the other day that Jules Verne's man went round in eighty days, and thought it a considerable feat. The record for circumnavigation is now sixty-six days, or thereabouts. Baron Hilkoff, the combination of American mechanic and Russian prince who was in this country recently, said that when the railroad across Siberia is finished, which, he thinks, will be in four or five years, the time of getting around will be cut in two, and from thirty to thirty-three days will suffice for it. He allows ten days to cross Siberia from St. Petersburg, ten days from Vladivostok to San Francisco, and thirteen days from there to St. Petersburg again. Early in the next century, then, the tired American may turn his face eastward when he starts on his month's vacation, and keep it turned that way until he gets home, just about in time to resume his work."



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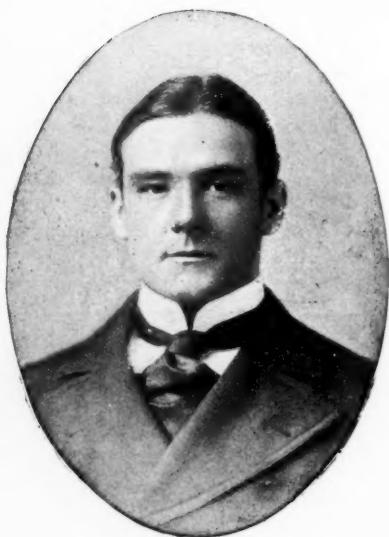


WASHINGTON'S BOOK-PLATE
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Gen. Washington, Eliza, Martha, George Washington, Eliza, Martha, George Washington, William Lee

SAVAGE'S PICTURE OF THE WASHINGTON FAMILY
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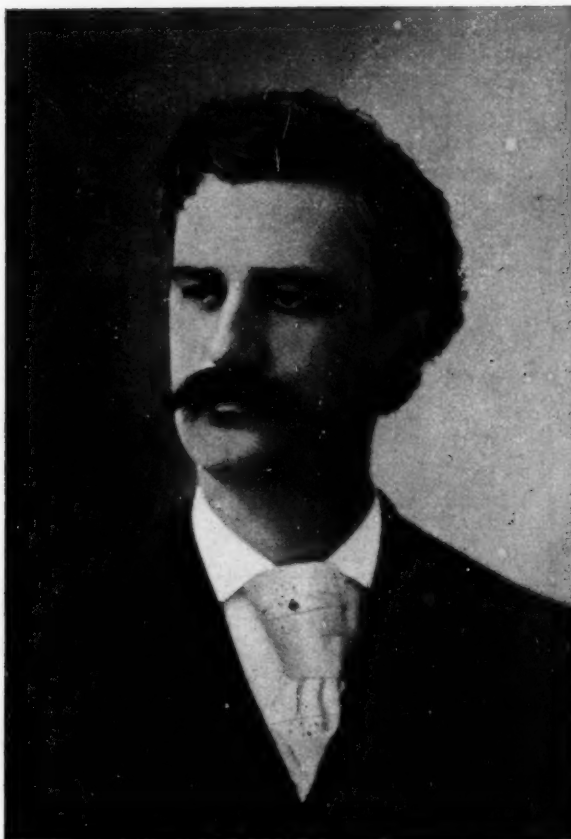
ROBERT CAMERON ROGERS
(See pages 98 and 141)



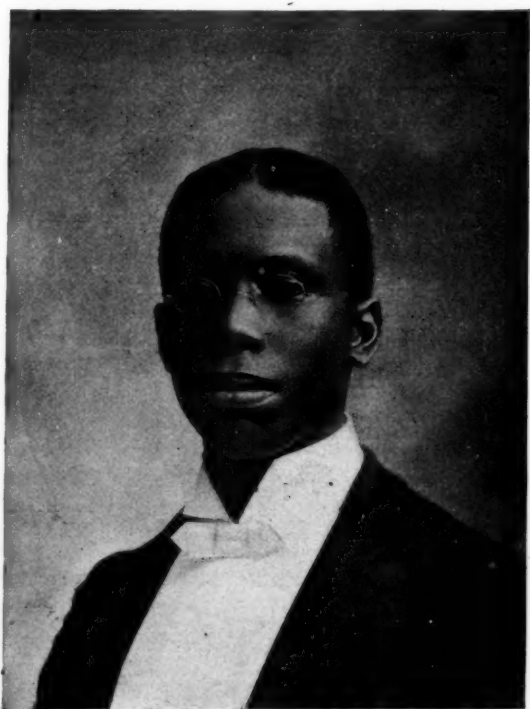
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS
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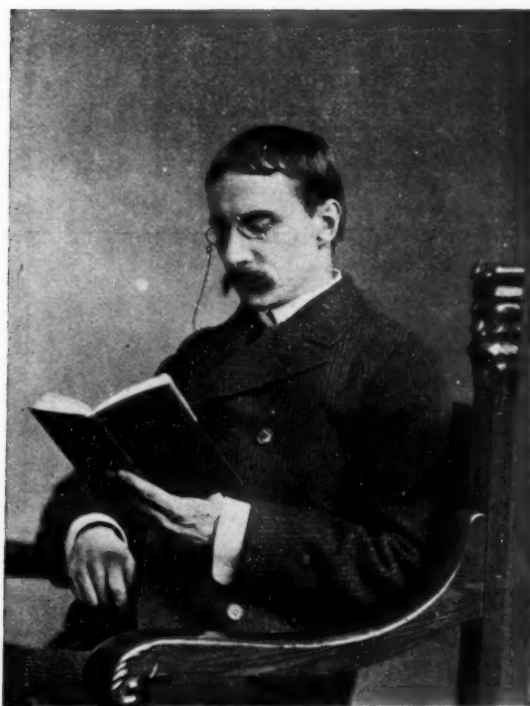
PAUL LEICESTER FORD
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CHARLES M. SKINNER
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PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR
(See pages 102 and 116)



RICHARD BURTON
(See page 100)



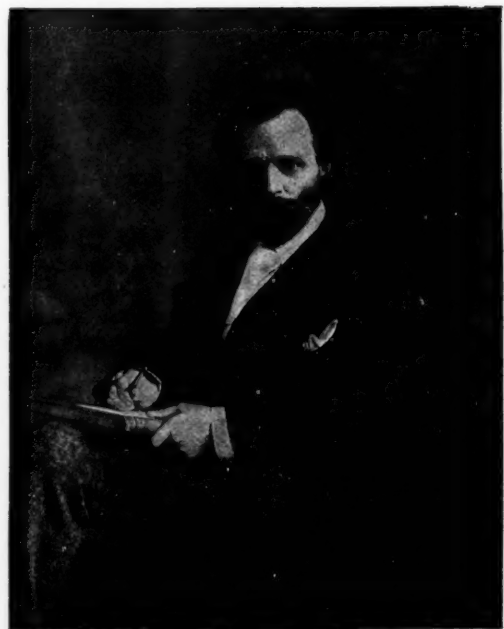
MRS. FIELDING LEWIS (BETTY WASHINGTON)
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MINIATURE OF MARTHA WASHINGTON
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ELEANOR (NELLY) CUSTIS
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HALL CAINE
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